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AUGUST
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# BRITANNIA and EVE

**VOL. 23, No. 2 AUGUST, 1941**



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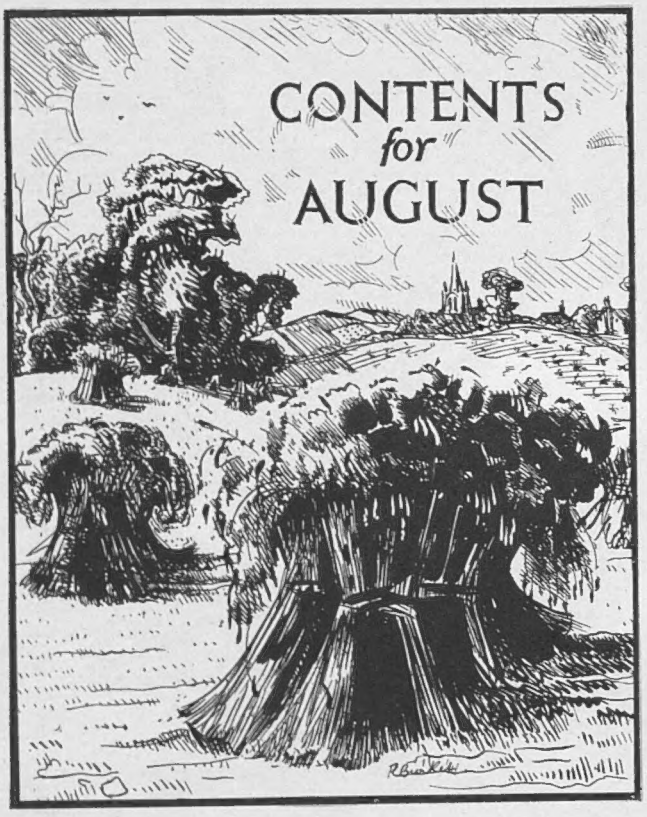


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*All contributions intended for publication must be addressed to the Editor, "Britannia and Eve," Commonwealth House, Number One New Oxford Street, W.C.1, and be accompanied by a stamped and addressed envelope. No responsibility can be accepted for the safety of any MSS., but every effort will be made to ensure their safe return if found unsuitable. The Rates and Subscription to "Britannia and Eve" will be found on page 70. The characters in all the stories in this number are purely imaginary, and no reference or allusion is intended to any living person or persons.*


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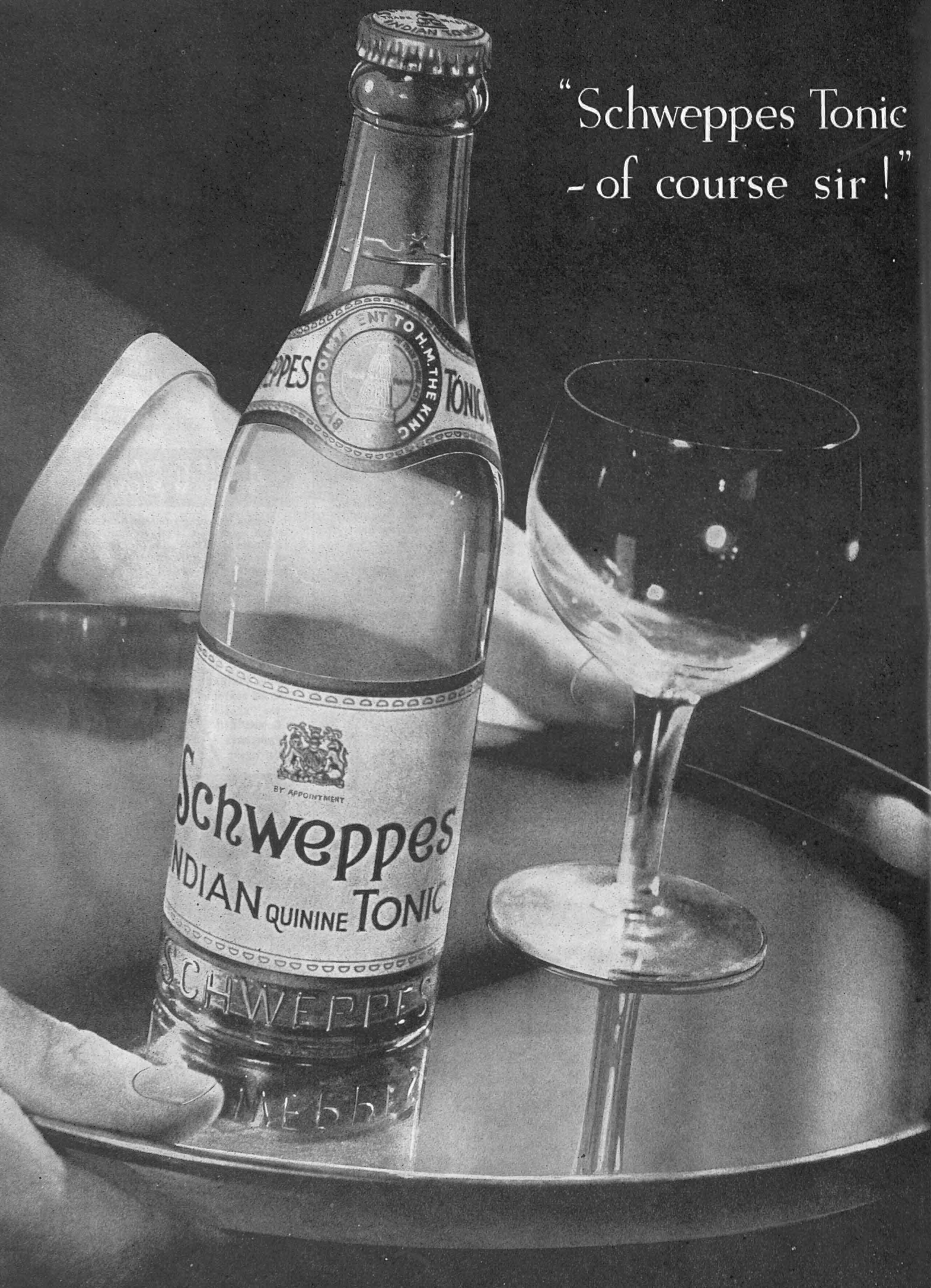
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# BRITISH HISTORY IN STONE

No. 8

## *Captain Cook, 1728-1779*

*Circumnavigator of the Globe*

LONO, the Swine God of Hawaii, was also the god of victories. But in the long-ago he had sailed away from Hawaii, and his name was but a legend.

Now one day in January, 1779, the natives of that delectable island in the Pacific were celebrating a great victory over an adjacent isle. When, lo and behold! there came into the bay of Wailuhu a strange floating monster with trees growing on it, full of men who were draped in strange clothes and, to the islanders, as odd as the citizens of Brobdingnag or Lilliput to Gulliver. Three thousand canoes surrounded this floating island; it was obvious that Lono had come back.

The principal man of the island, easily recognisable as the Swine God himself, came ashore in state. "As he moved, the assemblage covered their faces and those nearest him prostrated themselves on the earth, in the deepest humility," recorded an eye-witness. The whole ceremony of welcome was conducted in a spirit of fanatical reverence and awe.

Such was the landing in Hawaii of James Cook, son of a Yorkshire farm hand! And thus was staged the grotesque prelude to the tragedy of his death.

Captain James Cook was born near Cleveland in Yorkshire on October 28, 1728. He started life in a haberdasher's shop, selling frills and stockings across the counter. But nearby was Whitby, then an important port in the Baltic trade. It was not long before Cook went to sea, and remained for some years in ships sailing to Scandinavia and the Baltic ports.

At twenty-seven he had risen to be a mate, and decided to join the Royal Navy. He was a thoughtful young man with a forceful character, and soon found himself commanding sloops. The more intellectual side of his make-up found expression in a passion for the higher ranges of navigation. He was employed on research and charting surveys,

The Statue of Captain Cook by Sir Thomas Brook, R.A., which stands in the Mall outside the Admiralty.

and in 1768 (when he was just forty) set out on a scientific expedition to the Pacific. From that time onwards his career was a constant succession of voyages to parts of the world then wrapped in mystery for Europeans.

After seven months sailing he reached Tahiti, thence sailing south to New Zealand, which he proceeded to chart. Crossing over, he found a coastline reminiscent of a part of Glamorganshire which he happened to know well. That part of Australia he christened New South Wales. April 28, 1770, found him at Botany Bay (thus called by the scientists of the expedition for the wealth of its flora and fauna) and he took possession of the island continent in the name of His Britannic Majesty.

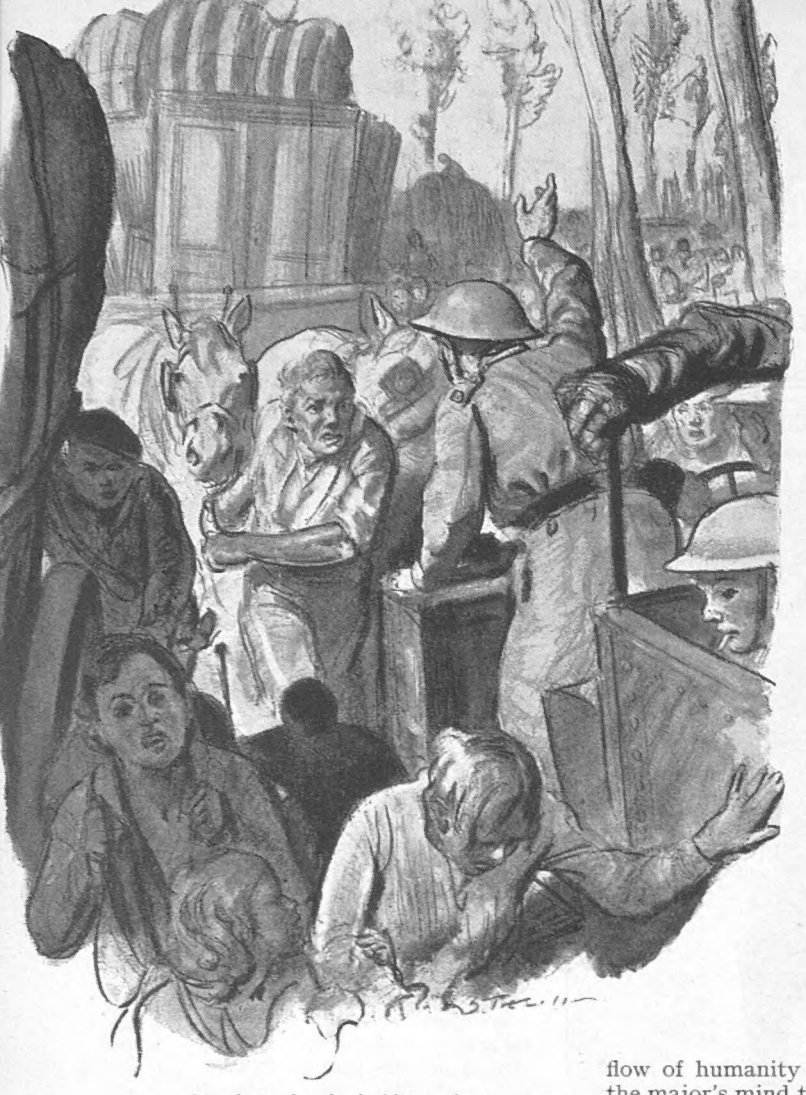
Back in England again he was promoted, made a member of the Royal Society and was soon off again. His third voyage was intended as a search for the elusive north-west passage from the Pacific side of the American continent. He sailed up the coast of what is now British Columbia and Alaska, right up to the Bering Straits. But there was no way through the ice that presently he met; the north-west passage was proving as much an illusion as ever.

Then he sailed south, reached Hawaii and was greeted as Lono, the Swine God. It would have been a farcical procedure, had it not been so tragic a one.

Fruit, cloth and pigs were lavished on the English crews. The islanders humbled themselves to show their reverence. And their reverence was surely tested; for in a week or so the English ships' demands had almost denuded the district of the bay of Wailuhu.

Incidents, too, occurred which showed the peculiar temper of the natives. A sacred fence—doubtless the fuel-seeking sailors knew nothing of its sanctity—was destroyed. A seaman was buried ashore, rather suggesting that Lono's followers were not necessarily immortal. Cook knew that in some way he had touched the Hawaiians' superstitions, but it is doubtful whether he knew of the (*Continued on page* 61)

# A Brush



At their head, holding the reins, stood a giant of a fellow in rolled-up shirt sleeves

A WEEK after the German irruption into Belgium and France a battery of British artillery was halted in a "hide" formed by a long avenue of trees bordering a by-road mid-way between Ninove and Eyseringhen, about fifteen miles from the battle front over towards Brussels. The battery was part of a regiment supporting an infantry brigade which had proceeded forward to take up a defensive line just west of Brussels. It was now late in the afternoon and the battery still awaited further orders where it was to go into action. These they expected to arrive at any moment from regimental headquarters which had gone on some miles ahead.

The column had dismounted. On the grass bank opposite their vehicles the gunners and drivers squatted about in groups in the warm sunshine, smoking and chatting, but mainly occupied in watching the never-ending procession of refugees hurrying along the road in a westerly direction. Most of them were pedestrians, little family groups of peasants, pushing their household belongings before them in handcarts and wheelbarrows, the men attired in their best black suits and bowler hats. Judged by their clothes they might have been going to Sunday church rather than fleeing from their homes before an invader. But on their faces could be read their dumb despair, the panic-stricken urge that drove them forward dead tired as they were. All the faces bore the same fixed expression, those of the children as well as the men and women. They paid little attention to the soldiers sitting by the roadside. Occasionally, without stopping, one of the men would ask: "Tournai?" and the soldiers would point down the road and say good-naturedly: "That's right, chum. Keep straight on." Tournai was fifty miles distant, on the French frontier. The soldiers did not understand that these questions were not so much inspired by a desire for direction as by anxiety for an assurance that the road to Tournai was still safe from the Germans. The refugees had nowhere else to seek for information.

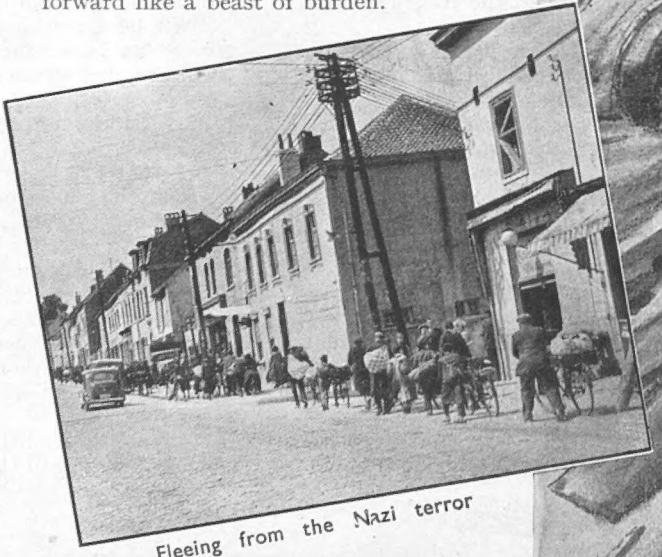
At the head of the column the battery commander sat by the roadside opposite his truck in conversation with the three troop commanders. They, too, watched with interest and pity the sad flow of humanity before their eyes. In the major's mind the pity had, during the last half-hour, become less and less predominant, not because he lacked compassion, but on account of his own growing anxieties. The more refugees that passed in front of him the more acute these anxieties became.

A thin, undersized peasant, pushing an old perambulator on which was tied a huge bulging roll of dirty bedding, tramped past. Behind trudged his wife, a stout middle-aged woman, dressed entirely in black like a mourner. She had dragged up her blouse from the waist exposing a heavy breast at which she suckled an infant as she walked along. A second child, a beady-eyed little girl not more than four years of age, had harnessed herself with a piece of rope to the front of the perambulator and plodded forward like a beast of burden.

"This is a side of war I never realised," said the youngest of the three troop commanders, averting his eyes. He felt it a matter of delicacy to avoid letting the little group round the perambulator perceive the sympathy with which he had observed them.

"Unless I'm very much mistaken we are going to realise it presently in a way we shan't relish," snapped the major. "This is only a by-road. Yet the crowd has been getting thicker and thicker every five minutes. God knows what it'll be like on the main road. If there's any truth in this rumour that the Government have evacuated Brussels we'll find half the population of the city sweeping this way, to say nothing of all the fugitives from Louvain and Malines. The road will be choked. I wonder how the devil the battery is going to get through when we do start moving."

*Illustrated*



Fleeing from the Nazi terror

# *with* Refugees

## *An Incident During the Invasion of the Low Countries*

## By Gun Buster

*by S. Tresilian*

He removed his tin hat and glowered into the crown of it.

"If the Germans calculated beforehand on this sort of thing happening, then they've got brains," he continued. "A mob such as I expect to find on the main road is worth a division to them in holding up our troops. I suppose it's the same all along the front. I hope those damned orders arrive before dark."

Another half an hour passed during which the major's forebodings strengthened as the numbers on the by-road increased alarmingly. At last to his intense relief a Don R. from regimental headquarters came chug-chugging up the road, forcing a way for his motor cycle through the middle of the refugees. The major hastily snatched the message form from the rider's hand, and studied it alone in conjunction with his map.

"Orders!" he shouted briskly down the column when he had finished.

All the officers, and the sergeants who were the Number Ones on the guns, hurried up to him with their maps.

"The battery is going into action in the north-east portion of square 3667," he announced. "O.P. areas, small ring contour square 3766. Regimental zero line, ninety degrees . . ."

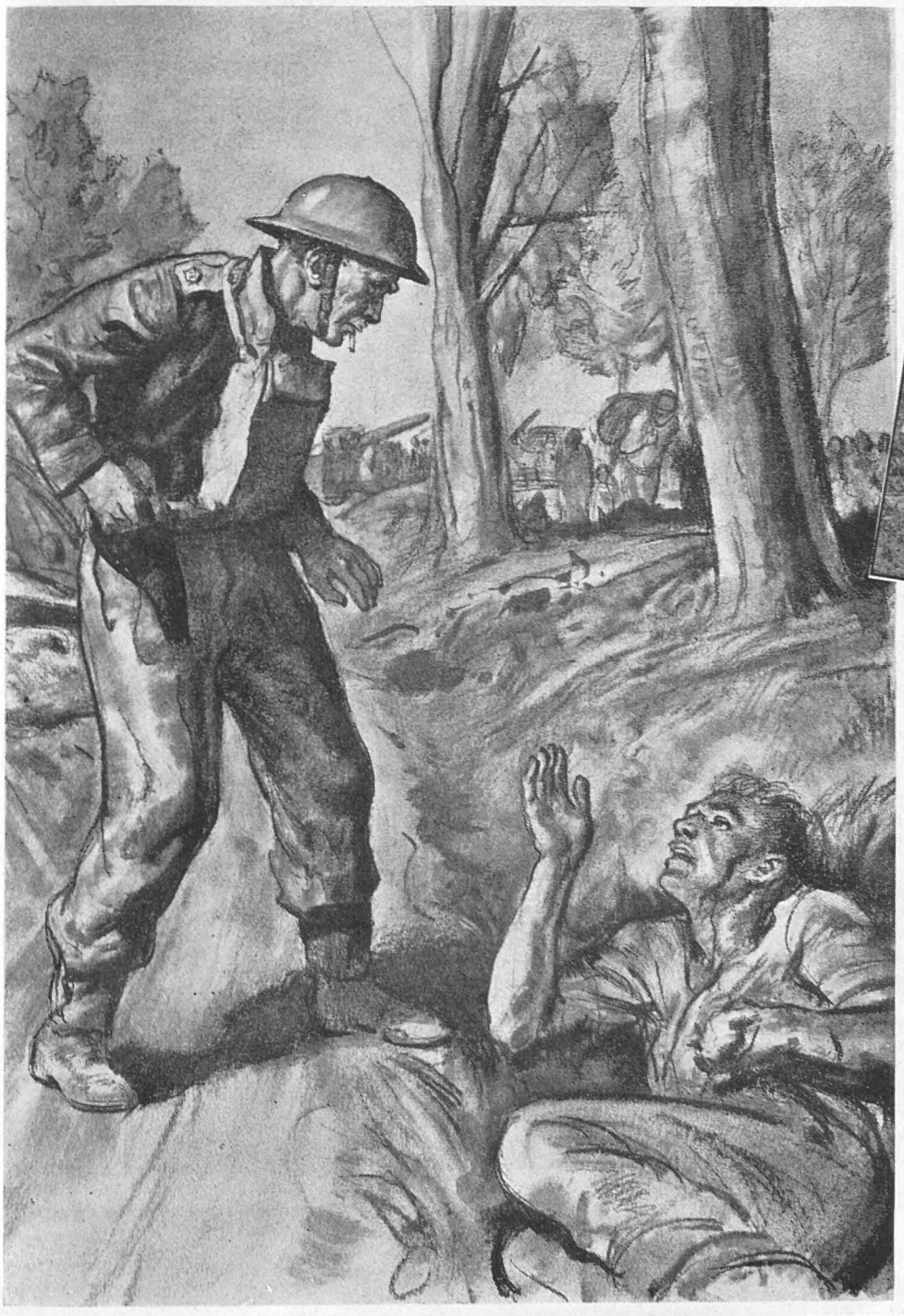
He informed them of the Wagon-Lines area, and the route to be taken.

"Pace of vehicles will be as fast as possible," he continued. "We have to be ready to open fire at 19.00 hours (seven p.m.). That gives us less than two hours, and we've got anything but a clear road. All vehicles nose to tail. We'll have to risk that. If not, we'll never get through the mob. Any questions? No? Then get mounted."

In a short while the column, nose to tail, was moving at a fair pace along the by-road, the major in his truck at the head, followed by the troop commanders, and the reconnaissance party.

THEIR troubles began the instant they reached the junction with the main road that led from the direction of Brussels westward towards the French frontier. Not even the major had anticipated things would be quite so bad. Brussels had been evacuated by the Government and a great exodus from the city was in progress. The entire width of the road was packed with a confused mass of refugees, all pressing on like a slow flood in the same direction. Thousands and thousands of them, as far as the eye could see. Compared with this the by-road was a desert. There it had principally been pedestrians. But on this main road the pedestrians were inextricably mixed up with every conceivable type of wheeled vehicle—motor cars, ranging from luxurious limousines to old crocks that hadn't been outside a garage for years, taxicabs, push-cycles, motor cycles, farm wagons, stacked high with household furniture, and with the clods still sticking to their wheels.

Rich and poor, old and young, peasants and town dwellers alike, went to compose this monstrous, (*Continued on page* 58)



In a shallow ditch by the roadside lay the giant Fleming. He had been terribly wounded in the side by a bomb splinter, and his broad, florid face was now grey and twisted with agonising pain

A tragic line of Belgian refugees carrying all they can, making their way to safety before the grim Nazi invasion

# Assignment in

AT the club, after dinner, they were discussing the Fifth Column. "Far too much sentiment about these blighters," grunted a man with a skin like teak. "Bung all these refugees in quod, I say. You can't take chances with a German."

"I quite agree, Charles," said a middle-aged man in horn-rimmed spectacles. "The Huns would pinch the pennies from a dead man's eyes if they thought it would help the Fatherland."

"But, surely, you wouldn't intern a man like Einstein," protested a F.R.S. in the far corner of the room.

As the debate ebbed and flowed, voices took on a sharper note. Only three men in that room seemed determined to withhold their views. Carthew, a minor official in the Ministry of Home Security, was evidently afraid that anything he said might be used against him; he contented himself with a knowing expression and a series of heavy frowns. Fenner, the magistrate, had had a heavy day and felt in no mood to air his views before this crowd of old women who would probably misquote him, anyway.

The third non-contributor puffed steadily at his pipe and lent but a detached ear to the proceedings. He had a bony buttoned-up face, thinnish sandy hair, a long jaw, and wore very thick-lensed glasses. In short, his face was a composite picture of the features of Jack Hulbert and Aldous Huxley. His excuse for not offering his views on the Fifth Column menace was very sound; he had none. Indeed, outside of his work, Alan Townsend, Fellow of All Souls and Assistant Reader in Mathematics at Oxford, had few hardened prejudices. He prided himself on the dispassionate outlook of the man of science who weighs facts and ignores emotional reflexes. His views on the war were characteristic; he felt vaguely that life under a Nazi dictatorship meant such unpleasant things as concentration camps and hysteria, but his dominant reaction to the world crisis was an awareness that a nation which cherished unsound racial theories was not fit to govern Europe.

He was glancing at *The Times* leading article (he invariably completed the crossword before finishing his breakfast) when he became aware of a new voice in the room. It was steady and clear, and the quiet tone struck a chord in Townsend's ear; almost automatically, he put aside the newspaper and looked up at the speaker, a man of about forty wearing the uniform of an army captain.

"God help us if we make the same mistakes as Belgium, France and the rest," he was saying. "You don't grasp what Fifth Column means until you've been up against it." He hesitated, but the attentive silence encouraged him. "I was with the Welsh Guards trying to get to the coast . . ."

Hesitatingly, in broken halting phrases, he told the story which is now so familiar to us, but his manner and quiet sincerity gave point to what he had to say. He told of German dispatch riders dressed in French uniforms; of Fifth Columnists sniping our men from bedroom windows; of tracer bullets fired by villagers to guide the Germans; of hand grenades tossed by so-called refugees.

"This may give you some idea of the kind of dodges the Nazis are capable of," he said quietly, lighting a cigar which someone had handed him. "We were smashing through on the Arras-Bapaume road, fighting at close range most of the time. We had nearly reached our objective, the crossroads just outside Arras, when we came to a mill. Tied to one arm of the windmill was some poor devil of a French peasant, with his head down. One of my men turned the arms so as to get the man nearer the ground and cut him free. As soon as the mill turned the Jerries let us have it with their heavy artillery." He smiled bitterly. "That's the Nazi idea of strategy."

While they were discussing this cruel stratagem, Townsend went back to his hotel. He had to be at the Admiralty at nine sharp and rarely left before seven in the evening. As one of the so-called "Brains Trust" he had joined the linguists, scientists and mathematicians who were helping the War Cabinet. His own job was codes and it suited him perfectly, though sometimes he sighed for something rather more active.

He went to bed and dreamed of the windmill near Arras, but he had quite forgotten the episode when he walked to the office next morning. He could not have imagined that his destiny was soon to be linked with that of the Fifth Columnist who had used a windmill to trap a battalion of the Welsh Guards.

Townsend was hard at work when Peters telephoned and asked him to come over at once. He found the Chief of Naval Intelligence biting on an empty pipe with a frown on his

*A CERTAIN young woman always seemed to be at the same*

# Monte Carlo

## *The Great Danger in Espionage is the Double-Dealing Agent*

## By Stanley Jackson

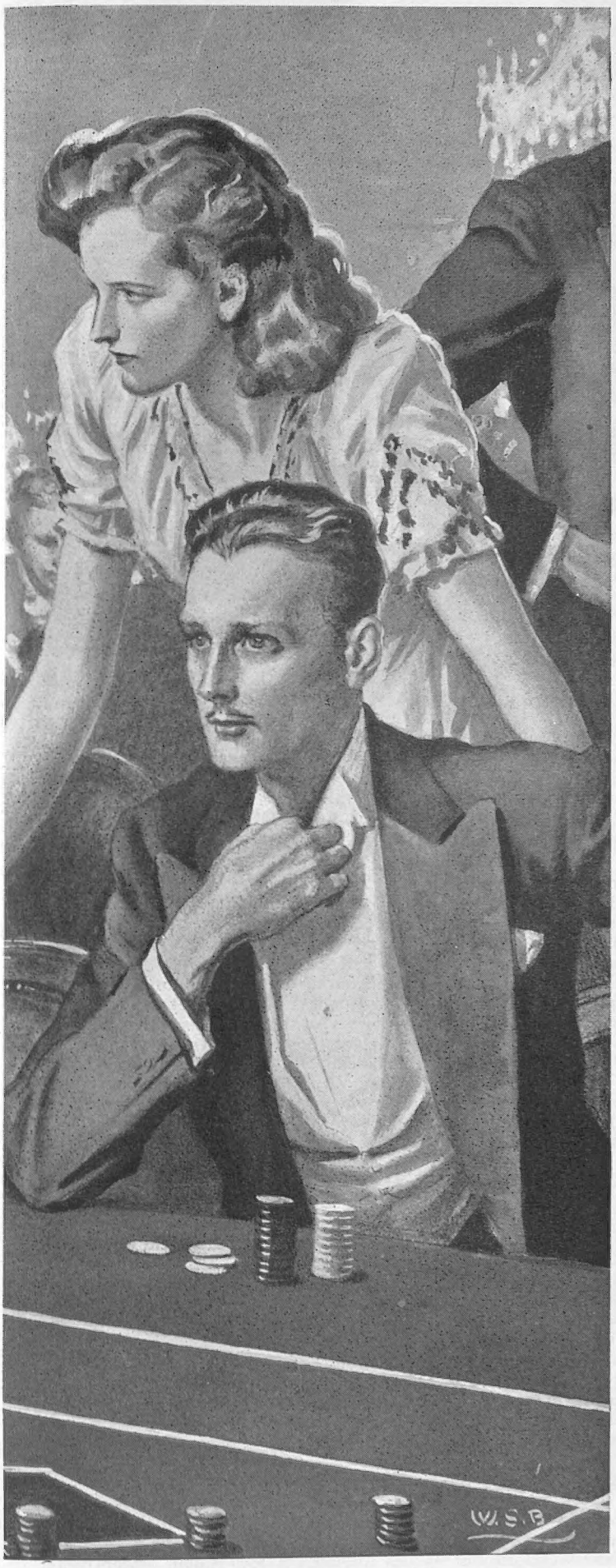


*table where your friend played, although she never staked a sou*

weather-beaten face. Townsend untied part of his lanky frame and settled into an armchair.

"Let me see, how old are you?" demanded Peters in his usual brusque fashion.

"Thirty-six," snapped Townsend who didn't enjoy being cross-examined like a schoolboy.

"No entangling alliances? Wife, dependants and that sort of thing?"

"If you don't mind me saying so, Sir John," replied Townsend a little drily, "all these personal details are noted in your secretary's files."

Peters nearly bit through his pipe; obviously, he was in a fearful rage over something, thought Townsend a bit nervously; could he have muffed a code formation or something?

THE older man suddenly uncorked a smile. "Of course, silly of me," he conceded. "To tell you the truth, Townsend, I'm in a devil of a stew." He drew a deep breath. "D'you recall the message from Toulon that came in the other day?"

Townsend nodded, relieved that someone else had had to decipher that warning about the movements of the French Fleet.

"Well, that message is worrying us a good deal," Peters went on. "It came from one of our best agents down there. Fortunately for us, the message was held up for censorship in Lisbon. It went through all right—we've got a damned good code that would lick any censor, I imagine—but the point is this; by the time the message got to us we had discovered through another source, actually an eye-witness, that the information was misleading in an important particular." He tugged at his greyish moustache. "If we'd acted on that message a nasty incident might have occurred between one of our cruisers and a unit of the French Fleet. That would have suited the Nazis down to the ground because they're only too happy to make trouble between us and Vichy."

Townsend nodded once more. "And you're afraid that the same kind of thing might happen again?" he ventured.

"Exactly. Naturally, we can't vouch for every agent in the Service. We have lots of free lances working for us and bringing in useful scraps of information. One or two might easily be got at by the Nazis or the wops." He passed his cigarette case to Townsend but filled a pipe for himself. "No agent would be foolish enough to send us a dud message," he said grimly, "but it's quite possible that an enemy spy is using our code to feed us with misleading information. And that's dynamite the way things are in the Mediterranean. Armed with our secret code, the enemy could play the very deuce with our agents, apart from getting faked instructions sent to the Fleet and the Air Arm."

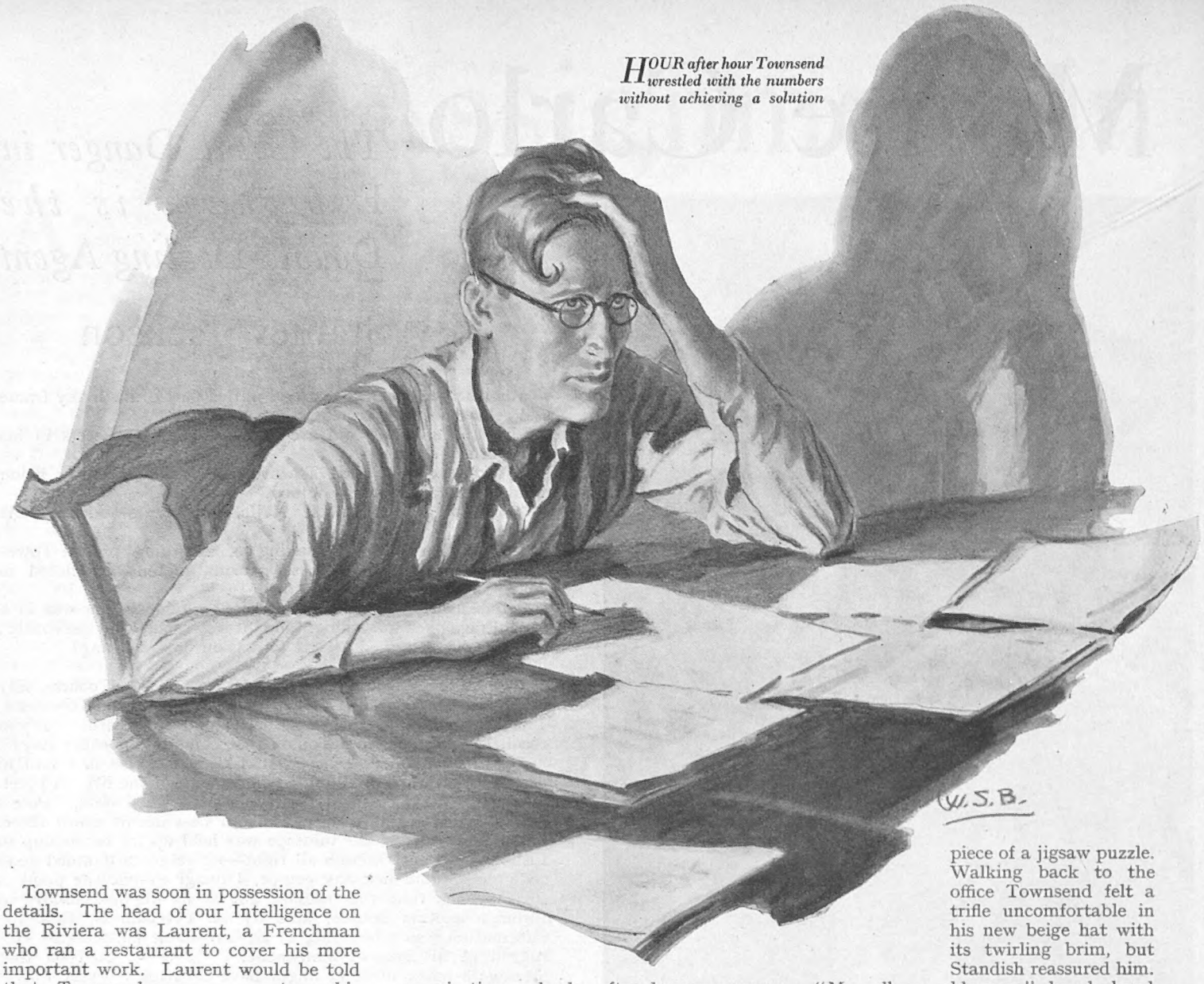
"And it's essential for us to get the old code scrapped and a new one in operation as quickly as possible," murmured Townsend.

Peters leaned forward, his face wreathed in pipe smoke.

"We could easily tell our chief agent to scrap the code at once, but that would create suspicion," he said crisply. "I want the enemy agent to imagine that we're ignorant of his little game. That's the only way of catching him or her." He shot a sharp look at the younger man. "That's why I asked if you've any dependants. I'd like you to go to Nice. It's a risky business with the wops and Jerries all over the Riviera rounding up suspects. You needn't go if you prefer not to. After all, you're not a permanent member of our staff and it's damned good of you to help us at all."

"What's your plan?" said Townsend quietly.

Sir John's face cleared. "Splendid," he exclaimed. "I've chosen you for this job because you're that rare bird, a natural creator of codes. Any damned fool can 'break' one." He coughed; he was a poor hand at paying compliments. "However, we need someone down there who can improvise. I want you to devise a code before you go and use it for transmitting any information you may pick up at Nice. Now listen carefully. . . ."




*HOUR after hour Townsend wrestled with the numbers without achieving a solution*

Townsend was soon in possession of the details. The head of our Intelligence on the Riviera was Laurent, a Frenchman who ran a restaurant to cover his more important work. Laurent would be told that Townsend was a cryptographic expert who would help him to decipher any messages picked up from the enemy. In the course of this work he would have opportunities to look over the coded information which our own agents were sending to England and Egypt.

"This is the important point," Sir John was saying. "Let those messages come through to us in the normal way, but send us copies in your own code. We'll be able to check up and compare them without letting the traitor know what we're up to. I can't believe it, but Laurent himself may be doing the dirty on us. If that's the case his messages and yours will, of course, coincide. But I imagine that the leak occurs after the messages leave him, in which case your messages will differ from the others and put us wise. If you spot anything use your own discretion, but don't take unnecessary risks. Your job is not counter-espionage but to get the messages into your own cipher. Is that clear?" Townsend nodded.

"Good," said Sir John, extending his hand. "I shan't be seeing you before you go. Standish will take care of the formalities. He's expecting you. Good luck." They shook hands and Townsend went over to see Standish, a lanky Irishman whose precise job in the department he had never been very clear about. Standish was actually the "contacts" man, the all-important liaison officer who is the king-pin of every intelligence organisation and who often knows more about its inner workings than the chief himself.

That afternoon Townsend was already working out his code with the help of the men who would decipher the messages as they came in. Standish seemed to have settled all the other details with incredible ease. Townsend would be landed at a little village on the coast near the Italo-French frontier. A British cruiser would take him from Malta, and he would be rowed over to a French fishing boat whose skipper was working on our side. Standish was providing him with the identity papers of a certain Frank Dixon, an American newspaper correspondent.

*Illustrated by W. Smithson-Broadhead*

"Is there such a person?" queried Townsend.

"You bet," grinned Standish, "and he's now with the American airmen over here. He's arranged with a man in his office in Philadelphia to send you cash every month. You'll have to send reports every now and then to the newspaper, just to keep up appearances, in case the police start asking questions."

He had thought of everything. Townsend was sent over to an outfitter in Shaftesbury Avenue who specialised in American-cut clothes. A few hours later he was wearing a suit, light tan shoes, collar-attached shirt and a bright tie which would have shocked Oxford but fitted into Main Street like the missing piece of a jigsaw puzzle. Walking back to the office Townsend felt a trifle uncomfortable in his new beige hat with its twirling brim, but Standish reassured him.

"Marvellous, old man," he declared chirpily. "Exit the learned Mr. Townsend, enter Frank Dixon, ace reporter of the *Philadelphia Echo*! By the way, do you like gum? Pity. It's expected of every American to chew his duty." But behind his wisecracks lay an amazing sense of detail. He ripped the tailor's tabs from the new clothes and substituted frayed ones bearing the names and addresses of Philadelphian shopkeepers.

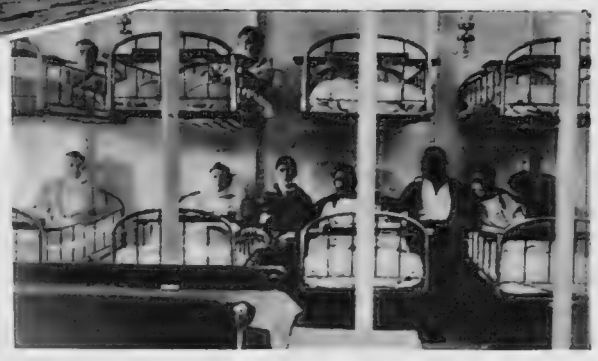
"I got these from Dixon's things," he chuckled. "Can't be too careful, you know. And, incidentally, you'd better take one or two with you and sew them on your underwear."

Townsend was shepherded to his destination with the same machine-like efficiency. The convoy set sail at the appointed time and reached Malta with nothing more serious to report than a half-hearted attack by three Caproni bombers. The fishing vessel put him ashore at Rioche, near Mentone.

"Bonne chance," said the skipper. "If you are in trouble come back here and ask for Big Pierre. That's me," he confided. "It's a joke, a neekname." It was indeed; for Big Pierre did not stand higher than five feet.

Townsend arrived in Nice two hours later. The town seemed depressed, either by the war or as a result of the tornado which had smashed part of the Promenade des Anglais. A few Italian officers were sunning themselves (*Continued on page* 67)

*In wartime the extra hospital ships requisitioned by the Navy are chosen for the particular work which they are to do. For the Home Fleet the fast cross-Channel packet is more practical than the large liner*



*H.M.S. "Maine," the Navy's only permanent hospital ship before the war. Cost a quarter of a million to convert from a very comfortable passenger liner*

*A battleship's sick bay in wartime. Most of the little touches of comfort contrived by the staff in peacetime have to be landed for fear of fire in action*

# How *the* Navy Treats *its* Sick *and* Wounded

## By Frank C. Bowen

THE wonderful care which the Navy takes of its sick and wounded nowadays, care which is extended to the Merchant Navy in wartime, is in great contrast to the "good old days" when conditions were scandalous throughout the medical side. To begin with, the ships were almost invariably foul in every particular and, secondly, no care was devoted to seamen on the sick list; they were simply discharged ashore and the Press Gang had the job of filling their places. One or two naval commanders of far sight and understanding were the exceptions, notably Sir John Hawkyns, in Elizabeth's day, who established the famous Chatham Chest, but even that was disgracefully maladministered immediately after its founder's death.

If the sailing of the Spanish Armada had been delayed only a little longer, sickness would have done the work which the Spanish gunners failed to do and the invading army would have landed. The *Elizabeth*, one of the crack English ships with a crew of 500, had over 200 deaths by sickness while she was anchored for a month at Plymouth. This terrible state of affairs went on for a long time; between the years 1776 and 1780, when the Navy did some fierce fighting, 1243 officers and men were killed and 18,541 died from sickness. For years the rule was that the wounded were taken in strict rotation by the surgeons—a rule intended to prevent favouritism but which led to any number of trivial injuries being attended to while seriously injured men died before their turn came. There was no permanent sick bay in the ship in those days; the after cockpit—foul smelling from the bilges, without natural light or ventilation—was used, and if it was not fitted with a table a number of sea chests were pushed together and the operations were carried out on them. If the ship was rolling heavily they had a natural tendency to slide apart. Right up to the end of the eighteenth century the medical supplies were scandalous: sponges were so short that they had to be used over and over again and naturally spread infection; proper bandages were regarded as being too expensive to be provided, and there were constant quarrels as to who should have the privilege—and pecuniary benefit—of supplying the Service.

Before he came to the Throne as James II., the Duke of York was a practical seaman and a very charitable man apart from his chronic impecuniosity. It was largely due to him that the Commission for Sick and Wounded was set up in 1664, with John Evelyn, the diarist, as a very active member, but although it did good work it was hopelessly handicapped by corruption and deliberate obstruction.

Hospital ships had already been commissioned from time to time; they were generally merchantmen whose only virtue was that they were cheap to hire. In 1622, when a fleet was fitted out to chase pirates out of home waters, the hospital ship *Goodwill* went with it, but the owners of the armed merchantmen which made up the fleet were ordered to pay half her expenses. They flatly refused to do this, as they pointed out that she was not used as a hospital ship at all, but only for carrying luxury provisions to the courtier officers and taking home their spoil. In 1653, during the Dutch War, Cromwell took much more effective measures by appointing Mistress Elizabeth Atkin, popularly known as "Parliament Joan," to superintend the care of wounded seamen at Portsmouth, where they were billeted in private residences and ale-houses at the lowest rate possible and without any care for their welfare. Parliament made a generous allowance, but she spent it all as well as the whole of her own considerable private fortune and was worshipped by the men just as Florence Nightingale was worshipped two hundred years later.

William III. also showed consideration for the seamen, contrasting British conditions in all departments with the excellent organisation that he had seen in Holland, but his Queen Mary II. was much more practical. When news of the victory of La Hogue was received in London she combed the city for fifty surgeons and sent them down to Portsmouth on her own initiative. She also suggested that the Royal Palace at Greenwich, which was not used by the Crown, should be made a permanent naval hospital on the lines suggested by her father, James II. The actual move was made only after her death, but it made a huge difference. Parliament voted money, large sums were given by private parties and lotteries were licensed to raise money. For its maintenance sixpence a month was deducted from every seaman's wages and unclaimed prize money was the perquisite of the (*Continued on p.* 56)

*The Italian hospital ship which was signalled for by Admiral Cunningham to rescue Italian survivors from the Battle of Matapan. The British were prevented from carrying out rescue work by German dive-bombers*

# VICHY

*Pierre Laval. Has held many positions in various Governments. Was appointed Vice-Premier and successor to Marshal Pétain, but has now been dismissed and superseded by Admiral Darlan*

*A meeting of the Vichy Government at the Hotel du Parc. The group includes General Charles Huntziger (Commander of the Vichy military forces), Raphael Alibert (Minister of Justice), Marshal Pétain (Head of the State), Paul Baudouin (Minister of Foreign Affairs), Admiral Jean Darlan (Secretary of State for the Navy), Pierre Caziot (Minister of Agriculture), Marcel Peyrauton (Minister of the Interior), Vice-Premier Laval, Yves Boutillier (Minister of Finance), and Rene Belin (Minister of Industrial Production and Labour). Since this picture was taken many drastic changes have taken place in these appointments*

*Count Rene de Chambrun, a descendant of Lafayette, and his wife, Jose, who is the only daughter of Pierre Laval*

*Admiral William D. Leahy, newly-appointed U.S.A. Ambassador to France, with Marshal Pétain. A picture taken just after the Admiral had presented his credentials at the Pavillon Sévigné, Vichy, and a personal letter from President Roosevelt*

I HAD been told that he looked like a toad, but the first time I saw him, humped in an armchair in a Geneva hotel, he reminded me of a spider, a big black tarantula, still and patient and brooding, but very strong, predatory, and packed with active life under a shell of patient immobility. At any moment he was liable to spring to life and scuttle with astonishing agility and purpose upon his prey ; and few things would be lucky enough to escape him.

I had some speech with him in London later. Premier of France then, he was over with Foreign Minister Pierre-Etienne Flandin, a rich, inherited-interests, English-speaking politico-magnate, a wily-eyed camel of a man, six feet six high. The two had come to talk high politics and high finance with Baldwin and Chamberlain. Hitler had begun to worry the French. Mussolini was incubating his Ethiopian adventure.

I made a diary note that, although caricaturists could do unkind things to his swarthy face, which reminded one that African blood had seeped into Gaul, the Auvergnate had his points. His linen was very clean, his clothes unobtrusively good, though ill-hung on a clumsy body, his hands were well-made, his glance showed an alert strong brain, and he seemed to have a certain quiet, knowing humour. Only one felt that his name should have been Hassan, not Laval. His daughter, Jose, seemed nice.

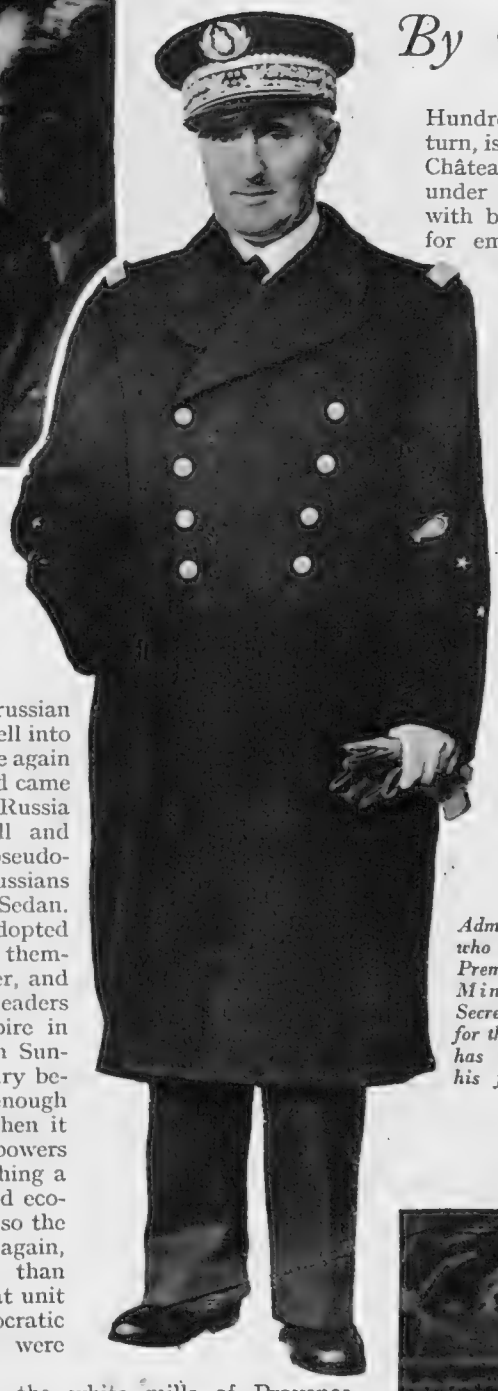
So when news came that he had used the Syrian crisis to break the bars of his Paris exile, and get back, if only for a visit, to his castle on the rock above the little valley village of Chateldon, twenty miles south of Vichy, I had a picture of him, with his hook nose and pouched agile eye, and the eternal fat cigarette drooping under his Moor's down-hanging moustache, squatted at the big desk in his ornate library, brooding over the old and blood-soaked land of Gaul.

Gaul has died many times. She seemed finished after Cæsar's conquest ; but her men and the Romans stopped Attila at Chalons. It looked as though the Moors would make her a province of their European empire ; but Charles Martel came down from Paris and broke the dark flood at Tours. From Normandy a Frenchman crossed the sea moat, conquered the

# BACKSTAGE...

## *Spotlights on some of the Actors who have played in the Drama of French Politics recently*

*By* C. Patrick Thompson



adjacent Saxon isle, and sowed the seed of the British world empire. The French grew so weak that the English nearly took them over, and they rose again under the Versailles kings until they overshadowed Europe, and the alarmed English had to join with Prussian Frederick to stop them. They fell into the trough of the directories, rose again under the hand of Napoleon, and came close to unifying Europe and Russia under French rule. They fell and tried to rise again under a pseudo-Napoleon, and the hard Prussians knocked them sprawling at Sedan. They threw out their kings, adopted Anglo-Saxon democracy, allied themselves with the British sea power, and broke the German horde whose leaders had proclaimed their new empire in the mirrored hall of the French Sun-King at Versailles half a century before. But they were not strong enough to pluck the fruit of victory when it was ripe, the Anglo-Saxon sea powers would not join them in establishing a permanent military, political and economic dominion in Europe, and so the ancient pan-Germanism rose again, stronger and more ferocious than before, armed with a new combat unit of planes and tanks, and democratic France fell and its leaders were discredited.

Where, now, is France? In the white mills of Provence and the apple orchards of Normandy, in the villages down the by-roads and lanes, where the barnyard creatures peck over the manure heap, lying in front of or back of the farmhouse, flanked by barn and stable? Or in the Government offices in the luxury hotels and casino in the thermal city twenty miles away? In the Paris salons where middle and upper-middle-class girls dance with young German officers, and around fraternal tables in restaurants and board rooms where Frenchman and German do business together? Or on the battlefields of Syria—and on which side? In Pétain's hierarchical Cabinet of twenty-two, and his Council of Two Hundred, picked by him and responsible to him alone, who, in turn, is responsible only to God? Or in the jail at the mediæval Château Chazeron, where the leaders of democratic France lie under political or criminal charges, or both: Blum, charged with betraying the duties of his charge; Reynaud, indicted for embezzlement of public funds; Mandel, indicted for corruption in speculating in the value of the franc, besides plotting to seize power in Morocco preparatory to continuing with Britain the war against Germany; Daladier and Gamelin, under political accusations?

*Pierre Etienne Flandin was Foreign Secretary for a time when Laval was dismissed from the Government*

Laval must wish he knew. It is all very awkward for him. For it was he who, speculating on the end, wrote the celebrated tragedy, "Design for Dying," and staged it in Vichy and Paris. It should be over now, and the new drama, "Rebirth," should be on, with author-producer-actor Pierre Laval rounding off his remarkable career as head of a totalitarian Gaul which has neatly switched alliances, and become self-governing Dominion Number One, and leader of the Latin bloc, in the unified Europe of the new Nazi empire controlled from Berlin and Berchtesgaden.

But something has gone wrong with his tragedy. The last act won't play itself out. In this last act, Britain exists. The original idea was that the British would retire, bowing farewell to Europe, if not actually heiling Hitler. But as they wouldn't take their cue, but to the astonishment and anger of both Germans and Vichy French, insisted upon staying on, striking strong blows at the Nazis to thrust them off the stage, Laval hoped that the last act puzzle would be solved by the invasion solution, with the British mown down in front of the line of the Ouse, or the chalk and Jurassic hills, after swarms of swastika planes had secured the skies over the battlefield.

*Admiral Darlan, who is now Vice-Premier, Foreign Minister, and Secretary of State for the Navy. He has no love for his former allies*

But the mechanics of that went all askew in the summer of 1940. In the ensuing confusion, he had tried to get the show ended by collaborating with his Nazi backers for the defeat of the British; but Pétain, the old dotard, installed in Mme. de Sévigné's *pavillon* to mouth the collaboration (Continued on p. 70)

*Dr. Malcolm Sargent conducting the London Philharmonic Orchestra. Backed by Jack Hylton, of dance-band fame, it toured and packed out the twice-nightlies throughout the country*

*(Right)*
*"Can-Can," a skit on a George Black Production, from Eric Maschwitz's revue, "New Faces"*

*(Left)*
*"Victorian Vanity" introduced by the girls in the Bustles. A scene from George Black's spectacular show, "Black Vanities"*

# Bach and Barebacks

## *The War's Influence on Entertainments*

## *By* Gordon Beckles

THIS war opened with a lot of nostalgic flim-flam about the part that music and the drama were going to play in keeping up the spirits of the nation.

Would everything be engulfed in a wave of barebacks and brazen farce, such as drenched entertainment in the last war?

Some hoped so, with memories of "Afgar," "Bing Boys," and a score of other spectacular essays on the theme of the female form divine.

Others hoped not.

This was a more serious war, they wrote. Drama and music must be worthy of a saner nation.

Well, the war has been on nearly two years now, and what has happened? Both sides seem to have got something of what they wanted.

A sure formula for making money in the theatre during the past six months has a prescription containing one or more of the following ingredients: Beethoven, barebacks, Brahms, brazen humour and Bach.

What has happened is a serious contribution to the social history of the era. Long after the last whine of a bomb has been heard, students will be trying to find out how people lived—how normal or otherwise they were—in abnormal circumstances.

Students of entertainment will recall the inheritance of the last war, which lasted right up to the declaration of the present one. The theatres—*i.e.*, the actual buildings—were cornered by a group of 1914-1918 gamblers interested only in the law of supply and demand.

Men came back from France eager to see anything, preferably nude and essentially rude. The gamblers stepped in and gave the public what it wanted; these speculators took over world-famous theatres on long leases at low rents. When the war finished, and the doesn't-matter-what-it's-like-as-long-as-it's-dirty-enough school of producers failed to attract, they had the theatres on their hands.

But they were determined to keep the rents up. Necessity bound them together. A theatre at £100 a week in 1914 was kept at £600 a week in the 'twenties, and it was no good walking across the street to a rival theatre if you had a play to produce, because it was as likely as not owned by the same syndicate; or working hand-in-glove with it. Serious drama, and even just intelligent light entertainment, was almost forced out of the West End, to take refuge in neighbourhood theatres and repertory playhouses.

So we find ourselves in the late 'thirties. War threatened. Dr. Goebbels was banning Mendelssohn in German concert halls. He was custodian of German culture. Perhaps one day he might be custodian of ours—what a hope!

No one thought then that not Goebbels but his fat fancy-friend Goering would be the one to affect our taste in entertainment.

First chapter in "The Luftwaffe's Influence On English Artistic Taste" started a few hours after those first sirens sounded on the morning of September 3, 1939. All theatres, cinemas and concert halls closed down. It was weeks before the theatres began timidly to open their doors again with a rather anæmic menu of tired plays and revivals, galvanised only by a spectacular production at the Palladium called "The Little Dog Laughed," which featured the "Run, Rabbit, Run" song. This was the period of ENSA concert parties in France, talk of a "phoney" war and a radio comedian called Jack Warner, whose "I-theng-you" and "Little Gel" became national catch-words, and helped to make fortunes for others besides a Mr. Arthur Askey.

The second chapter is dominated by the news itself. Few in those nightmare months between the end of April and the beginning of August could force themselves to enter a theatre when the most spectacular melodrama of the modern world was being played every hour of the day in the open. But it is to be noted that the return of wit and intelligence in a revue featuring a number of new faces (and called "New Faces") enjoyed both critical and public success. "Black (*Continued on p. 58*)

# Double-Cross

## A *Perfect Butler who was also a Perfect "Mr. Cupid"*

By

## W. E. Johns

THE Honourable Derek Barrington swore softly but without passion as a sagging nimbus cloud, hounded across the sky by a westerly gale, ripped itself on Snowdon's trident and collapsed slowly, like a pricked balloon, into the valley. It was not that he was inconvenienced by it—at any rate, beyond the slight restriction of visibility imposed by a waving windscreen wiper—for his car was a saloon; it was just that he disliked any form of inclement weather—a characteristic that was in accord with an immaculate town suit and æsthetic features.

Twenty minutes later, with a languid sigh of relief, he turned into a dripping fir-fringed drive, and brought the car to a stop at the portico of a grey stone house of grimly portentous aspect. Before he could reach the bell the door was opened by an elderly man who wore with portly dignity a butler's uniform.

"Good morning, sir," he greeted, with a smile that indicated association of such long standing that it almost amounted to familiarity.

"On the spot as usual, Judkins," returned Barrington cheerfully, as he jumped for shelter. "You know, you ought to be helping to run the war—Minister of Hospitality, or something of the sort. I hear that Mr. Harmer, on his return to New York, asked by reporters who, in his opinion, was the most efficient man in Britain, answered without hesitation, Judkins, the butler at Harlock Hall."

"Ah! But Mr. Harmer is an American, sir."

"That's probably why he's such a good judge. Glad to see you looking so well, Judkins. Is Uncle Henry at home?"

"No, sir. Sir Henry is still in London—busy, I understand, at the Ministry of Agriculture. Let me have the suitcase, sir."

"Well, no doubt he'll be back before I leave. What are things like here—quiet?"

"If you mean war noises, sir, very quiet."

"They tell me you haven't even had an alert yet?"

"That—touching wood, as they say, sir—is correct."

"Thank God. These damn sirens give me the willies."

"They must be very disturbing, sir. We sometimes have planes over from the new aerodrome."

"You mean Lawton Green? I heard they'd opened one."

"That is the name of the new R.A.F. station, sir."

"Blast them. Why do they have to bring the damn racket up here—just as the birds are sitting, too."

Judkins coughed apologetically. "And I'm sorry to say, sir, at the moment there is a certain amount—shall we say, an unusual amount—of noise inside the house."

Barrington stared. "What the hell do you mean?"

"The—er—evacuees, sir."

"God spare my days! Kids?"

"No, sir, adults."

"How many?"

"Nine, sir."

"Hells bells! Who are they?"

"Friends of Sir Henry's friends, sir. Or perhaps it would be more correct to say, relations of certain London colleagues. A surprising number appeared when the bombing started. Indeed, sir, I had no idea Sir Henry knew so many people in London."

"He probably didn't know himself," replied Barrington, evenly. "What sort of people are they—elderly folk?"

"Curiously enough, no, sir."

"You haven't let any one have my room I hope?"

*BARRINGTON broke off as a girl appeared on the stairs. She was slim and trim. Short dark hair waved back from a wide forehead over thoughtful grey eyes*

JACK M. FAULKNER.

Judkins looked pained. "Certainly not, sir. I felt certain you would come down at the first opportunity."

"Right again, Judkins. But what did you mean about noise?"

"Well, sir, I'm afraid the visitors find the country rather dull after London. They endeavour to relieve the tedium with—er—dances, and things."

"Things?"

"They practise a form of entertainment which I have heard them describe as making whoopee, sir, and indulge in a method of acrobatics called swing. They keep it up rather late. They all arrived together, which may account for the similarity of taste."

"Birds of a feather, eh?"

"The plumage would appear to be identical, sir."

"What do they do during the day?" inquired Barrington, suspiciously.

"They have taken to going out with the guns in the morning."

"Shoot anything?"

"Mr. Todcroft shot a seagull yesterday."

Barrington blinked. "What the devil for?"

"I did not inquire, sir. Mr. Ruthman, a personal friend of Mr. Todcroft, shot Gillson's setter—you remember the liver and white bitch, sir?"

Barrington frowned. "The man must be a b——" He caught himself in time. "Who told these people they could shoot—at this time of the year?"

"Nobody, sir, as far as I know. They found the guns in the gun-room."

Barrington lowered his voice a trifle. "Put plenty of cartridges out; perhaps they'll shoot each other," he suggested, hopefully. "How long have they been here?"

"Some months, sir."

"Stiffen the crows! How long are they going to stay?"

"Presumably until the war is over, sir."

The thoughtful expression on Barrington's face gave way to irritation. "But surely they realise that with taxation what it is, people can't entertain like they did before the war?"

"I doubt if that aspect has occurred to them, sir."

"Then it's time it was brought to their notice."

"As a matter of fact, sir, there was some talk yesterday of departure, arising from a rumour that the aerodrome authorities proposed commandeering the stables here as a bomb pantry, so to speak, until other accommodation can be provided."

"Good God! That's a bit steep."

"Extremely steep, sir. Mr. Todcroft thought so—very much so."

"Of the two, I gather you'd rather have the bombs?"

"If the bombs went off, sir, the noise they made would at least be brief."

Barrington lit a cigarette. "What does Sir Henry think about this permanent house party?"

"He confided to me that he was not at all happy about it; but he feels that in the circumstances he can hardly turn them out."

"No—quite. Where are they now?" Barrington inquired.

"I believe they are forgathering for the morning attack on the furred and feathered community. There was talk of going down to the gorse."

*Illustrated by Jack Faulks*

"They'll probably shoot the old grey vixen. I have a warm spot for her."

"As long as they shoot at her, sir, she should be quite safe."

Barrington smiled wanly. "I hope you're right. Is there a fire in the library?"

"We're trying to conserve the coal, sir, but knowing your attachment to the library I've had a fire put in."

"Thanks—you think of everything. How's the sherry?"

"In good heart, sir, what little we have. I'm giving the guests the new *fino*. You will be sorry to hear that I am down to two bottles of the Domecq amontillado. I put them on one side for you, sir."

"Thanks again. I . . ." Barrington broke off as a girl appeared on the stairs.

She was slim, and trim. Short, dark hair waved crisply back from a wide forehead over thoughtful grey eyes. A tailored suit of obviously West End cut clung to a slight, almost fragile figure. She smiled at the butler in passing, but did not appear to notice Barrington, who watched her until she turned into the breakfast room. When his eyes returned to Judkins there was a new interest in them.

"Who's that?"

"Miss Loring, sir."

*THE house vibrated suddenly to the roar of a distant explosion. Barrington jumped. "Look out! Here they come," he exclaimed in a shrill voice*

"Does Miss Loring join in the fun and games?"

"No, sir—at least, not more than she is compelled to by Mr. Todcroft, who, if I may be allowed to say so, is a rather persistent type of gentleman. I have heard her protest that she came here for a rest, not to frolic."

"I see," answered Barrington, slowly. He thought for a moment or two. "Well, I'll dig myself in the library," he announced. "I've a phone call to make."

"Very good, sir. I'll bring up the amontillado. It might be wise to take it with you to your room when you go."

BARRINGTON had just settled down with a book on his knee and the sherry at his elbow when the door was flung open and a noisy cavalcade, which included both sexes, poured into the room. At its head was a big, florid man, whose boisterous manner made Barrington wince. He knew without being told that it was Todcroft. Miss Loring, a little apart, brought up the rear.

"Hallo there!" breezed the big man. "I'm Todcroft. This is the gang." He indicated the others with an airy sweep of his arm. "We heard there was a new arrival. Come down to get out of the blitz, old man?"

Barrington's expression did not change. He nodded. "That's right."

"Wise fellow. No use staying in it if you can get out. That's what *I* say. Am I right?"

Barrington's lips just moved. "Definitely."

Todcroft tapped the region of his heart with a rather podgy finger. "Dicky," he announced confidentially, "tried to get in the R.A.F., but they wouldn't have me. Trust 'em to find the weak spots—eh?"

"Absolutely. As you say, they find the—er—weak spots."

"What's yours?"

"Nerves. One bang and I go all to pieces."

"Same with Norma Loring," Todcroft commiserated. "Well, what about joining the party for a spot of fresh air?"

"I can't stand fresh air," returned Barrington in a melancholy voice.

"Not afraid of a drop of rain?"

"I have to be careful with my chest."

"A nice brisk walk along the road?"

"I hate walking. It gives me corns."

Todcroft looked shocked. "A sharp walk would do you good."

"It might upset my digestion."

Todcroft laughed shortly. "You're as bad as Norma. I used to have a job to get her out, but she doesn't say

no any longer."

"Perhaps she found it easier to walk than argue," suggested Barrington blandly.

Todcroft evidently overlooked the implication.

"Come on," he urged. "Find yourself a gun—get your eye in for when the Jerries come over." He winked blatantly at a rather stout little man standing at his elbow.

"If I had a gun in my hand you might get shot," protested Barrington in a dull voice.

"What do you mean?"

"Well, I might get excited and take you for a rabbit—that is, hit you instead of the rabbit."

Todcroft regarded the speaker with a puzzled expression from which suspicion was not entirely absent. He was about to turn away when he noticed the bottle at Barrington's elbow. He picked it up and read the label aloud. "Where the devil did you get this?" he demanded. "Has that old crow Judkins been holding out on me? Where is he?"

Barrington swallowed—with difficulty, it seemed—something in his throat. Before he could answer a sound became audible, a distant wail that rose and fell on the sluggish breeze.

Todcroft put the bottle down abruptly—so abruptly that it fell on its side and lost most of its contents. His expression had changed. In some curious way he seemed to shrink.

"My God! That's the siren," he said tersely. He turned towards the door.

Before he could reach it Judkins came in. "There are two Air Force officers here," he announced.

"What do they want?" Barrington spoke.

"They've come about the stables being used as a bomb store, sir."

"Better bring them in."

They came—a squadron leader and a flight lieutenant.

"What's the trouble, gentlemen?" inquired Barrington, curtly.

The squadron leader answered. "I think it's only fair to tell you that the Air Ministry will have to take over the outbuildings here, as an armament store—only temporarily, of course."

"But they can't do that," protested Barrington.

The officer shrugged his shoulders. "If you wish to object, sir, you'll have to take it up with the Air Ministry. We're only carrying out our instructions. And by the way, without wishing to alarm you unduly, may I remind you that the alert has sounded at the camp, which means that hostile aircraft are in the vicinity. The enemy intelligence is good; there is just a possibility that they may have heard of our intention, in which case this house may be their objective. You might be well advised to take cover. We shall have to be getting back now." The officers saluted and made a hurried exit.

"That settles it as far as I'm concerned," declared Todcroft, harshly. "I'm not staying here any longer. A man's a fool to take chances. That's what *I* say."

His opinion was confirmed by a chorus of consent.

Todcroft turned to Judkins, who was still standing by, watching the proceedings with grave but respectful interest.

"Where's the air raid shelter?" he demanded peremptorily.

"I'm sorry, sir, but I'm afraid we haven't any special accommodation——"

"Then you ought to have," snapped Todcroft. "It's time we were under cover."

"You're absolutely right," agreed Barrington, who appeared to be nervous to the point of agitation. "I know! The coal cellar. It's under the kitchen, which . . ."

The house vibrated suddenly to the roar of a distant explosion.

Barrington jumped. "Look out! Here they come," he exclaimed in a shrill voice.

There was a wild stampede, led by Barrington, to the cellar. At the door he stood aside and allowed the press to surge past him. Then, quietly, he closed the door, and drew a deep breath. He glanced up to find Judkins watching him.

"Aren't you going to lock it, sir?" said the butler, softly.

"It won't be necessary," answered Barrington in a low voice. "If I know anything they'll stay down there till the all-clear goes."

"But that won't be for hours, sir."

"Give them a chance to brown off." Barrington started as if the significance of the butler's (*Continued on page* 51)

# John Bull

IT was contended around 1927 that when the last Middle West American farmer reached the Pacific coast in his Ford and built a bungalow to settle down (as many retired U.S. farmers used to do in those days), then the pioneering epoch of the United States would have ended—and their civilisation from thereon would develop along the lines of the European model. This false premise presupposed that there *was* a thing called European civilisation, a sort of destined evolution, progressing out of the natural growth of its institutions; and it took no account whatever of such setbacks (from the English and American point of view) as Hitler and Mussolini. Now democratic talk and thinking have shifted like a school of fish and far-sighted leaders on both sides of the Atlantic are discussing an entirely new type of civilisation; an Anglo-American union to build the new world.

This is all to the good, and holds out an exhilarating prospect; and it will probably *have* to come, if this war lasts long enough—because there will have to be some such authentic working partnership of the two great combinations to win the war—then to be able to hold the peace. It is exhilarating because, when you look at the atlas, you will see that the great Power-Union that could be created embracing Great Britain, Canada, Australia, New Zealand, South Africa, the United States, and, very likely, a united Ireland, would contain over 200,000,000 free and equal peoples; that it would be able to supply, with the British colonial possessions, every raw material needed for either life or war; and that it would also contain—this is a very important point—the only open undeveloped spaces left on earth that are eminently suited by climate to the expansion of white man's civilisation.

But, like the fetish use of the American word "pioneer," there would be not a dog's chance for reality in such a *Union* unless it were founded, and fought for, on something more substantial than treaties between governments (the usual scraps of paper); agreements reached at conferences; military alliances; or even trade agreements—although it might go a long way towards its goal in a great common Customs Union. This, although it seemed woefully obsolete at the time, was the American Secretary of State Cordell Hull's plea at the London 1933 Economic Conference—one of the greatest flops in the long line of fiascos called International Conferences. But, and you should note this, it was a much greater indictment of our boasted capitalist civilisation, wherein we have used all man's scientific progress not for the better and more equal distribution of the world's food or of life's time, not to ensure that we were learning daily how better to live together—but, as the dread truth broke in our faces, only to find better ways to kill each other.

My contention is that the fifteen or twenty years of futile peace, disarmament, economic, and politico-economic conferences which followed the last war have shown beyond any argument that all attempts to reach agreement between great masses of people are doomed to failure when you leave such attempts at mutual national understandings solely to paper treaty agreements made by the so-called statesmen at the top. Actually, if you analyse candidly the background against which all these abortive conferences were held, you will see that on all occasions we have left it solely to the Press in the different countries to create the state of mind which would give the people of these different countries an understanding (or a misunderstanding) of the points the conference was being called for, particularly the *rights* which each country thought itself entitled to extract from some other country's statesmen. But, and it doesn't need much argument to prove this, the Press of every country is never united; it is more often engaged in trying to make public opinion than it is in truthfully representing it; it has its own hidden aims (the private desires and programmes of wealthy or biased proprietors); and, finally, it is always—with the exception of a few "radical" papers, made violent by their own sense of frustration—bitterly opposed to any revolutionary social change.

In the United States, for example, the Press was against Roosevelt almost to a paper in the 1936 Presidential Elections; it was blatant in its outpour of invective and promised disaster; it assured the American people that a second term of Franklin D. Roosevelt would lead the United States straight to hell. Chicago was the centre for two of the most bitterly anti-Roosevelt papers in the U.S., the city's whole press was rabidly anti-Roosevelt. If you read those expressions of Middle West opinion, you would think, being a passing Englishman, that that might have been what

# and Uncle Sam

**Negley Farson**

**pro-British American, discusses the present and future of Anglo-American relationships in the light of our growing friendliness and mutual co-operation**

the "Hub of the United States," as Chicago people call their city, was thinking about Roosevelt. Yet, when Roosevelt came to that city, the police had to use batons to keep the hysterical crowds of the "common people" from crushing his car as they pressed forward to take his hand; people knelt in tears as he passed down Michigan Boulevard. The succeeding vote of the great mass of the people in the United States (with every newspaper preaching against it) swept Roosevelt back into office with the greatest landslide of approval ever given any American president.

So you can see the folly of leaving it to the newspapers either to express or to educate public opinion. If you grant that, if you are willing to admit the colossal floppage of our statesmen in preserving the peace after November 11, 1918; if you are candid enough to feel bitter about the way, sitting on the railway track, they failed to see the on-rushing locomotive of this half-social, half-national war—if you concede these things, *then look about for an ALTERNATIVE,* you will then see that you have nothing left for an agreement between great blocs of people, except an agreement reached between great blocs of those people themselves.

And this can be done.

THE first thing, of course, in such an understanding, is that the people of any one country must first understand themselves. I'll begin with my own country; take that bunk-like phrase "the pioneering epoch." As a matter of fact the pioneering epoch of the United States had ended long before the last war. With the most widely disseminated education service of any country in the world, we were yearly turning out thousands of doctors, lawyers, engineers from our universities, with no jobs in our national make-up to provide an output for their energies. Doctors were driving street cars in Chicago; the average "salary" paid a graduate engineer, after his four years' course in some of the most advanced scientific schools in the world, was £15 a month. Well over a third of the population of the United States was underfed and insufficiently clothed or housed (it still is to this day)—and yet you could drive for three days in many places west of the Mississippi River and not see a single farm.

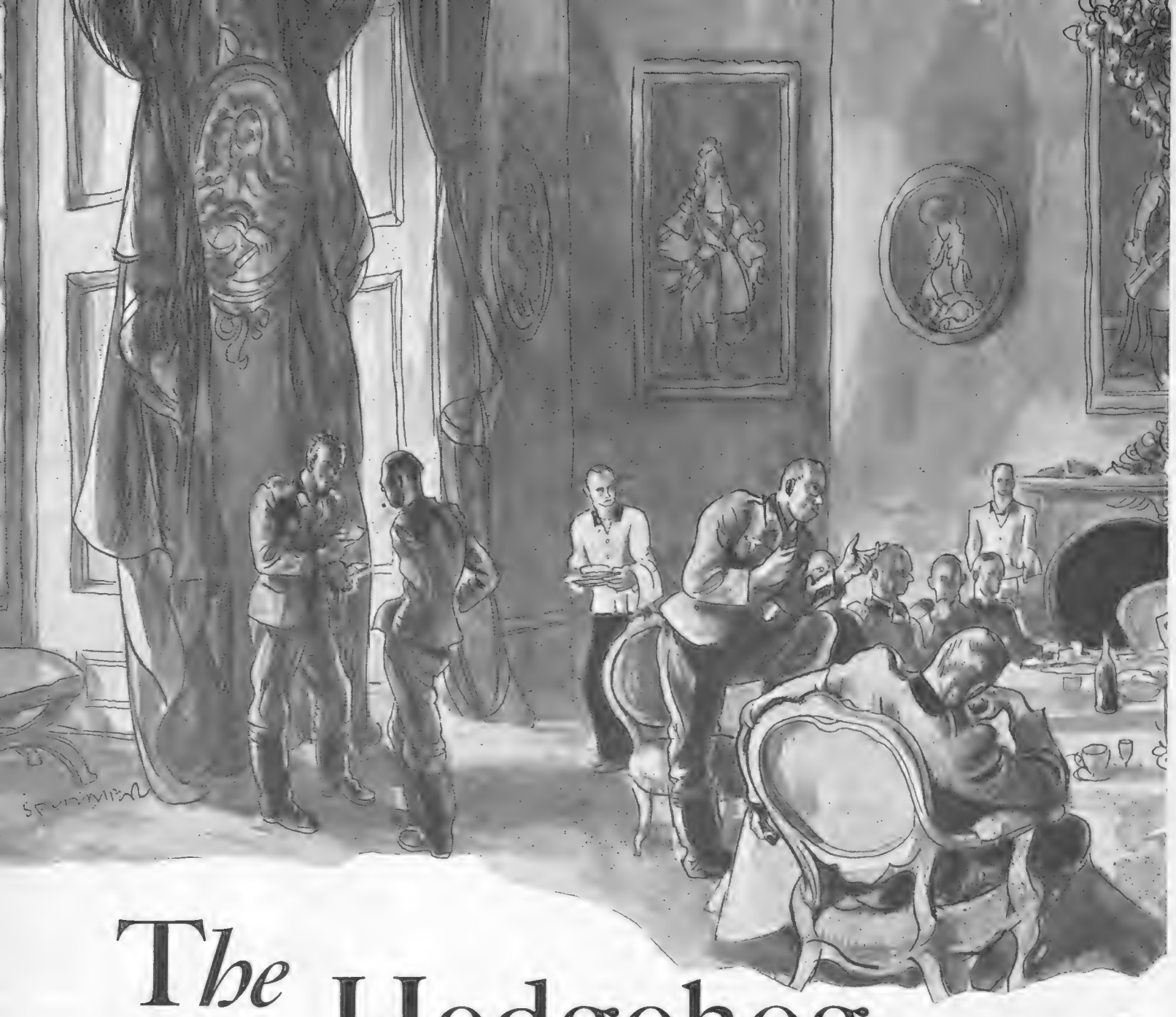
"Yes! all the land is not used up!" cried the people—the rhetorical politicians and wordy business leaders who were so fond of that "pioneer" word—"*Look* at this vast country, full of open spaces, where there is still opportunity for every man!"

Yes, the open spaces were still there. But it was impossible for any pioneering-inclined American to set a foot on them. They were waiting for Capital to come along and develop them. Not only that, they had already been lost to the people. To-day you may drive for mile after empty mile through the pleasant state of California and see signs like this:—

TRESPASS PROHIBITED
Property of the So-and-So Land Co.

In this way miles of fertile, easily-irrigated land has been bought up and now lie fallow, neglected, waiting for another boom in land prices. Meanwhile, desperate citizens, driven out of the U.S. "dust bowl" by over cultivation due to mass-production farming, cross the state border of California in their thousands, buying petrol by the pint to get their rickety motor cars to carry them yet another mile or so in search of the Promised Land, even a job where a hard-working farmer might earn enough with his two hands to keep his wife and children from starving. When you have seen scenes like this you feel like spitting when any one spouts about the "pioneering" epoch being not yet ended in the United States.

Yet defenders of the American "rugged individualism" (*Continued on page* 54)



# *The* Hedgehog

## *A German Airman's Reactions to Animal and Human Life*

By Howard Spring

THEY were living in a French chateau. Luxury for all of them. Some of them were mechanics from Hamburg. A few were countrymen, and there was a wine merchant's clerk from Berlin. Not one of them had ever lived in such a place as this. The tarnished gilt mirrors of the great drawing-room; the dark portraits of wigged ancestors in the dining-room where they had their mess; the Buhl and ormolu and ice-cold crystal dripping of the chandelier; all this was so daunting that they talked very loud and stamped with their boots.

They would not have been there at all if the chateau were not near the aerodrome. From the cellar there was a tunnel running underground and coming out in a corner of the field where the Dorniers and Messerschmitts were drawn up in the mild autumn weather. It was most convenient. When the British bombed the aerodrome they could run into the tunnel, which was deep and safe; and when there was a sudden call to man their machines they could run through the tunnel to the aerodrome. With everything so happily arranged, it was much nicer to sleep on the big, deep beds of the chateau than in the huts on the field. No one knew why the tunnel had been built: no one except perhaps one of these people on the wall, with the rapiers, and the silver buckles to their shoes, and the foam of lace at the wrists, and the supercilious twist to the lips which suggested that, whatever they knew, they were not likely to give it away to these clumping invaders with the iron crosses dangling on their chests.

Along the front of the chateau ran a terrace, with urns spilling in this late month of the year red and gold and yellow leaves down to the stones worn by so many feet throughout so many generations. From the terrace the view was beautiful but limited. Down either side, and along the far end, horse-chestnut trees were planted, and between these stretched a lawn, with a narrow, stone-edged pond running down the length of it. Reeds stood up in the water; here and there a satyr, a nymph, a cupid, raised a leaden figure among them.

Circumscribed, but very beautiful, especially to Hermann, who liked to come out there in the early morning, while the others were snoring, and walk on the terrace and imagine himself the lord of all that loveliness. When he was alone, he walked as softly as he could, trying to dumb the clump of his great boots, subdued by the opalescent, almost miasmic, loveliness of the mist hanging upon the tapestried edges of the

*NOT one of them had ever lived in such a place as this. The dark portraits of wigged ancestors in the dining-room where they had their mess; the Buhl and ormolu and ice-cold crystal dripping of the chandelier: all this was so daunting that they talked very loud and stamped their boots*

wood and over the green of the lawn and the leaden figures, cold with dew. It was a few hundred yards of enchantment, imprisoned there by the slow touch of the centuries; and Hermann would think of his flat in Berlin, with the chromium fittings which he had considered so beautiful and that now seemed mean and paltry. He would walk down the broad sweep of the steps from the terrace to the lawn, along the narrow pond—so narrow that he could have jumped it—his boots crushing the dewy grass; and from the far end he would look back at the face of the chateau, with the sun, struggling through the mist, laying upon it the first faint warmth of morning. It was a pale golden stone, like cheese.

ON one of these morning walks Hermann found the hedgehog. At first he thought it was a bird. A movement among the leaves thickly coating the surface of the pond caught his eye, and the speckled object he saw faintly struggling in the water looked like a fat thrush. He moved towards it and saw that it was a hedgehog. Its rear end was sunk in the water. Its little black front paws were appealingly raised, and its black, pointed snout was just clear of the sodden leaves.

Hermann put his hand delicately under the creature's belly and lifted it on to the grass. It feebly thrust out its spines, but quickly drew them in again, and a few drops of water oozed out of its mouth. A flea or two hopped from it, as though it were a host not worth patronising any longer; and, indeed, it was an abject and pitiable creature, trying to roll itself up into a ball, but not quite succeeding. It looked as though its neck muscles were cramped. The head wouldn't tuck in. Almost, one would think, the neck was broken.

Hermann picked up the hedgehog with great tenderness. He had forgotten the chateau and its beauty, and the beauty of the autumn morning, and his flat in Berlin, and everything else. His mind could take in no idea but the idea of the hedgehog, and the probability that it had been in the pond for hours—perhaps all night. He was filled with a great pity. Perhaps the hedgehog's lungs were saturated with water. He imagined its struggles under the cold mist of the night to keep its snout in the air. The creature was shivering. A few more drops of water exuded from its mouth on to his hand, as though it were retching. "Poor thing! Poor little devil!" he murmured, and hurried into the chateau.

He had forgotten now to be silent, and his boots raised echoes as he went running upstairs. "Hey! Hans! Friedrich! Julius! Look! A hedgehog! The poor little devil's nearly drowned. I found him in the pond."

They crowded round, examining the wretched spiny bundle in Hermann's hand. The hedgehog gave a moaning grunt.

"Good!" Friedrich cried. "Did you hear that? He's alive! We must give him some warm bread and milk."

Only Julius was unmoved. "Throw the damn thing back," he said. "They're always alive with fleas."

Hermann said: "You shut your mouth."

Julius said: "You shut yours, or I'll shut it for you."

They glared at one another for a moment, a boil of hatred surging up suddenly in Hermann's heart. "It's my hedgehog," he said at last quietly. "You needn't have anything to do with it. You *shan't* have anything to do with it."

Hans and Friedrich had dressed. "Come on, Hermann," they said. "Bring him down to the kitchen."

The cook was moving lazily about, preparing breakfast. Hermann shouted at him angrily. "For god's sake, man, stir your lazy legs. Warm some milk."

The cook stiffened to attention: "Yes, Herr Leutnant."

"Look at him," said Hermann tenderly to Hans and Friedrich. "His eyes are open."

The black beads of the hedgehog's eyes were just visible. Hans stretched out a finger to stroke the snout. "Carefully!"

*Illustrated by Steven Spurrier*

Hermann said quickly. "Carefully!"

The cook dropped a saucepan lid, and the hedgehog, startled, rolled again into a ball and tried unsuccessfully to tuck in his head. "Damn and blast you for a clumsy fool!" Herman raved. "Learn to move quietly."

Friedrich took the saucer of warm milk and crumbled some bread into it. Hermann placed the hog on the floor. It lay apathetically, its nose flaring feebly towards the smell of the bread and milk, but it was unable to move.

"This saucer is too high," Hermann cried. "He can't raise himself up to get his nose over the edge."

"Look! There's a flea coming out of him!" Hans exclaimed.

Hermann coloured hotly and stood upright. "What's a flea?" he cried. "Is it a crime then to have a flea? You are as bad as Julius. Fleas are natural to hedgehogs. Put some of the soaked bread on the floor, by his nose. That saucer is too high in the edge."

Hans took some sops of bread and laid them on the ground near the hedgehog's snout. "Not on top of him!" Hermann cried testily. "His nose is probably full of water. Do you want to smother him?" He eased the bread away infinitesimally.

"Now you'll see," he said.

But they did not see. The hedgehog lay on the ground, trying to raise itself on its front feet and collapsing again and again. The cook spoke deferentially:

"I am taking up breakfast, Herr Leutnant."

Hans and Friedrich looked questioningly at Hermann. "Can't we leave him till after breakfast?"

"No. We can't. At least, I can't. D'you want the poor little devil to die of cold and hunger? Go if you want to."

They went, and Hermann stood frowning down at the hedgehog. The cook came back. "Here, you," said Hermann. "Take this fountain pen filler and wash it out."

When this was done, he made the man hold the hedgehog and prise open its mouth with a pencil. Then, with the filler, he dropped warm milk into it. The hedgehog spewed feebly and shut its eyes.

"He's cold, Herr Leutnant. He wants warmth," said the cook. "I will get some dry bracken and then perhaps you will leave him in it in a barrel by the fire."

"Very good," Hermann said curtly. "Do it at once."

"Breakfast is not finished, Herr Leutnant."

"Do it at once."

The cook ran out.

"You'll be all right, old feller. You'll be all right," Hermann said to the hedgehog when the man was gone. He turned a corner of the rug over it and went reluctantly upstairs.

JULIUS had already nearly finished his breakfast. He scowled towards Hermann. "I hope you've thoroughly washed after handling that filthy hedgehog."

"It's no more filthy than you are."

"Isn't it! It's got fleas."

"Probably you have, too," said Hermann, gulping coffee.

Julius said: "I'll answer that insult later. Where's that damned cook?" He began to beat with his heavy boot on the floor, which was his way of making himself heard in the kitchen below. For a long time he battered without result. Then the cook came running, breathless. "I'm sorry. I was getting bracken for the Herr Leutnant's hedgehog."

His broad Bavarian face beamed with a smile as he added: "The hedgehog is now warm by the fire."

Julius picked up his coffee-cup and hurled it. The man ducked, and the cup shattered itself against the wall.

"Remove that damned thing from the kitchen," Julius shouted. "I am president of this mess, and I order you. Remove it."

"But the Herr Leutnant——"

"I will not have the lousy thing contaminating the kitchen. To hell with the Herr Leutnant."

Hermann leapt to his feet, his face livid. "You dare, Müller, to speak to me like that before the cook! My god! You shall suffer for that! You are a beast. You have no love, no pity. Is not the poor thing perhaps dying?"

"What are you going to do about it?" Julius sneered.

Hermann relaxed. "Here—nothing. I cannot. You know that."

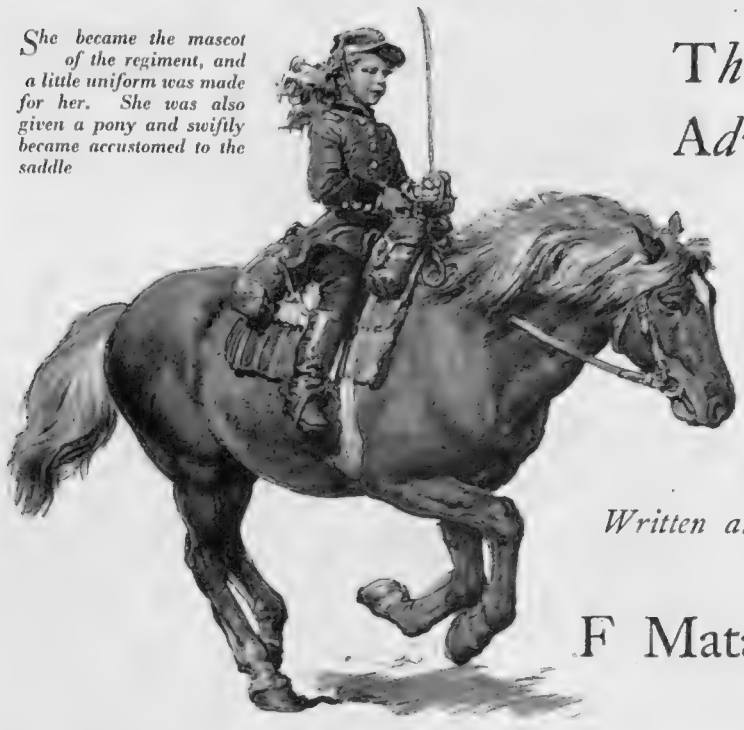
"Very well, then. Take your hedgehog out of the kitchen. Take it to bed with you. Do what you like with it. But take it out of the kitchen."

Julius went out on to the aerodrome. The other three returned to the kitchen. Hermann lifted the bundle of bracken out of the barrel and uncovered the hedgehog. (*Continued on page* 54)

*HERMANN put his hand delicately under the creature's belly and lifted it on to the grass*

# Old Tales Re-told

## *The Amazing Life Story and Adventures of Calamity Jane*



*She became the mascot of the regiment, and a little uniform was made for her. She was also given a pony and swiftly became accustomed to the saddle*

*Written and Illustrated by*

F Matania, R.I.

ANYONE, on first meeting Calamity Jane, would have been convinced that feminine instinct, maternal tenderness and amorous inclination towards the opposite sex were completely absent from her nature. She was a true product of the West, where a couple of six-shooters combined with quickness on the draw were not only the sole means of enforcing the law, but also of preserving one's life from the perpetual menace of bandits and outlaws—to say nothing of Indians, who regarded the white man as an interloper, a robber of his land, cattle and freedom, and a potential exterminator of his race.

But her tanned face revealed beneath the shadow of her wide-brimmed sombrero an expression of alertness and calm. She smoked, chewed tobacco, drank her liquor at a gulp and lived on the same level as the riff-raff who surrounded her. Her air of bravado was not mere bluff. She was conscious of her ability to face any danger and tackle the hardest job as calmly as a man. Beneath this Amazon-like exterior, however, she concealed a feminine susceptibility to everything delicate and beautiful in life.

There have been in the past many praiseworthy women who, leaving behind them the amenities of civilised life, set out for the unknown in the spirit of pioneers. Calamity Jane was a pioneer, although she had never been the indefatigable housewife of the wagons and shacks. She was only happy when she was "looking for trouble," dressed as a man and armed to the teeth, riding off on dangerous excursions, exploring the wilderness, frequently alone.

Our heroine's antecedents contributed largely to her idiosyncrasies and certainly provided her with a rich and varied education.

BORN of humble parents on a frontier post near Montana, she was left an orphan before she was eight years old. Her name was Jane Marks. As she had no living relatives the little girl was adopted by the squadron which garrisoned the post. Thus she passed at a tender age from the homely atmosphere of a Victorian family in the 1860's to that of a military barracks. She quickly became the mascot of the regiment, and a little uniform was made for her. She was given a pony of suitable size, and swiftly became accustomed to the saddle. She had a naturally fine seat, and the garrison took a perpetual delight in her prowess. Her physique was ideal for the strenuous feats which she was so fond of performing, and she became in time an incomparable rider. As soon as her legs were long enough to grip the big saddle she took up bronco-riding. She acquired early familiarity with weapons and her marksmanship was deadly. She learned to juggle with her six-shooter and to perform other and more risky tricks with it. But her chief characteristic was a mania for exploring unknown country. The surrounding territory was infested with hostile Indians who sometimes crept up, silently as snakes, to the very palisade, unseen by the most vigilant of the sentries. Calamity Jane would sometimes disappear for days, and when her anxious friends dispatched armed scouts in search of her, they invariably found her serenely loping back, either loaded with a fine buck which she had shot and skinned, or else dragging behind her a wild pony which she had lassoed. Despite these distractions, however, she would probably have achieved her object of making a minute survey of a certain area of ground. So extensive was her knowledge of the surrounding territory for many miles that when Captain Cook undertook his expedition in 1875 into the black hills of Dakota he hired Jane Marks as his guide. She carried out the task with admirable efficiency, displaying not only a thorough topographical knowledge, but much proof of her sagacity and courage.

*She acquired early familiarity with weapons and her marksmanship was deadly. And she learned to juggle with her six-shooter and to perform other and more risky tricks with it*

THE following episode will give a clear idea of the kind of exploit for which she became famous, and explains also the origin of her nickname—Calamity Jane.

One day she was leading the squadron through a deep canyon when suddenly the air was filled with savage cries. A party of Sioux, armed with rifles, had prepared an ambush for them. An officer was seen to fall from his horse hit by a bullet. It was well known that a Sioux Indian could never resist the temptation to scalp a wounded enemy in order to adorn himself with the trophy. Jane kept a cool head in this emergency, retaining a watchful eye on the wounded officer. She saw also the figure of an Indian creeping up to the fallen man, his face alight with savage anticipation, scalping knife in hand. As the other Indians were sniping from behind the trees, Jane's chances of rescuing her comrade without getting hit were somewhat remote. She therefore adopted the Indian method of slipping one foot out of the stirrup while leaning far out over the other side of the horse, gripping the mane with one hand. Aiming from under the head of her mare, Black Bess, she shot the Indian while galloping past him; then, reaching the wounded man, she pulled him on to her saddle and rejoined the column unscathed. Later, in expressing his admiration and gratitude, the rescued officer commented on his good fortune in having had at hand so brave a woman in such a calamity. This word became associated with her name, and thus she was afterwards called Calamity Jane.

This was the time when the settlers and pioneers were struggling with manifold difficulties in order to conquer the wild regions which would never be properly developed by the native inhabitants. The Indians for their part cared more for the protection of their cattle than for the gold mines and other valuable mineral deposits which the land contained.

Jane's exploits and abilities made her greatly in demand among the men who fostered these expeditions, and her fame by the time she was twenty years old had spread far and wide.

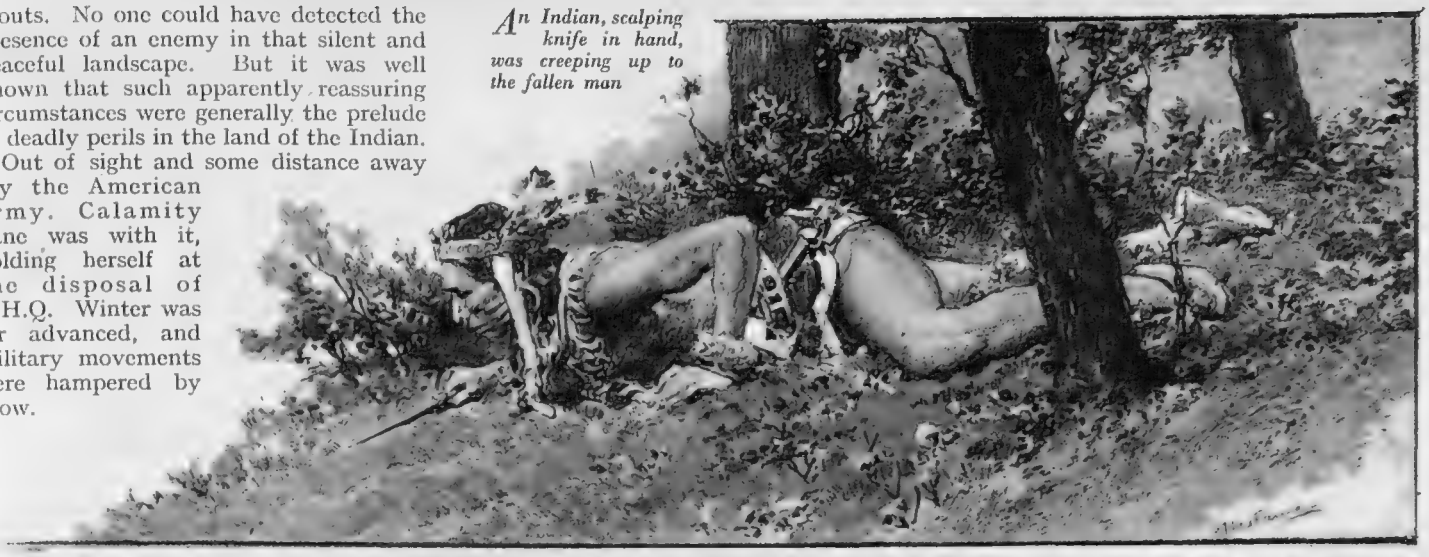
Grave unrest prevailed amongst the Medoc Indians of Southern Oregon. Unscrupulous Government agents, taking advantage of the honesty and good faith of the Indian, would organise huge frauds involving the ownership of vast territories and other assets of the natives. The natural reaction to this treatment was war. However clearly defined the frontier line between the white man and the Indian, it was seemingly always crossed first by the former.

The expedition headed by Captain Cook and Calamity Jane was followed by an onrush of miners into the Black Hills. The Sioux Indians bitterly resented the infraction of the pact they had made with the American Government, and rallied for war in defence of their lands. They were not numerous, but they were fine warriors, and their leader, Sitting Bull, was a clever enough tactician to hold his own against the utmost that military strategy could do. He had taken up his position in a place known as Little Big Horn River, and by employing his Indian genius for concealment by camouflage, he was able to keep hidden all his advanced posts and his

*Aiming from under the head of her mare Black Bess, she shot the Indian while galloping past him, then reaching the wounded man, she pulled him on to her saddle, and rejoined the column*

scouts. No one could have detected the presence of an enemy in that silent and peaceful landscape. But it was well known that such apparently reassuring circumstances were generally the prelude to deadly perils in the land of the Indian.

Out of sight and some distance away lay the American army. Calamity Jane was with it, holding herself at the disposal of G.H.Q. Winter was far advanced, and military movements were hampered by snow.



*An Indian, scalping knife in hand, was creeping up to the fallen man*

*Calamity Jane fell off the seat and sprawled across the footboard. Here she managed to cling on by lying on her stomach, and from this position she shot the puma in the brain*

General Custer had detached himself from the main body of the troops. His idea had been to cut off a possible retreat of the Indians by stealing round with a small force to the rear of the encampment. He had been gone several days when the Commander-in-Chief decided to send him a message by means of Calamity Jane. Her instructions were to deliver the dispatch and remain with General Custer as his scout.

She began her ride under the most rigorous conditions. The cold was intense and the snow blizzard had saturated her clothing with icy moisture. Unable to light a fire and dry them—since the smoke would have betrayed her to the Indians—she struggled on by sheer strength of will. However, though she doubtless did not realise it, she was already in the throes of pneumonia, and gradually her head sank lower and lower over her horse's mane. She had only sufficient strength left to try and guide her mount towards a white settlement; and for the last few miles it was the beast himself who brought her into friendly hands. Her robust constitution resisted the malady, and the seventh-day crisis turned the scales towards recovery.

While she was being nursed back to health, however, a terrible blow had been inflicted on the detachment of troops commanded by General Custer. Sitting Bull had discovered the manœuvre in preparation; and without betraying his plans, disposed his forces for a counter-attack. The Indians were completely without firearms, but they swept down on the 264 men under Custer like an avalanche. Only one of the 264 remained alive—and this because he had been overlooked by some mistake. Had Jane succeeded in reaching General Custer, she too would have been slain like all the rest. Fate had intervened on her behalf and, strange as it may sound, her life was saved by an attack of double pneumonia.

Pioneer women were divided into two distinct categories. There were the wives, sisters and daughters of the miners and cowboys, and there were the gay girls of the saloons. Calamity Jane was looked at askance by both types. She had had no love-affairs, and any attentions that had been paid to her had either been taken frivolously or else had been snubbed by a peppery answer. She had an air of aloofness that made it difficult for even the most optimistic suitor to approach her.

There was, however, one man towards whom she adopted a different attitude. He, too, was a famous figure of those times. This was Wild Bill Hickok. A highly educated man, he had discovered that the raw life of the West was the only one suited to his adventurous nature. Over six feet tall, he wore his long hair flowing over his shoulders—and it was this hair that constituted a perpetual defiance to the Indians whose great aim it was to collect his scalp.

Conscious of his matchless strength, he was always very reluctant to fight a man of his own race. He would do this only in self-defence; but since he was the object of almost universal envy, it followed that his life was an uninterrupted series of fights.

He felt for Calamity Jane unbounded admiration, while for her part she nursed a devotion to Wild Bill that was almost hero-worship. When she was in his presence her heart beat with truly feminine adoration, but her lips never pronounced the words that would have betrayed the state of her feelings. She realised only too well the great difference in education that placed him so much above her, and she knew that he could no more come down to her level than she attain to his. But she

(Continued on page 52)

*Wild Bill Hickok. Over six feet tall, he wore his hair flowing over his shoulders. (From an authentic portrait)*

*Calamity Jane, revolver in hand, was propelling before her to the sheriff's office a man whose hands were tied behind him*

*The tombs of Wild Bill Hickok and Calamity Jane at Deadwood*

# *The* Red Rose *of* England

## *Which became a Symbol of Love and a Message of Hope*

*"YOU were wearing a red rose that afternoon I first met you, here in this very sitting-room."*

By Caroline Harvey

A FEW miles from Brest, that cold grey town jutting into the Atlantic, where ice-green breakers fling themselves against gaunt, black rocks and night and day the British Air Force hurl death on Nazi tyrants, lies a quiet valley, and in that quiet valley stands the rose-red chateau of St. Gidaux.

Time has but lightly touched this small corner of the world and the peace and elegance of the eighteenth century still linger, even though death nightly stalks the land and a foreign army tramps the poplar lined roads of Brittany.

On August 16, 1940, Marie Lefevre spent her twenty-sixth birthday in making arrangements to house a German platoon. She had received word that morning that German troops were to be quartered in the outbuildings of the chateau.

In her blue gardening smock, with the wind twisting her dark hair into little tendrils, she rested on her spade for a moment, as old Pierre led their one remaining mare out to grass, so that the stables might be left dry and comfortable, according to official regulations, for the enemy troopers.

"Poor Anna, it's a shame. She's getting old, Pierre, and she'll miss her comfortable loose box."

Pierre spat with great venom, rubbing his blue-bloused sleeve against his wrinkled face.

"It is an outrage, the swines."

He had spent the whole seventy-odd years of his life at the chateau, and had never been farther south than Quimper, where he had once celebrated a Fête Day.

"Our Lady guide us!"

Berthe shook her besom at an imaginary foe. She and Pierre had been man and wife for fifty years, and for fifty years they had served the lords of St. Gidaux. They had been with them in the days of plenty, and now they stuck to their posts in the days of leanness. The lord of the manor had been killed with his regiment in 1918, his wife died the following year. The war had swept away the fortunes of the House of Lefevre, and a girl child of three was left to inherit its dwindling glories. The servants were dismissed and only old Berthe and Pierre were left—Berthe as housekeeper and Pierre as odd-job man, until Marie Lefevre left the shelter of her convent school and took her place as lady of the manor. She was then eighteen and Berthe and Pierre served her with the same loyalty as they had served her parents.

Between them they ran the chateau. The old part of the house was closed and Marie turned the long drawing-room, facing the rose garden, into her own sitting-room and divided her time between the kitchen and the garden. She was never bored. She loved the simple country people whom she had known as a child and she loved her flowers.

Berthe gave the cobbles one last sweep and shut the stable door.

"That will do for the canaille, mademoiselle. It is too good for them. Sweet smelling hay for a lot of filthy pigs to grovel in!"

"They may not be so bad, Berthe."

Marie kicked off the wooden clogs and slipped on her high-heeled shoes. "You've never met a German in your life and they may be quite civil if we're civil. Anyhow, we've got to put up with them and we shall have to make the best of it."

"I'll do nothing for the Nazi pigs." Berthe's old leather face was even more wrinkled than usual with disgust and disdain. "If they come whining round me they'll get short shrift. We've served you and yours for nigh on fifty years, mademoiselle, and old Pierre and me look upon you as our own, but we'll not lift a finger for the ravaging swine . . ."

Marie looked severe, but her dimpling mouth gave her away.

"You'll take your orders from me, Berthe." For all her youth, Marie Lefevre could still be the lady of the chateau when she wanted to. "You and Pierre will do what I say. I will speak to the German officer when the soldiers arrive. But you must avoid friction, Berthe. The Germans have it in their power to make life bearable, or unbearable. God knows I don't welcome them, but they won't be here long, France will

rise. Just have patience, Berthe." She patted the old lady's arm. "Have patience, Berthe. I should hate to see you and Pierre shot against the stable wall. I hate it, just as you do, but if we're courteous perhaps they'll let us live here and not turn us into the streets as they did the De Kernelles."

"At Fourgastelle?"

"At Fourgastelle they were given one hour's notice and they had to leave their home. We don't want that to happen Berthe."

The old lady carried her head high, with the natural dignity of the French peasant:

"As you say, mademoiselle!" and she followed Marie into the kitchen.

FRITZ VON TALHEIM arrived punctually as the stable clock struck six. He dismissed his men and presented himself at the great front door of the chateau. Berthe sullenly admitted him and ushered him into the chintz-covered sitting-room with its french windows opening on to the rose garden.

Marie had dressed herself with care to give her confidence. She wore a simple tailored suit of heavy washing silk, deep blue, the colour of her eyes. Her unruly curls were coaxed into neat ringlets, dressed high over her white forehead. As she came in from the garden, fastening a deep red rose in the lapel of her coat. she saw him standing erect and soldierly by the fireplace. He clicked his heels and bowed from the waist in his severe German fashion.

"Mademoiselle Lefevre?"

She inclined her head.

"Won't you sit down. It is much more comfortable to talk at one's ease." She indicated a high-backed chair by the fireplace.

"Thank you, mademoiselle. I am Captain Fritz von Talheim. I have instructions to billet twenty men in the stables of the chateau."

She listened politely whilst he spoke of his billeting arrangements. She had expected to see a rather fat, squat, fair young man with hard, china-blue eyes, but Fritz von Talheim was exactly the opposite. He was very tall, quite six feet she guessed, and slim and dark. He had that severe, straightforward look of the man who expects his word to be obeyed unquestioningly but, looking closely, Marie thought she could trace a certain gentleness in the firm, well-shaped mouth.

"I understand perfectly, mon capitaine. And you yourself?"

"I believe there is accommodation in the chateau, mademoiselle."

"That is correct. There are twenty rooms in this old house, mostly shut up for there is only Berthe, my old servant, and myself to do all the work. If you will come this way, mon capitaine, I will show you your room. Berthe will bring you your meals——"

He arose and followed her into the hall.

"That is not necessary, mademoiselle. My servant will wait upon me. I do not wish to add to your overburdened household."

"Thank you, mon capitaine." She was grateful for his thoughtfulness. "Berthe and Pierre are very old. This way, monsieur."

She threw open the door of his bedroom.

"I hope you will be comfortable, mon capitaine."

He bowed.

"I hope you will not be inconvenienced, mademoiselle. My men are disciplined and should not cause you or your servants trouble. If there *are* complaints, I shall always be ready to listen."

"Thank you, mon capitaine. Good night."

She closed the door gently behind her.

In the long sitting-room Berthe awaited her. Her wrinkled old face had a grim do-or-die expression.

"Do I wait on the pig, mademoiselle?"

"No, my Berthe." Marie smiled with amusement at the old woman's fierce expression. "His servant will look after him. He will even make his bed."

"The Mother of God be praised." The old lady reverently raised her eyes to heaven. "The less I see of these Germans the better I'll be pleased," and she stamped from the room.

It was only then that Marie Lefevre realised that von Talheim had spoken French throughout the interview.

What linguists these Germans are, she thought, following Berthe to the kitchen.

THE months passed slowly by and life at St. Gidaux went quietly on. Each morning Marie donned her blue smock and helped Berthe in the kitchen or Pierre in the garden. The soldiers used the farm entrance to the stables and they saw little of them, whilst von Talheim kept himself very much to himself. He was often absent for days at a time and, when at the chateau, would shut himself up in his own room for hours on end. The war seemed very remote except for the perpetual rumbling of the guns on the coast and the crashing of distant bombs. Occasionally they heard the news,

*Illustrated by Edward Osmond*

*OLD Berthe came down the stairs as fast as her rheumatism would let her. "An English," she muttered as she gathered her thick woollen petticoat about her. "An English fallen from heaven."*

through Berthe's niece, who lived at Brest, of the terrible havoc wrought by the R.A.F. and this fanned their flame of hope. Before the Germans came to the chateau they had listened to the Free French broadcasts, but since August Marie had given this up. She thought it a dangerous practice with von Talheim in the house.

To her annoyance, Marie found herself thinking more and more about him, of what he did with himself in his spare time, whether he was a bachelor or whether a German woman awaited his return when the war was over. Again and again she tried to push him out of her thoughts, but in her leisure hours she found she was returning to the same old theme.

He had never been in her sitting-room since that first summer afternoon when he had arrived. As she sat sewing during the long winter evenings she grew to listen for his quick light step as he passed her door. Later she would hear his batman stumbling up the stairs with his tray.

Once her curiosity out-weighed her sense of duty and one cold November morning, soon after he'd left the house, and having seen Berthe busy with her bread, she crept up to his room and turned the handle of his door. She was eager to see whether he had any photographs or personal oddments that would tell her something about his life, but the door was locked. She felt hot and rather shameful as she crept down the stairs, but the locked door only served to make her more curious, like the wife in the Bluebeard fairy story.

The next morning she ran into him, just as he was going on duty. She noticed with surprise how pale and ill he looked.

"You have a bad cough, mon capitaine."

He smiled, a rather kind, shy smile.

"It is nothing, mademoiselle. The weather is very bitter, is it not?"

"I would have had a fire laid in your room, mon capitaine, but there is no fireplace. The house is so old, you see. We have an oil stove, but we have no oil."

"It is very kind of you, mademoiselle. I appreciate your thought."

He stood aside for her to pass. She took a step, hesitated, and tried to appear casual.

"I do not use my sitting-room much after nine, mon capitaine. I am usually with Berthe in the kitchen. If you care to . . ."

She paused. It was very difficult and he did not try to help her out.

"If you care to warm yourself by my fire you are welcome."

She turned sharply on her heel and disappeared. (*Continued on page* 63)

# What! No Glamour?

## The Splendid Work of the Auxiliary Territorial Service

## By Naomi Jacob

WE may take it as an axiom that every decently minded person in England to-day would like to do something to help forward the war effort which is so necessary, so vital to victory.

The difficulty is that many people are quite vague as to what they would like to do, or what indeed they could do. That is the real reason for this article. It is to make quite plain, quite clear, exactly the requirements, the rules, and the general "make up" of one of the Women's Services.

These Women's Services are no new thing, they existed in the war of 1914 to 1918, but like many things which existed in those war years they have been tremendously improved in this war. Conditions are better, there is greater understanding between the officers and the ranks, uniforms are better designed, better made, and—and this is an important matter—far more becoming to the wearers. There is—dare one say it?—greater tolerance. Discipline must always be maintained, but it is maintained in such a way as to prevent its existence being oppressive. Then again, the Women's Services have proved themselves to be of great and real value. There are no half-laughing, half-scornful comments on women who are wearing uniform as there were in the last war. Those uniforms have grown to be honoured, and this has come about by the splendid courage, the devotion and the efficiency of the women who wear them.

There is too, among the officers of the Women's Services a real wish to help in finding the right place for every one. No longer are women relegated to the "odd jobs," no longer is it felt that their abilities carry them no farther than work as cooks, cleaners or assistants in canteens. Girls showing promise, interest, ability, may adopt many and varied forms of work, work which is skilled, technical and needs a high degree of training and intelligence.

The value of good cooking is recognised, praised and valued. Again and again I have heard soldiers commend the cooking where it is being done by women. No work that is helping forward our soldiers, sailors and airmen to victory is —"mean" work. It is all honourable, all necessary, and all patriotic. Far better to be a first-rate cook than a fifth-rate technician!

The services, then, offer careers. On joining any of them, and in particular the ones which are dealt with in this article, you will be assisted in every possible way to find—the right work for *you*.

Here is another reason for your joining, offering your services to help this England which we all love so dearly. It is your duty. You, as women, have certain rights, rights which were fought for by other women in the days when the Parliamentary franchise was not enjoyed by any but men. These rights have been won for you, and believe me it was neither an easy nor a pleasant fight; it was dangerous, difficult, and often disheartening. But it was won! Now, rights bring with them obligations, unless you are willing to fail in your duty to your country, unless you are content to be bad, indifferent citizens. One of those obligations is that—when your country needs your help, you will give it loyally and cheerfully.

A third reason is that here, at last, is a war in which our consciences are entirely clear, our hands completely clean. I have never been able to believe that my country was incapable of doing *anything* base or unworthy, there are many pages of English history which we should like to see blotted out—the pages which are being written now are not among them. We are not fighting for land, for concessions, for wealth, we are fighting so that the world may be free! This is the Last Great Crusade, and those who take part in it will be able to look back with pride on the years which have passed and may pass before complete freedom is established.

**EMPLOYMENTS IN THE A.T.S.**

**Anti-aircraft Personnel.** A.T.S. who work for anti-aircraft command, operate radiolocation wireless secret equipment, predictors, height finders, and telescopic identification.

*Qualifications:* Intelligence, nimble fingers, and an aptitude for learning quickly. No previous knowledge is necessary.

**Kine-theodolite Operators.** These instruments which are operated by A.T.S., photograph a target such as an aeroplane, or a shell burst.

*Qualifications:* Standard of school certificate, mathematics, delicacy of touch, good eyesight, and fondness of open air life, height not less than five feet two inches. No previous knowledge is necessary, as training is given.

**Teleprinter and Telephone Operators.** A.T.S. attached to the Royal Corps of Signals, have interesting and responsible work.

*Qualifications :* No previous knowledge is necessary in either of these employments, but it is, of course, useful to be able to type, or operate a switchboard..

**Clerks, Typists.** A.T.S. do various types of clerical work including shorthand and typing, accountant work, and ordinary office routine work, such as filing, etc.

*Qualifications :* Previous experience is necessary for shorthand, but for other types of clerical work training is given.

**Cooks.** One of the most important A.T.S. jobs ! There are excellent openings for training women as mess caterers, and excellent training courses are available for novices.

**Motor Drivers, Motor Mechanics.** The A.T.S. replace men as convoy drivers for the Royal Army Ordnance Corps ; they also drive ambulances, and staff cars. Training in driving, maintenance and the repairing of vehicles is given.

*Qualifications :* Recruits for this type of employment need have no previous driving experience.

**Storewomen.** The A.T.S. replace men in the Royal Army Ordnance Corps, in clothing and P.A.D. stores.

*Qualifications :* No previous knowledge is necessary but book-keepers and women with experience in stock keeping in shops are exceptionally suitable.

and Help England

d Help England

### ENROLMENT.

(*a*) To join the A.T.S. you must be between the ages of eighteen and forty-three years. Younger women between seventeen and a half and eighteen can also join, but they must have their parents' consent. If you are an ex-service woman, who served with H.M. Forces during the last war, you may be considered up to the age of fifty years.

(*b*) You will be required to undergo a medical examination to determine whether you are physically fit for service. The minimum height standard is four feet ten inches. You will be enrolled for the duration of the war for whole time service at home or overseas, but numbers serving overseas are very small, and vacancies are usually filled by volunteers from home. You will be under discipline which means you must go where ordered, and obey all orders given by your superior officers.

(*c*) If you decide to join the A.T.S., or desire further information while reserving your decision whether to join or not, you will be given a personal interview. When you arrive for this interview, remember to bring with you any school or college certificates you may have, together with any other written evidence of your capabilities.

(*d*) If no immediate vacancy exists for you in the A.T.S., do not be discouraged ; you will be wanted in a month or two. If you are not immediately needed, your name and address will be taken, and you will be written to at your home, as soon as your services are required.

(*e*) You *cannot* join the A.T.S. if :

(i) You are serving in, or have been discharged from, the W.R.N.S. or the W.A.A.F. (*i.e.*, Navy or Air Women's Service).

(ii) You are serving in an established or regular position in the Government service.

(iii) You are a trained nurse, a member of a Voluntary Aid Detachment, or hospital staff.

**Facts you want to know.** As soon as you have been enrolled you will be sent to a depot or unit. If you are going to train for specialised duties, you will be given a course at a special training centre before being finally drafted to a company. Uniform, underclothing, and *all* necessities, special working kit, accommodation, meals, recreation and entertainments, medical and dental services are provided free, and National Insurance is kept up during the whole of your war service. Clothing and equipment worn out or damaged are replaced free of charge, so you will realise that your pay is really pocket-money. To quote the words of a sergeant in an A.T.S. Signals' Company whose pay is 4s. 10d. a day : "My A.T.S. job is worth £4 a week to me !"

On first joining, recruits receive 1s. 8d. a day. This is the minimum rate, and while still in the rank of private, pay may be increased to 2s. 10d. or 3s. 4d. a day according to the job, and the proficiency tests a girl passes.

Then there is promotion pay, which varies from 2s. 6d. as lance-corporal to 9s. 4d. as warrant officer, class I. These promotion rates, too, are higher when proficiency ("trade") pay is added and as a further addition there is long service pay.

**Officers.** There is an urgent need for educated, able women, the potential officer type. Those with suitable qualities will be carefully noted even in the reception depot, and may be chosen as officers very early in their service. Commissions are not granted without the necessary and invaluable previous service in the ranks, but as with army officers, it is not necessary for a member to have become an N.C.O. before being selected for training at the A.T.S. O.C.T.U.

NOW, having read the facts, will you draw your own conclusions, and ask yourself if in this great organisation, this great army of trained women there is not a place for you ?

"Here and here did England help me : how can I help England ?"—say "England has helped us all, will help us all again ; so in common fairness : how can we help England ?"

If you have read this article—you have the answer.

# BOOKS:

## *Reviewed by*
## Noel Thompson

HEIGH-HO for a cheery bunch of books this month in which the war plays little part. For the most part our novelists seem to have said to themselves, "Let us be gay," thereby anticipating Mr. A. P. Herbert's famous postscript. Of course Agatha Christie, despite the murders inherent in her novels, always writes with a light touch, but her latest Hercule Poirot story is particularly happy. *And* "Evil Under The Sun" (Collins, 7s. 6d.) is one of her very best. The Jolly Roger Hotel, Smugglers' Island, is the sort of place where you might expect to find a beautiful ex-actress like red-haired Arlena Marshall engaged on a flirtation, but it is too respectable to expect a murder. Even so, there are several people who might be suspected by the innocent reader, and one or two on whom holiday-making Poirot must cast an eye particularly. I'll wager the solution comes as a powerful surprise. But has the maestro made a slip? Were the *hands* browned as well as the arms, and not noticed? But read this and see, and enjoy, for yourselves.

J. Jefferson Farjeon is more generous with his murders in "Room Number Six" (Collins, 7s. 6d.), another Crime Club book. He gives us three. But there is mystification right up to the end as to why a nice young man, even if shy, like Simon Smith should be given the job of commercial traveller in gum, with strict instructions, and then should find himself involved in the most remarkable and unpleasant series of adventures while carrying on his unromantic job. However, he has as chauffeuse a most common-sense and delightful companion, Milly Brown, who alone would make his misfortunes worth while. Inspector Davis, too, is nice and human, so that, while commercial hotels are not everybody's lot, at any rate you know where you are and feel in touch most of the time. The finish is exciting and Milly gets her man. I shall avoid room number six in a hotel on principle in future.

IN serious vein is "The Fortunate Lady" (Hutchinson, 9s. 6d.), Frank Swinnerton's latest work which he describes as a "dramatic history." You expect first-class writing and outstanding characterisation and get it. It is not a book in which happiness is plentiful; in fact, unpleasant characters abound. But there is so much good in the worst of us, he points out, explaining how the bad side has been developed. Catherine, the so-called fortunate lady, is so nearly a saint that she brings some of her misfortunes on herself, while Lucien is a cynic from childhood by force of circumstances. These two leading characters will linger in your memory long after you have finished the book, which is not one to skim. The brief period of marriage between Lucien and the direct little Cockney, Lily, is a happy period and stands out in contrast to the descriptions of that house in Brighton which is a whispering gallery peopled by macabre ghosts of once normal people, now cruelly transformed. Definitely a book of character.

Character stands out, too, in "The Night Is Long" (Faber and Faber, 15s.) which Sarah Gertrude Millin describes as the autobiography of a person who can't sleep. Certainly Mrs. Millin has suffered from insomnia most cruelly, but at the end I wondered whether she would have been the character she so obviously is if she had been able to enjoy her eight hours a night. As one who can get a twenty minutes' nap in a taxi, or the corner of a railway carriage almost at will and whose bed is a welcome haven it is horrible to read of the cumulative effect of sleeplessness but it rarely seems to affect Mrs. Millin's work, except perhaps in preventing her from seeing the lighter side of life occasionally, or is that my imagination?

But do not think for a moment that this is the outpourings of a hypochondriac. It is the most interesting story of an able woman who has met and had dealings with many of the greatest people of our day, who can give her views with authority and sound reasoning on vital subjects and has made her way unassisted to the position of a leading novelist and writer from South Africa; and, indeed, there are few women in the world who can challenge her to-day. Her connection with Rhodes started when she was knocked down by his cart as a child, and did not end with her life of the great man, for a film was later made, although she disclaims connection with most of it.

Her "Life of General Smuts" makes topical reading now and it is interesting to read of the material through which she worked to obtain her details, and of the co-operation of the Field Marshal, as he now is. Arnold Bennett, John Galsworthy, Theodore Dreiser, D. H. Lawrence, Bernard Shaw and other famous authors all make their appearance in these pages, while in America she stayed with (*Continued on page* 51)

### *Follow the* R.A.F.

IN ancient days the cavalry were the glamour boys of war. Nowadays, despite the magnificent work of the bombers, of Coastal Command, of the Fleet Air Arm, of the tanks, the destroyers, or the mine-sweepers, the mantle falls on the fighter pilots of the R.A.F. Despite the fact that their triumphs are based on team work, it is the speed and individuality of their work that catches the public imagination.

I recommend, therefore, a book just out, "British Fighter Planes" (Faber and Faber, 5s.) by that omniscient expert, C. G. Grey. Here in almost pocket form is all that is publishable about the R.A.F. fighter machines in a clear and brief form which any one can understand. There is a history of the duties of fighters, both in the last war and this and then a pedigree, as for a race horse, of our fighting planes and, separately, their engines. It is informative without being didactic, and long before the end you have realised some of the hundreds of problems of performance that have to be thought out, and how some of the difficulties have been, and are being, overcome.

There is plenty of human interest, and the writing never gets mechanical. Every one likes to be an expert these days. After reading this you'll be able to back your arguments with facts.

# On Duty—and Off

THERE has been a great deal of talk about the shortage of nurses, the demand for nurses and how to pursuade women to become nurses. In spite of all the reforms, girls who are registering show no desire to become nurses, and this is causing the authorities a great deal of uneasiness. Reading the reports of their meetings and suggestions one gets the impression that these grand men and women whose names are followed by rows of initials have become so tangled up with the trees that they are quite unable to see the wood.

Take this as an example. In a West End Square a large block of flats has been commandeered for the billeting of W.A.A.F.s. If you pass by there at any hour up till 10.30 p.m. you will see numbers of bright cheerful-looking young women in smart uniforms. The work is hard, the hours long and the discipline inflexible. The girls obviously come from all walks of life but they are enjoying their new life wholeheartedly.

Not long ago I had occasion to visit a sick friend in a war hospital near London. This is an enormous hospital, brimful of raid casualties and Service men. It is *under*-staffed by nurses drawn from three of the big London hospitals which have had to be evacuated. If you go there as a visitor or a patient you cannot help being impressed by the fact that the V.A.D.s are obviously harassed and unhappy and the nursing staff from the teaching hospitals are equally obviously overworked to the point where they can no longer wear smiling faces.

It is not boasting to say that our teaching hospitals are the best in the world, our nurses the best trained, the best disciplined and more skilled than any other nurses. The only trouble is that there are not enough of them. The Red Cross and St. John Ambulance organisations have a great opportunity of solving this problem by providing the "corps de ballet" as a background to the more highly trained "principals." This should be their role, and, truth to tell, they are not playing their part as well as they should. Thousands of young women have dropped the work simply because there are not enough military wounded to attract their services and so they retire to their own homes and think smugly that they have tried to do their bit but that nobody wants them. A notice should be sent to each one of these women from headquarters, telling them that they have wasted their country's money and are helping the enemy unless they make the best use of their qualifications.

**ON DUTY**

Dame Beryl Oliver has asked them all to sign on the Civil Nursing Reserve. If you belong to the Red Cross or St. John Ambulance and are not putting in at least forty-eight hours a month at your local hospital or L.C.C. hospital, you should be ashamed of yourself. If this is out of the question, then apply to your District Nurse and offer to go round and do her chores for her. Make no mistake about it, there are hundreds and thousands of poor old "chronics" all over this country who need blanket baths, bed-making, back treatments and simple nursing routine. They are being neglected because there are literally not enough nurses to go round. Don't tell me that your nearest village or town has no old "chronics," in or out of hospital, for you to take care of. If you do not fancy taking care of "stuffy old people" you had no business to be wasting people's time learning how to do the job.

To begin with, the Red Cross and St. John publicity is wrong from every point of view. The present policy of inserting advertisements showing a pretty V.A.D. philandering with a lot of service men is the greatest mistake. Thank goodness, there are not sufficient service men to go round for all the V.A.D.s and those that do need nursing deserve the most experienced nurses in the country.

A well-run campaign showing V.A.D.s the vital service they could render their country by taking care of sick and sorry civilians is what we need. It should (Continued on page 52)

HOW do you like the idea of vintage clothes? The woman who has a few good vintage models maturing in her wardrobe is very lucky. A Schiaparelli suit of '37 or '38, a Balenciaga day dress of '39 or a Paquin coat of the same vintage are more precious than coupons. As for pre-blitz dinner frocks it will simply be a question of time before we follow the example of the Scottish girl in the song who "kilted her skirts of green satin up to the knees." Only instead of elopement, our object will be to turn a dinner gown into the type of smart afternoon dress which takes the place of dinner frocks in these days. If you have one of those full-skirted evening skirts it is not a bad plan to turn it into a short skirt and use the left-over part for making a tight little jacket or bodice. As for stockings, the only solution I see for that problem is to make the ladders an excuse for gay embroidery. You could feather-stitch over a ladder and finish the long line with an embroidered arrow, Air Force wings, or an Army badge. If you are very clever you could work your initials. You can get a lot of fun out of doing a little embroidery on your old jumpers. This is done with brilliant coloured cotton, and fine feather-stitching is the best for the writing. A ration book jumper would be amusing. You have "ration book" or "coupons" in the middle surrounded by "Cooking Fats," "Meat," "Bacon," "Sugar," "Cheese," "Jam." An Air Force jumper with the names of the various 'planes such as "Spitfire," "Hurricane," "Lysander," would appeal to lots of women, and a Navy one would be nice with the names of our various Naval victories to date.

## By Jane Gordon

GONE are the days when the clothes mattered more than the woman inside them. You jolly well have to make the best of yourself now and this is the month when personal freshness means more than three years' supply of coupons. Personal freshness depends on four kinds of cleanliness, (1) A newly washed body, (2) newly washed clothes, (3) clean teeth, free from decay and from particles of decaying food; and, (4) that "inner cleanliness" so much advertised of late, which is just another way of saying freedom from constipation combined with a well-ordered digestion.

**OFF DUTY**

The Perspiration Problem. Some women are much more troubled with perspiration than others; but whether you are conscious of perspiration or not, the fact remains that you are perspiring all the time. Of the four and a half pints of water that the body is supposed to give off daily, the skin alone accounts for nearly three-quarters of a pint. Poisons and other substances pass out of the body dissolved in the perspiration, which is mixed with the oily secretion of the sebaceous glands. We all know that even ordinary perspiration has a very definite odour. Measure out three-quarters of a pint of water in a measuring jug and imagine clothes exposed to seven or eight times this amount of perspiration before they are washed, and you will understand the importance of changing your undies and stockings every day and sending your clothes to the dry cleaners often. You may take a bath or wash yourself thoroughly every day of your life, but if your undies are not changed for a week you cannot count on personal freshness. The reason why so many girls and women who work in uniform or special clothes smell faintly of perspiration, is not because they have not washed thoroughly each day, but because their uniform or working clothes are not sent to the cleaners often enough and because they (Continued on page 52)

# 10 days off

The aim of a holiday should be:

To build up our strength by a rest or a change.

To have time off to treat any ailment, settle personal problems, clear odds and ends of arrears, and thereby lighten the daily load and ensure peace of mind.

To make fresh contacts, by which we add to the enjoyment, and widen our consciousness, of life.

These things constitute living as against merely existing, and lay the basis of health. Until the summer of 1940, a fortnight's holiday was held to be the least in which a worker could be fortified to face the year round. There were fortunate people who even had three weeks: a week in which to throw off work poisons, a week to build up and one to make whoopee. It generally took them three weeks after their return to swing back into the rhythm of their occupation, and quite ten days to recover from the effects of parties that had lasted from dusk to dawn. So that three weeks was probably too long a vacation.

That is all changed. The official holiday this year is a week which, with week-ends, extends it to a possible ten days. Yet never were there more work-poisons to be eliminated, nor a greater need for rest and stimulation. But the holiday is governed by the most imperative need of all, which is that *no break should disturb the rhythm of our functioning*, and we should be able to take up our work again after the respite like a machine that has been oiled, tuned, and steadied in pace. Because on the relentless flow of an A.1 organisation depends survival.

So, with this end in view, the essential is that each of us should take what he or she requires most from this furlough, quite apart from the conventional standards of what makes a holiday.

There are factory workers, for instance, who declare they will sleep, sleep, sleep, and sleep in their present digs so as not to take time away from sleep by a journey. Others vow they will go camping. Now, camping leads to a lot of hard work, but these men and women wish to recuperate by means of contrast. They long for sky as against the confinement of four walls, fresh air as against hot blast, and the play of sun and shadow and wail of wind as against a monotonous mechanical roar.

Then, thousands of women will be crossing from west to east, and north to south, to join their husbands who are still in peace time occupations. Nurses, matrons of evacuation hostels, A.T.S. drivers, privates and officers in the Women's services will spend the time more busily than ever setting their homes in order. Yet at the end of the week these women will report for duty refreshed in body and spirit, such is the comfort to be gained from tackling with an anxiety and leaving something done.

Quite a third of the population will make use of the holiday to compose their private affairs. It would be of no use to tell these people what to do for the sake of their health, their plans are mapped out, and even if they are temporarily worn down by them, they will bounce up again, such is the resilience afforded by peace of mind. Taken physically, peace of mind governs nerves which control the digestive tract.

Affection also confers well-being on the recipient. Another third of the population, the younger ones, will be speeding back to the fold. Land-girls will be knocking at city flatlet homes; electrical experts from naval dockyards will be slipping over farm-gates of holdings where they were born. These prematurely grown-up boys and girls will be the heroes of their circle for a week; ten days is too short a time for worship to pall; they will return to their jobs set up indeed.

But, there is the remaining third . . . the lonely ones. Their husbands may be serving abroad, their children evacuated overseas, or perhaps they are not married. How can they make the most stimulating use of ten days?

Well, there are still seaside resorts in the west where you can find dances, sparkle and fun. But the entire week cannot be based on a hunt after gaiety, for nothing would more quickly lead to frustration, which is health-damaging.

No, arrears in personal affairs, in correspondence, should be straightened, so as to lighten the daily load; and certain health steps taken.

Supposing the holiday starts on Friday evening, there may be time to take a turkish bath. If not, if should be had on Saturday morning. The week-end should be devoted to odds and ends of clearing and to a semi-fast. This is because a semi-fast and a turkish bath clear acids from the system quicker than any other method.

Monday sees the journey to the holiday-place, still on a fast. More especially should this be so in the case of proceeding to the sea, because ozone feeds and strengthens best on a fast which can be broken during the first evening.

Tuesday sees a return to full feed. From then on, enjoy yourself.

There is another way of spending a holiday; one that will certainly lead to the enlargement of acquaintances and probably to the forming of true friends. Giving a helping hand with the harvest on a farm.

Holiday-makers have only to choose their county and register with the County Agricultural Committee. They will be asked to stay on a farm. Harvesting is an exciting business, if a somewhat exhausting one. This year schemes are afoot to provide the farmers with helpers, villages will turn out, troops, towns. Holiday-makers staying on farms are privileged. They will see life in plenty, taste it to the full, in service not only to themselves and others, but also to the farmer, country produce, land, all round.

# WHO GOES THERE?

## F R I E N D

**Hair** . . . A shampoo once a week enlivens circulation, frees the pores, brings health. Scurfy scalps denote acid : rely on steam to move this. Either wind the head in hot, wet towels, which will foment the scalp, or tuck the face in and hold the head down in steam. A tar wash, or one with Wright's Coal Tar Soap, will then be effective.

Lank hair spells anæmia. Use a brush, a tonic and mix your own wash from boiling nettles. Strain the water, add two drops of ammonia, flake in a little soap and rinse with vinegar. Eat plenty of carrots and spinach.

Hair in which the ends have split is reconditioned by a herbal oil cleanser.

**Eyes** . . . A daily eye-bath promotes good sight, gives sparkle : keep the eyes clear and healthy ; with Optrex if the eyes are tired or eyeballs smart ; with Arden's eye lotion if they are bloodshot.

**Dry Skin** should be cream-cleansed before and fed after washing with super-fatted soap. A wash is necessary because dust adheres to dry skin more tenaciously than to any other. A semi-medicinal green tonic will drive the after skin-food deep into the pores and present a smooth surface for make-up.

**Greasy Skins** . . . Pore-emptying means salvation. Have a treatment from a London specialist, or apply a twelve-hour mask to draw out secretions. Use a corrective, and mildly astringent balm as a powder foundation. In fact, have two powder foundations to afford a change every day ; this simple trick is stimulating.

**Delicate Skins** . . . Use a good cleansing milk, Anne French if you can get it. A dessertspoonful of oatmeal is a fine water-softener for a face-wash, baby-cream Albolene, or Rubinstein's Pasteurised Cream for a face-feed.

**Pimply Skins** are soothed by coating with Calomine Lotion, night and day, until the pimples vanish. You can powder over it, and powder, too, over Collin's Antiseptic Milk, which heals and swiftly dispels inflammation.

Beauty

## By Chrysis

**If you want help with your beauty troubles or further details of anything mentioned in this article, write to me at Commonwealth House, Number One, New Oxford Street, London, W.C.1**

**It may be that your skin is normal, of lovely, soft, fine texture, your hair lustrous, teeth white, lashes long. But under changing conditions — overwork, stress, a different diet — complexions alter. A greasy one becomes greasier, a fair and fine one coarsens, lashes fall. Be on your guard against these depredations. Discover which course is your friend, which your foe, and switch tactics according to symptoms. Vigilance is your watchword, maintenance your safeguard.**

**Teeth** . . . Peroxide of hydrogen mouth-rinse, diluted three parts water, disinfects both crevices and puffy gums ; a touch of eau de Cologne rubbed along hardens them, and freshens the breath. It is a good idea to alternate your tooth-pastes, for most of the famous brands have special functions.

**Contour and Neck** . . . Keep a feather for your chin. Blow it in the air in such a way as to keep it sailing just above your head.

A surface pinch with forefinger and thumb will keep your neck young. But it has to be thorough. Pinch the skin-food in at the base of the throat, working away from the middle neck to behind the ears. Proceed this way up to the chin. Then pinch the skin-food in vertically, from base of throat to chin, middle-neck to behind the ears. Encase with astringent or muscle oil, generously with up-working palms.

## F O E

Hair becomes lifeless if you pin your curls down at night without first pressing your scalp up from your skull and massaging with a rotating movement.

Old age will advance in bounds if you cockle your eyes up in the glare instead of wearing sun-glasses, if you sleep in mascara or work in a poor light.

It 's good-bye to good looks if you leave your overnight face clogged with make-up till morning. If you use an astringent on a dry skin, a rich skin-food on a delicate one, which it cannot assimilate.

Decay spreads apace if you forget to pass dental floss down and between teeth to collect the debris. Or eat, once you 've given them their final night-clean.

A flabby jaw-line results from too little back-hand slapping, an ill-kept neck if you give it the once-over while you go twice over your face.

You will encourage goose-flesh if you don't loofah your arms and dry, dry, dry, and have ragged nails if you omit to grease the cuticles. Split nails ensue if you file them down sharply at the sides instead of allowing them to grow up and away.

Neglect and carelessness are the foes ever at your side.

Cream walls, warm pink bricks, brown and white check chair covers and a dark hair carpet. A minimum scheme for a sitting-room

Dining-table and chairs, a Welsh dresser and colourful china are enough for a dining-room if the proportions are well balanced

# This Year

## How long should the Newly a Home, or should they wait Various Problems, and a Mini-

A marriage without a home is a sorry affair, but though there are good reasons for marrying in wartime, there are not so many good ones for buying furniture and setting up a home.

Where the husband is serving, the decision is usually for waiting until it is over, though one can think of instances where the bride will consider it worth while to fix up a home, even if she has to occupy it alone for the time being.

Psychologically, it is a good thing to have a home in wartime. From the bride's point of view it is an interest and an anchorage at a time when homeliness and security are denied to many. To the man who is away, it is a source of infinite comfort and a reminder of happiness to come. Between both man and woman it is a bond of which the strength can scarcely be measured.

So, other things being favourable, it is sometimes a good thing to decide for starting a home, though the circumstances, in other respects, are not ideal. At least you can erect the framework of the home you hope to have in the future.

There are, of course, many cases where the war does not prevent the newly-married couple from starting a home in the usual way. If the husband is reserved or engaged in Civil Defence work, they can begin life together and make a simple home, even if they are denied a full campaign of furnishing.

For all of these there is the further problem—is it cheaper to furnish now than later? Will things be easier when the war is over or will prices have soared and supplies grown shorter by that time?

Where other conditions favour furnishing now, there seems not much doubt that it is a sensible thing to do from the economic point of view.

As the war gathers speed, labour, more especially skilled labour, is being rapidly diverted to work of national importance. Materials are growing scarce for the same reasons. Timber, particularly, is at a premium.

Empire woods were very freely used for furniture-making before the war, but these are no longer coming to us for frivolous purposes, and English woods are in heavy demand for the manufacture of implements of war. There is practically a famine of timber ahead of us, and this fact, combined with the labour shortage, which grows more acute day by day, is a guarantee that in a short while new furniture will disappear from our ken until the war is over.

Even afterwards the shortage may continue. It will take time to catch up when the demand is greatest, as it is bound to be when reconstruction begins.

This argument, though it favours a discreet campaign of furnishing, does not go further than that. Perhaps the ideal, even where circumstances are most favourable for furnishing now, is to form the nucleus of a home.

Suppose you have decided to furnish just the essential rooms—a living-room, bedroom, bathroom and kitchen. The wise course will be to limit yourselves in regard to carpets, utensils and accessories, as these are scarce and expensive, and to spread yourselves upon the main items of furniture, so that these are beautiful and good and, in that sense, able to carry the scheme.

The old arguments for good furniture are too familiar to need repetition. They apply more emphatically than ever now that fine materials and skilled workmanship are growing more scarce.

However sparsely furnished, a room will pass muster if the furniture is beautiful. You cannot get away with it if the furniture is of poor design and material.

Use colouring and fabrics and cleverly-grouped pictures upon the walls to fill up the composition of the room. Cut out all extraneous decoration and concentrate your funds upon the main items.

In the living-room, which is to serve also as a dining-room, confine yourself to two easy chairs, a sideboard, a

Corner fitments make up the composition of a pretty drawing-room. Celladen green walls, golden yellow curtains, upholstery in rust and purple

Oak beds with quilted covers in bright yellow with a blue, green and pink design. The walls pale blue and the hair carpet green

# Next Year

## Married wait before Furnishing at all ? A Discussion of mum Campaign of Furnishing

dining-table and small chairs. This is little enough, but if the furniture is beautiful and if it is grouped well against a suitable background and set off with dramatic colouring, it won't matter that you are going short on accessories.

Built-in shelves and cupboard fitments are useful in making up the scheme if you are not buying a lot of furniture. They fill up a fireplace recess, make a decorative corner with shelves and generally arrive at a more furnished appearance in an inexpensive way.

Plywood does very well for this work, and although this is not easy to obtain now, it may be possible to lay hold of some rough wood of a kind which any good carpenter can fashion easily and inexpensively into shelves and cupboards which are decorative and useful.

Matting will take the place of carpeting for the time being and wears excellently as well as looking attractive when the colouring harmonises with the scheme.

Polished boards and even painted boards are economical and do well for bedrooms where the traffic is not very heavy. Wool rugs can be made to scatter on the boards (rug wool is, for the present, unrationed).

Deep-green painted boards against a sunny yellow wall, with curtains and bedspreads of nasturtium-red, make a warm and lovely colour plan. The wool rugs in such a case could have a natural background with a design in various greens, light and dark nasturtium and yellow colouring.

A good sitting-room colour scheme can be made up with cream walls and woodwork, deep fuchsia covers and curtains of bright jade. The floor covering should be natural.

In the illustrations given we have shown several rooms which, though sparsely furnished, give an appearance of interest and comfort. This is much to do with the proportions of the furniture and the way in which it is arranged in relation piece to piece as well as to the colouring of the scheme.

In the room on the left of the series severely plain walls in deep cream are relieved by the oak cross-beam and the colouring of the warm pink brick fireplace. The brown and white check tweed which covers the two very easy chairs is bold but not too vivid. The room is low, so high pieces of furniture are carefully dispensed with. Only the tall lamp gives balance to the scheme.

The dining-room, second in the series, is also very simply furnished, but the warm colouring of the yellow walls and the bright china on the polished dresser give an appearance of comfort and warmth. A highly polished floor substitutes carpet or linoleum.

The sitting-room next door is slightly more elaborate in conception but not, even so, ambitious. The settee and chairs are of very good quality, but apart from these there is little in the way of furnishing that can run away with funds.

The walls are celladen green, the polished floor is finished with a square Persian rug in traditional colourings. The simple curtains are golden yellow and the upholstery is a warm rust with green design. Corner furniture is effective in this scheme in giving the room a more furnished appearance, although there are very few accessories.

The bedroom, left, depends for effect upon the grouping of accessories around the two beds. These are enriched with covers of quilted chintz in bright yellow with blue, green and pink figuring. Against pale blue walls and with curtains of the same design, the effect is most attractive—even quite dramatic, although there is little furniture elsewhere in the room beside a small writing-desk and an easy chair near the window.

It would be useless to say that it is simple to make a home under war conditions and in the face of shortages such as we are now accustomed to. It is an undertaking which demands more patient planning, more thoughtful study of ways and means than ever before, but for those who are fortunate enough to contemplate it, the goal is worth while.

# Quality Shopping Is In . . .

The general idea seems to be that women are going to be better dressed. Since they will demand the best possible value in return for coupons surrendered, they are going to look for quality, cut, serviceability and styling that is spirited and topical, but yet has a future.

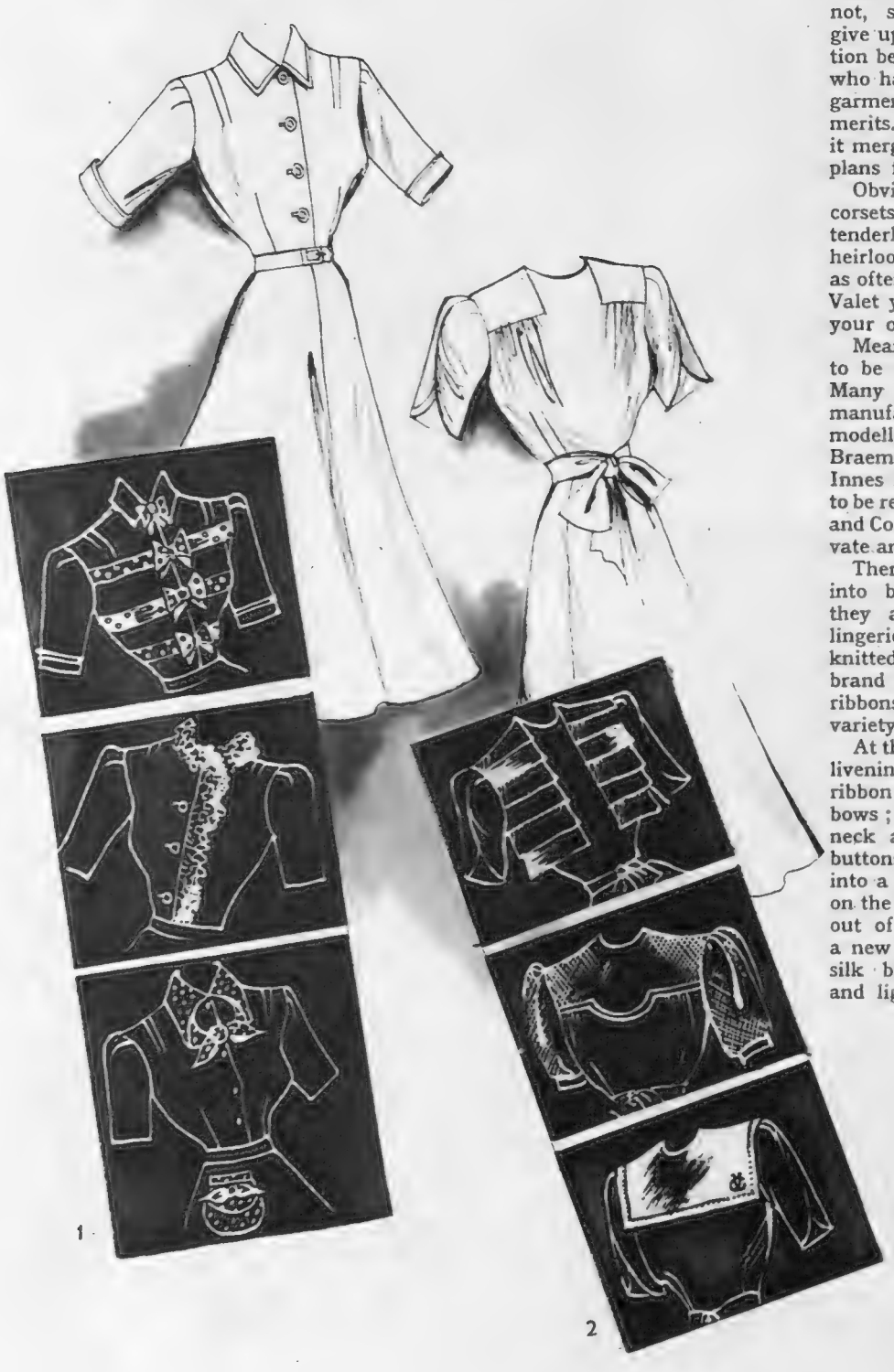
Now, clothes-planning assumes new significance. Never buy a thing, even one coupon's worth, without the most serious consideration. Do you really need it? If not, scrap the thought. You must also give up those old ways of buying in desperation because you were sorry for the sales-girl who had wasted an hour on you. No single garment is worth your coupons on its solo merits. Judge it from the standpoint of how it merges with your existing clothes, or your plans for to-morrow.

Obviously you will buy good shoes, good corsets, good brassieres, and care for them tenderly ; wash your stockings as you would heirloom china. Wear lisle or woollen ones as often as you can. Discard them at home. Valet your clothes regularly, as if you were your own nimble French maid.

Meanwhile there are alterations, clothes to be dyed, tricked up and given new life. Many of the big shops and some of the manufacturers have already started remodelling services. You can send your tired Braemar woollies to Stitch In Time Service, Innes Henderson and Co., Hawick, Scotland, to be repaired and re-shaped. William Hollins and Co., Viyella House, Nottingham, will renovate any Viyella garment without coupons.

There are evening dresses to be cut up into blouses and lingerie—never mind if they are not pastels; dark, lace-trimmed lingerie can be chic and attractive—old knitteds to be unwound and re-made into brand new garments. Unrationed laces, ribbons, trimmings, will add interest and variety to the ways of your plainer dresses.

At the left we show some suggestions for enlivening a couple of elderly frocks : 1. Spotted ribbon bands round the bodice, four little bows ; a froth of dark lace frilling round the neck and down the front, new sparkling buttons ; a collar with long pointed ends tying into a low, rabbit-eared bow, a patch pocket on the skirt. 2. A little sleeveless bolero made out of alternate bands of ribbon and lace ; a new black net yoke and sleeves ; a bright silk bib, hemstitched and monogrammed and lightly tacked along the shoulders.



# DRESS: By JEAN BURNUP, Editor Women's Department

BECAUSE tweeds, flannels, slacks, never acquire any individuality until they have been around a bit, most countrywomen feel cosier and look better dressed in last year's clothes. Least of us all do they feel the coupon pinch, since they are usually fully stocked with the hard-wearing woollen clothes which swallow the most coupons. They need one elegant outfit for towning it, and, except in a heat wave, a suit does here, with different accessories. After that, they can blithely forget their ration books. Housewives, too, are fortunate. Around the house anything goes, and if stockings have to be worn they can be old laddered friends. The business woman will have the hardest job of making a year's clothes divide into sixty-six. Not only does she have to dress neatly every day of her life for the street and for the office, but she usually has a wear-and-tearing journey, too. And she is ever haunted by the unpredictability of stockings.

The countrywoman's total leaves her nine to play with, for emergencies, for a new dress—for her a dinner dress is a good thought because it can subsequently be cut down for a day frock and still leave a precious hangover of material. The housewife's fourteen leaves a generous margin for knitting wools, for materials, for more underwear. The business woman has only four coupons left, but she has a coat for this winter and next.

The lists given here suggest the best fundamental buys for each type. They may not suit your individual requirements. But each list has this in common, it shows how rapidly you get into double figures, even with ones and twos, and stresses the importance of not frittering, or indulging in impulse-buying.

The clever way to plan your year's coupon expendi ture is to work it out on a two-year plan. Allow one major garment a year. And remember the English winter is long.

# CAN YOU TELL THE

Through history, fashion in clothes and home decoration has always been a mirror of the moods and the condition of the people.

In the greatest eras of our national prosperity have come the most extravagant phases of fashion. When history has written some of its darker pages, fashion has thrown back a more sombre reflection.

The end of the last war brought us a restless, clever but superficial phase. Clothes and furniture were brilliant but shoddy, prolific and cheap. It was the mood of the times.

And after this war, what?

Predictions are dangerous, but if, as we hope and believe, there is a more solid era of security and prosperity ahead of us, then, too, fashion will enter upon a new and, perhaps, a more distinguished phase.

At least, I think we may be certain that a new enthusiasm for the traditional in furniture will begin. A strong nationalism combined with a renewed appreciation of fine and enduring things will undoubtedly lead us back to the furniture of the past.

Old English furniture expresses many of the qualities of which recent experiences have sharpened our appreciation. It is strong and virile, it expresses genius in the creative sense with at times an almost baffling restraint. When it leans to the ornate it develops a refinement that robs it of offence. It is soothing and always reassuring to live with.

We cannot all afford to furnish our homes with the finest furniture of a past age. What there was of it, the war will have sadly depleted, and what remains will not be easy to obtain. But there are still in this country many fine craftsmen who can and do reproduce the finest designs of the past with such accuracy and with such real artistry that the copies have often baffled the experts, who are hard pushed to distinguish them from the originals.

Reproduction furniture is really very much misunderstood, for two reasons. In the first place, it finds itself in bad company with the kind of phoney antique furniture that is passed off as real. In the second place, the market has been flooded for years past with cheap and shoddy "so-called reproductions of a period vaguely stated "Jacobean," but which only resembles the work of that much maligned period in elementary essentials.

The best reproduction furniture now being made in this country is often of exquisite craftsmanship. It is hand-made by men whose carving, inlay work, veneering, polishing and other specialist crafts are comparable with anything procurable in the past.

If you are a lover of antiques and you cannot own the originals—many of us cannot—do not underestimate the value and the effectiveness of these reproductions. The difference—admittedly important—between the original and the copy is the æsthetic one of age, which has its own subtle charm. Apart from this, the copies have everything of the original, including the design of the Master and the workmanship of men as highly trained and as proudly conscious of their craft as their forefathers. To this you may add the durability of the finest materials, if the furniture comes from one of the better sources.

It is a tragic thing that so many of the men who are still creating furniture worthy of some of our best traditions should be plying an almost forgotten trade. Mass-production furniture has blinded the public (always ready to follow a new star) to the beauty and the worth of hand-made furniture.

You may say the answer to this is in the cost. True, but only partly so, because, although this fine furniture

*By Winifred*

is unquestionably more costly than the cheap mass-production kind, it compares very favourably in price with the more advanced modern furniture which for some years past has been engaging public attention and commanding prices often beyond its machine-made worth.

Sheraton, Hepplewhite, Adams and Queen Anne period pieces are practically impossible to reproduce faithfully on a cheap scale. These styles of infinite grace and intricate decoration defeat all possibility of faithful reproduction except by highly skilled craftsmen. In most cases where the designs are accurately carried out they must be made by hand. Only thus is it possible to attain the subtle finish, the delicacy of touch that is inherent in the design.

In a country factory where reproductions of some of the greatest treasures of furniture design are still most faithfully carried out, I saw work which might have given pleasure to the masters who created the originals.

There is something of the old spirit of craftsmanship left in this organisation where men are fashioning beauty out of the rough wood with their hands, not standing by a machine which grinds out a regular quantity of exact pieces in an exact time at an exact profit.

They will tell you here that reproductions of the finest type cannot compete for price with modern machine-made furniture. Only men who have served years of apprenticeship in a particular branch of the work can be employed—it may be hand turning; matching and laying veneers, whereby the lovely figuring of walnut and mahogany is obtained; or carving, such as is seen in the Charles II. armchair illustrated and the Adams chair with the wheel back. Even the mellow colouring of age which is so convincingly achieved is an art in itself.

Obviously, this furniture cannot compete for price with mass-production stuff, but with it you purchase a work of art and, in the more practical sense, furniture which will endure for generations and because of its exceptional beauty never grow stale to the eye.

# COPY FROM THE ORIGINAL?

## The most faithful copies of antique furniture have frequently baffled the experts

1. Superbly figured walnut veneer was used for this gracious bureau bookcase. The original from which it was taken was a design of the Queen Anne period, *circa* 1700

2. Reproduction of a Charles II. chair in walnut. An exquisite piece of modern craftsmanship, faithful to the original in the minutest detail of its intricate carving

3. Only the finest handwork could reproduce the subtle curves and the delicate detail of this Adams mahogany chair. This is a reproduction worthy of the genius of the great designer

4. Queen Anne walnut chairs of this type are widely reproduced, but seldom in the perfect decorative detail and the rich veneer of this example

5. The " traditional " type of period interior which has endeared itself more than any other to English people. Furniture of this kind is widely reproduced because of its simple form and lack of ornamentation

6. The perfection of dignity and grace is expressed in this room, where furniture of several different periods is combined and displayed with absolute simplicity against cream-painted walls

*Lewis*

# These Hand-Mades Save

## THREE FOR A SNUG-FIT SWEATER

### MATERIALS

6 oz. Copley's 3-ply "Excelsior" fingering; ¾ oz. of any odd wools you may have by you, for the contrast stripes; 1 pair of No. 10 needles; press-studs. The model was made in white, with yellow bouclé stripes.

### MEASUREMENTS

Round bust, 34 ins.; length, 20 ins.; sleeve seams, 6 ins.

### TENSION

7 sts., and 11 rows to 1 in.
Wind contrast wool into four balls.

### THE BACK

Cast on 90 sts. in white. Work k. 2, p. 2 rib for 3 ins. Now work rib for 43 sts. all K. for 4 sts. rib for 43.

**Next row.**—As last, but P. the K. centre st. Now—rib 42, K. 6, rib 42.

**Next row.**—Rib 42, p. 6, rib 42. Continue in this manner, increasing the centre st. into stocking st. by 2 st. extra on every other row, and at same time M. 1 st. at beginning and end of 10th stocking st. row and every 6th row after, until there are 120 sts. Work straight until side seams are 14 ins. and you are working all stocking sts.

Now start shaping armholes and working the yellow stripes as follows (right side facing): K. 2 tog., k. 57, k. 2, k. 57, k. 2 tog.

**Next row.**—P. 2 tog. p. using the colours on needle and twisting wools to avoid gaps, ending p. 2 tog. (When taking white wool behind yellow, do not try to leave yellow flat, as the yellow lines look well when bulged up.)

**Next row.**—(116 sts.) K. 2 tog. K. 54 white, k. 4 yellow, k. 54 white k. 2 tog. **Next row** (and all alternate rows). As row before last.

**Next row** (112 sts.).—K. 2 tog., k. 51 white, k. 6 yellow, k. 51 white, k. 2 tog.

**Next row** (108 sts.).—K. 2 tog., k. 48 white, k. 8 yellow, k. 48 white, k. 2 tog.

**Next row** (104 sts.).—Have 2nd ball contrast wool ready. K. 2 tog., k. 45 white, k. 4 yellow, k. 2 white, with 2nd ball k. 4 yellow, k. 45 white, k. 2 tog.

**Next row** (100 sts.)—K. 2 tog. at beginning and end of row and move out the 4 yellow sts. on both sides having 4 white at centre. After the next p. row is worked there are 96 sts. Do not decrease any more, and continue to push out the V of yellow every other row until there are 20 white sts.

Then start a 2nd yellow V at centre, starting with 2 yellow sts. Work straight until armholes are 8 ins. round curve. Continue the pattern and cast off 7 sts. at beginning of every row until there are 40 sts. Work k. 1, p. 1 rib in yellow for 1 in. Cast off.

### THE FRONT

Work as back until there are 6½ ins. round armhole. Continue pattern, but work 43 sts. Cast off 10 sts. at centre, work 43. Continue on these 43 sts. and k. 2 tog. at neck edge on every other row until there are 32 sts. Cast off 7 sts. at armhole edge on every other row and at the same time k. 2 tog. on neck edge on every other row until there are no sts. left.

Work other side the same. Pick up 72 sts. in yellow round front of neck and work k. 1, p. 1 rib for 1 in. Cast off.

### THE SLEEVES (2 alike)

Cast on 70 sts. Work k. 1, p. 1 rib for 1½ ins. Change to stocking st. and work half an inch. Now start the yellow V's as in back and at the same time M. 1 st. at beginning and end of row so that the white st. each side of V remain 34, until there are 102 sts. Then continue the V's, but k. 2 tog. at beginning and end of every other row until there are 30 sts. Cast off.

### TO MAKE UP

Sew up side, sleeve, and one shoulder seam. Pick up 32 sts. along other shoulder and work all K. for 6 rows. Cast off. Sew press-studs to fasten. Sew in sleeves, easing at shoulders.

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### ABBREVIATIONS

**k.—knit; p.—purl; st.—stitch or stitches; tog.—together; beg.—beginning; inc.—increase; dec.—decrease; ins.—inches; pat.—pattern; m.—make; sl.—slip; w.r.n.—wool round needle (making one); wl.fwd.—wool forward; st.st.—stocking stitch; p.s.s.o.—pass slipped stitch over.**

# Coupons . . .

## TWO AND A HALF FOR A BELTED WAISTCOAT

**MATERIALS**

5 oz. Lister's "Golden Fleece" 3-ply wool in plum ; a little of of the same ply wool in turquoise for edging ; 1 pair each of No. 9 and No. 11 needles ; a small crochet hook ; 6 buttons ; a small buckle.

**MEASUREMENTS**

Round bust, 34 ins. ; length (to points), 23 ins.

**TENSION**

8 sts. and 10 rows to 1 in.

**THE BACK**

This is worked in k. 2, p. 2 rib, not in a diagonal stitch as fronts. Cast on 104 sts. in plum with No. 11 needles. Work k. 2, p. 2 rib for 5 ins. Change to No. 9 needles and m. 1 st. at beg. and end of next row, and every 4th row until there are 134 sts. Work straight until side seams are 11 ins.

Cast off 6 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows. K. 2 tog. at beg. and end of every row until there are 96 sts. Work straight until armholes are 11 ins. round curve. Cast off 7 sts. at beg. of next 6 rows, leaving 54 sts. Cast off.

**THE LEFT FRONT**

Cast on 50 sts. with No. 9 needles in plum. Work the following patt. :—

**1st row.**—* K. 2, p. 2 ; rep. from * to end, ending k. 2. **2nd row.**—P. the k. st. and k. the p. st. of previous row as in st.st. **3rd row.**—As 1st. **4th row.**—As 2nd. **5th row.**—K. 1, * p. 2, k. 2 ; rep. from * to end, ending k. 1. **6th row.**—As 2nd. **7th row.**—As (Continued on page 62)

## THREE FOR A CROCHET BLOUSE

**MATERIALS**

5 oz. 2-ply wool ; 1 oz. in light contrast ; 1 No. 4 bone crochet hook ; 1 No. 13 Stratnoid crochet hook. The original is in rose and white.

**MEASUREMENTS**

Length from shoulder to lower edge, 19½ ins. ; width across back at underarm, 18 ins. ; width across fronts, 10 ins. ; length of sleeve from shoulder, 10 ins.

**ABBREVIATIONS**

d.c. = double crochet ; ch. = chain ; tr. = treble ; st. = stitch.

**THE WELT**

With rose wool and No. 13 hook make 33 ch., miss 1st 2 ch., 1 d.c. in next, * 1 ch., miss next st., 1 d.c. in next ; rep. from * to end, 2 ch., turn. **2nd row.**—1 d.c. between 1st, 2 d.c., * 1 ch., 1 d.c. between next 2 d.c. ; rep. from * to end, 2 ch., turn. This row makes the patt. Continue in patt. for 25 ins. Break off wool.

**THE YOKE BACK**

With rose wool and No. 13 hook make 123 ch. Work in patt. as for the welt for 2½ ins.

**SHAPE SHOULDERS**

**1st row.**—Work in patt., leaving 5 d.c. unworked. Rep. this row 7 times. Break off wool.

**THE YOKE FRONTS**

The patt. being reversible, both can be made alike. With rose wool and No. 13 hook make 63 ch. Work 1 in. welt patt.

**SHAPE NECK**

**1st row.**—Work in patt., leaving 3 d.c. unworked, turn, omitting the 2 ch. **2nd row.**—Patt. to end. **3rd row.**—Patt., leaving 1 d.c. unworked. **4th row.**—Patt. to end. Rep. 3rd and 4th rows until 20 d.c. (Continued on page 62)

Home-made preserves have always been satisfying to collect, but with things as they are, the thrill of filling your shelves with a bountiful store is greater than ever.

Some women have had little experience in this kind of thing but success in jam making and fruit bottling is not so elusive as it seems. You need ingredients in the right condition, a well-tested method and a determination to abide by the rules.

In making all preserves, the first essential is to have complete control over the heat. Jams either set or don't set because they were boiled at the wrong temperature or boiled too rapidly or not rapidly enough. Correct temperatures are vital, and because of this you cannot make good jam or bottle good fruit without the aid of a thermometer.

Apart from this you need firm, ripe fruit. Under ripe or over ripe fruit will let you down, so will damaged fruit.

## Black Currant Juice

Ripe black currants are said to be richer in vitamins than the oranges we miss so much. Make black currant juice for use as a vitamin issue in the winter.

Well ripened currants are the best for flavour. Remove the mouldy or damaged ones and rinse the others thoroughly under a slow running tap. Leave the stalks, as these are removed in the straining.

Weigh the fruit and put it into a basin with half a pint of water to each pound. Heat gently over a saucepan of boiling water until the juice flows freely. Crush occasionally with a wooden spoon.

Turn out the contents of the basin into a jelly bag or linen towel strung between the legs of an inverted stool. When all the juice has dripped through, squeeze, bring it to the boil and turn quickly into hot, dry jars. Fill to within two inches of the top and cover with a screw cap.

Now place the jars on a rack in a large fish kettle or sterilizer, completely cover them in cold water, simmer slowly (165 degrees) for half an hour.

Bale out the hot water, remove the jars and stand to cool. Tighten the screw bands while they are hot, and store in a cool, dry place.

## Fruit Pulping, without sugar

Stew the fruit with only just enough water to prevent the pan from burning. Jars or bottles of any size or shape are suitable, even beer bottles for small fruit. Make them clean and hot and when the fruit is soft pour it into the hot jars and seal *at once* with a cork or any good sealer.

## Preserving Tablets

Campden tablets, which can be bought in sixpenny packets at most chemists, offer another simple way of preserving fruit without sugar for an indefinite period. No heat is required for this method.

Dissolve the tablets in cold water as directed on the package. Pack the fresh fruit into jars or bottles and pour in the solution until the fruit is well covered. Seal with corks, screw tops or Snap Vacuum Closures which can be had at 2s. 6d. for twelve.

If the solution takes colour out of the fruit, ignore this, because it will come back when the fruit is heated, and does no harm.

Before using the fruit, it must be cooked in a saucepan without a lid until the smell of the preservative has been boiled away, usually about fifteen minutes.

## General Bottling

Fruit can be bottled either in syrup or in plain water.

If you have sugar to spare for making syrup this is the best method :—

Dissolve one pound of sugar in a quart of water. Bring to the boil and strain through butter muslin.

Sterilising the fruit in the bottles can be done either in the gas oven or on the hotplate. A gas copper serves excellently for a large batch of bottles if a wooden platform is put in to save the base of the jars from resting on the bottom.

Pack the fruit as tightly as possible without breaking. Fix the glass tops but do not screw down. Arrange the bottles in the gas oven so that they do not touch each other. When the fruit is cooked (times below) lift out the bottles on to a thick cloth (they will burst if you stand them on a cold surface). Have the boiling syrup or water quite ready and fill each jar to the top. Fix the rubber ring and screw down or clip immediately. Test each jar when cold by removing the screw cap and lifting the jar by the glass top. If the top does not come away the bottle is air tight. Store in a cool, dark place.

For all berry bruits, tomatoes and rhubarb thirty to thirty-five minutes in the oven is correct. For stone fruits forty to forty-five minutes. Currants and pears need fifty to sixty minutes and winter pears need sixty minutes.

Light the oven ten minutes before using and set at the lowest mark.

If you decide on the hot plate method of bottling choose a large pan and put a wire stand or a platform made of strips of wood nailed together at the bottom of it. This is to raise the bottles above the bottom of the pan.

Make a hole in the lid of the pan so that a thermometer can be inserted at least two inches in the water.

Pack the fruit tightly into the bottles and fill them to the top with *cold* syrup or water. Note this difference from the oven method. Fix the rubber rings and the glass lids and partly screw down. Stand the bottles in the pan and cover them with cold water. Bring the water gradually to the temperature specified in the table given at the end. Raise the temperature as steadily as possible, a too rapid raising of heat will cause the fruit to rise from the bottom of the bottles.

# Shelf Preservation

Remove the bottles when ready on to a thick cloth and screw down tightly *at once*.

Quite good jam can be made with less than the standard quantity of a pound of sugar to a pound of fruit, but in these cases the fruit must be fully ripe and the jam will not keep so long unless the jars are air tight. Patent caps are available for this purpose, and there is a special skin now on the market which is quite reliable for sealing jam jars.

## Plum Jam

Three pounds of sugar to every four pounds of plums is required for plum jam. Cut the plums in half and remove the stones. Pile alternate layers of fruit and sugar on a dish, making the top layer sugar and leave for twenty-four hours. Turn the fruit and sugar into a preserving pan and heat slowly with the gas turned low. Cook until the fruit is tender, stirring occasionally until all the sugar is dissolved. Now bring to the boil and boil rapidly for about fifteen minutes, until the jam sets when dropped into a cold plate.

Pour into warm, dry jars and seal at once.

## Fruit Drying

Certain fruits can be treated quite successfully in this manner.

Apples, plums and apricots can be dried and should be prepared first according to kind. Peel and core apples and cut in rings, about a quarter of an inch thick. Plums and apricots should be halved and stoned.

Arrange the fruit on a wire tray and light the gas oven with the Regulo set at the lowest mark. Leave this for ten minutes, then turn off the gas and put in the trays of fruit. When the oven is cooling again, re-light it, with the dial set below the lowest mark so that the smallest possible flame is used. Leave the door slightly ajar and leave the fruit until it is dried through but still soft. Turn it over once or twice while it is drying.

It will take from four to six hours to dry apples, a little less for plums and apricots. When it is dry, cool the fruit very gradually in an ordinary room temperature. Store it in muslin bags hung in a cool, dry place.

It is possible to dry peas and broad beans in the open air in fine weather. Shell them. Blanch by putting into boiling salted water for five minutes and then dipping them in cold. Drain and spread on trays in the open until they are dry and firm. Cake trays will do.

To dry them in the oven leave the door open and dry as quickly as you can without scorching. Keep the oven temperature below 150 degrees. Continue the process until the peas or beans are crisp.

It is possible to utilise the heat left over from baking in the oven for drying peas and beans.

Leave the vegetables to cool for twelve hours at least and store them in paper bags or any available tins and jars.

## Green Tomato Chutney

Outdoor tomatoes will be in every one's garden this summer. Here is a recipe which will enable you to use up the tomatoes from the garden that have not ripened well.

Take 2½ lb. of green tomatoes, thinly sliced, and put them into a pan with 2 lb. of green apples, also cored and sliced. Peel and finely chop six shallots, a half head of garlic, a half ounce of mustard seed and add these to the mixture in the pan with a good sprinkling of salt and cayenne pepper and half a pound of sugar. Pour over one quart of vinegar and boil until the mixture is reduced to a pulp. Turn in to warm, dry jam jars. Tie down with cellophane covers or "Porosan" and store.

## Tomato Ketchup

Take 4 lb. of ripe tomatoes, ¼ lb. of shallots, 1 lb. of green apples, 1 oz. of mustard seed, ½ oz. of ground ginger, 3 oz. of salt, ½ lb. of sugar, 1 quart of vinegar and a sprinkling of cayenne pepper :—

Slice the tomatoes and bake them in a casserole until they are tender. Pass them through a sieve and put the purée into a pan with the shallots peeled and chopped small. Add the apples peeled, cored and chopped, the crushed mustard seed, ginger, sugar, salt and cayenne. Pour the vinegar over and cook gently to a pulp. Bottle when cold.

## Times and Temperatures

For apples, apricots, damsons, plums, rhubarb and all berries bring the temperature of the water slowly up to 165 degrees Fahrenheit in 1½ hours and maintain it at this point for ten minutes.

For currants, heat up slowly to 180 degrees in 1½ hours and maintain for ten minutes. Pears and quinces should be brought to 190 degrees in 1½ hours and maintained at this heat for twenty minutes.

## EQUIPMENT

**This is the equipment you will need for your bottling : Bottles with glass tops, screw caps or the vacuum sealing clips which can be bought now. There is also an efficient skin for sealing bottle fruits called "Porosan." It is simple to use and can be adapted to any shape or size of jar.**

**If you are using last year's bottles take special note of the condition of the rubber rings. If these show any signs of perishing, discard them and replace with new.**

**For the hot-plate method of bottling you will need a large preserving pan, fish kettle or a good big steamer. For the oven method you will not require a saucepan.**

# Keep Cool Meals

**By Harriet Muir**

We have been asked to spend what holidays we get at home. This comes hard upon us—the people prosaically described as "the housewife." "The housewife" gets a holiday when the family goes to the seaside. Not when the family stays put and the house stays open, with more people at home and none of those labour-saving lunches-on-a-tray-for-one we have when we are alone.

The only answer, although I am not going to pretend that it is a complete answer, is not to cook every day. Work in shifts like the A.R.P.—but treat yourself better than the wardens during the holiday week and give yourself a day off and a day on alternately. The "day off" is looked after by cold meals, which, war and weather permitting, can well be eaten out of doors.

**Iced Beetroot Cocktail.** 1½ lb. cooked beetroot; 1 gill top milk; vinegar to flavour; diced peeled cucumber; 1 teaspoonful flour blended with ½ gill milk; chopped parsley; salt and pepper.

This recipe was given to me by a Polish woman at a demonstration of foreign dishes by allied refugees in the Electrical Association for Women's model kitchens. Its attractive colour always makes it a festive send-off to a summer meal.

Slice beetroot into pan, cover with cold water. Simmer until beetroot loses colour, adding water, if necessary, to keep it covered.

This takes about an hour. Strain off liquid, add blended flour and milk, boil up again and cook about five minutes. Season and cool. Add about one teaspoonful of vinegar, top milk, chopped parsley and cucumber. Chill in the refrigerator and serve in cocktail glasses.

**Iced Tomato Soup.** 2 lb. tomatoes; 1 cucumber; 1 oz. gelatine; vinegar; sugar; salt; pepper; dash of Worcester sauce; 2 pints water; chopped chervil.

Peel the tomatoes by plunging whole into boiling water, when the skin will come off cleanly. Peel cucumber thinly. Cut both in slices and cook slowly with the sugar, salt, pepper and water. When ready (about thirty minutes) rub through a sieve.

Dissolve the gelatine in the liquid and add vinegar to taste (about a dessertspoonful) and just a dash of Worcester sauce. Allow to cool, and chill in the refrigerator. Many people prefer to chill the soup in individual bowls, so that it is eaten as a solid jelly. Best way, however, is to beat up the jelly when cold and then dish out. Garnish with finely chopped chervil.

**Mutton Wheels.** 2 flaps breast of mutton or lamb; stuffing; ½ oz. powdered gelatine; ½ pint mint sauce.

Cook the breast of mutton with simple stuffing, serving one flap hot, and keeping the other for cold supper. When cold, trim the roll into neat slices, and arrange down the centre of a large meat tin. Dissolve gelatine in the mint sauce, using a little hot water. When cool and beginning to thicken, spoon it over the meat. Pour

MUTTON WHEELS

over the rest of the jelly and leave to set. Next day, cut round the "wheels" with a hot knife and reverse neatly on to a serving dish. Arrange round the meat little heaps of cold cooked peas or beans, potato salad, red cabbage or diced beetroot and shredded lettuce leaves dressed in oil and vinegar. Decorate with watercress and radish roses.

**Sausage Sandwich.** ½ lb. sausage meat; ½ lb. cooked carrots; 1 teaspoonful chopped fresh sage, or powdered sage; 2 or 3 spring onions; about 4 tablespoonfuls thick brown gravy.

**Pastry.** 2 oz. dry mashed potato; 6 oz. self-raising flour; 1 tablespoonful finely chopped parsley; milk to mix; pinch salt.

Mix dry pastry ingredients thoroughly. Stir in milk, knead lightly and roll out ¼ in. thick. Line a sandwich tin with half the pastry. Spread meat over pastry, cover with sliced cooked carrot and sprinkle with chopped onion (green part included) and sage. Moisten with 4 or 5 tablespoonfuls gravy. Cover with remaining pastry, cut to fit like a lid. Bake thirty to forty minutes in a moderate oven. Serve cold.

**Rabbit Mould.** 1 rabbit; 1 onion; 1 pig's foot or 2 oz. fat bacon; 1 tablespoonful chopped parsley or mixed herbs; salt and pepper.

HADDOCK SALAD

Wash rabbit and cut into joints. Wash the pig's foot or cut bacon into 1-in. pieces. Peel and chop onion (half a dozen spring onions can be used instead). Put all in a saucepan, add salt, pepper and enough water to cover, and cook slowly for about two hours. Take out rabbit, remove meat from bones and cut it up. Have ready a wetted mould. Put in the rabbit (a sliced hard-boiled egg might go in, too, if you can spare one); pour the liquid over. Leave in a cool place to set. Turn out and serve with salad.

**Vegetable Galantine.** 6 oz. peas (weighed after shelling); 2 oz. wheatmeal breadcrumbs (well toasted); 1 oz. gelatine; 3 or 4 spring onions, or a clove of garlic, or both; ½ pint diced cooked carrots, or other root vegetable; 1 dessertspoonful gravy powder; salt and pepper; 1 sprig mint; 2 teaspoonfuls chopped mixed herbs; 1 tablespoonful of vegetable water.

Chop the onion, green part included, and cook with the peas, crumbs, gravy powder, herbs and seasoning in a very little water. A little sugar can be added if liked. When peas are tender, drain off moisture and pass ingredients through a sieve. Melt the gelatine in a tablespoonful of the vegetable water and stir into the purée. When mixture is cool, carefully fold in the diced carrot.

## HERBS

**Chervil.** This is so easy to grow—it seeds itself generously once it is sown—that it should be in every garden. Its clean anisette flavour is delicious with fish and in an omelette *aux fines herbes*. Can be used instead of parsley for veal forcemeat, fishcakes and so on. Most useful purpose is to be scattered, finely chopped, over salads and potatoes.

**Chives.** Useful substitute for onions. Cut the grass-like leaves and add them, finely chopped, to salad, *fines herbes*, and sauces.

**Fennel.** Excellent with fish, whether used in sauce or in stuffing. Can be used finely chopped in salad.

**Mint.** Besides the classic sauce, it makes a pleasant salad herb (chopped), and a sprig goes gratefully into the cocktail shaker.

**Parsley.** Should be eaten and not only used as a decoration. Its uses are endless—chopped, it should be added to soups, stews, cooked vegetables, hors d'oeuvre, stuffing, salads. Is good fried with fish cakes, bacon and so on.

**Rosemary.** Add a little to stews and stuffings.

**Sage.** Traditionally used to stuff goose and duck.

**Sorrel.** Makes delicious soup. Use a handful of the leaves, raw and stripped from their spines, to fill an omelette.

**Tarragon.** Add, finely chopped, to salad. Use in *fines herbes*. Make tarragon vinegar by adding one teacupful of the leaves to one quart best white vinegar. Leave a fortnight, strain and bottle.

**Thyme.** Invariable ingredient of "bouquet" for soups, stews, sauces and stuffings.

**To Dry Herbs.** Pick on a fine day when the dew is off them, but not in strong sun. Choose young tips with flowers just beginning to show in the case of flowering herbs. Dry in a cool oven, or in an airing cupboard. When crisp, rub off and keep in separate, clearly labelled jars with screw tops.

**Rhubarb Cream.** 1 lb. rhubarb; ½ oz. gelatine; ¼ pint custard; 3 oz. sugar; carmine (if available).

Soak the gelatine in a little hot water and cut the rhubarb into short chunks. Stew rhubarb with sugar and a very little water in a covered pan or casserole dish. When tender, rub through a sieve. Return to the pan and add the gelatine. Cook till dissolved, but do not allow to boil. When cool, add the custard, stirring it in thoroughly. Colour with carmine, pour into a wetted mould and turn out when set.

Less sugar will be needed if you cook the rhubarb with a teaspoonful of bicarbonate of soda, sweetening afterwards.

Currants, raspberries, loganberries or blackberries can be used instead of rhubarb.

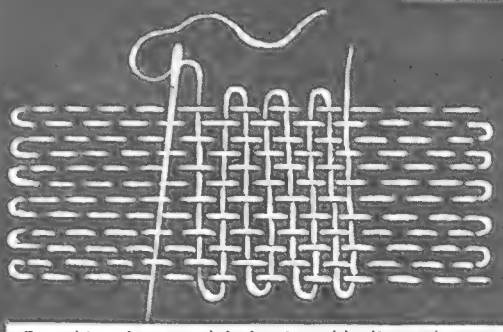
**Jelly Frappé.** ½ lb. stale crumbs (mixed cake and bread crumbs); ½ pint raspberry jelly; ¼ pint thick custard; fresh raspberries or grated coconut for decoration.

When jelly is nearly cold, mix in the crumbs. Put into individual glasses. Beat up the custard, add a little sugar if available and add to the jelly.

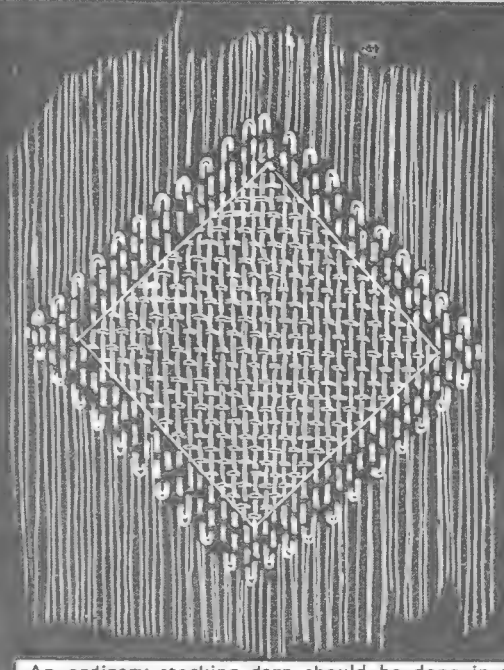
**Haddock Salad.** ½ lb. left-over cooked haddock (or other white fish); 2 teacupfuls rice; 1 large or 2 small lettuces; 2 tomatoes or 12 radishes (sliced); watercress or parsley for decoration; lemon substitute; salt and pepper; French dressing; 1 dessertspoonful grated horseradish.

Take skin and bone from fish and flake it. Make French dressing (about ¼ teacup) with 2 parts vinegar and 1 part oil. Mix the rice into it; add the fish and the grated horseradish and lemon. Leave to marinade for an hour or so. Line glass grapefruit cups or cocktail glasses with fresh lettuce leaves. Pile some of the fish mixture in each glass. Decorate with tomato or radish slices and sprigs of watercress, and chill.

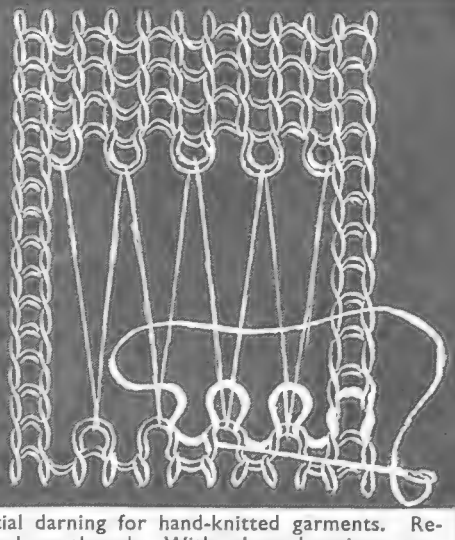
# We're On The Mend . . .



For thin places and holes in table linen darn on the wrong side, working first along the selvedge way of the stuff and leaving loops at the end. When darning the reverse way take up the mending stitches only picking up one stitch and leaving one. Reverse in the next row as shown in the sketch



An ordinary stocking darn should be done in a diamond shape. Work on the wrong side and take in a generous proportion of the material around the hole to strengthen it. Leave loops at the end of each row for shrinkage when they are washed



Special darning for hand-knitted garments. Remove loose threads. With coloured sewing cotton connect the loops at top and bottom of the hole as shown. With darning wool fasten on at the bottom right-hand corner of the hole. Work into the loops as the diagram shows until you reach the left side. Invert the work and do another row in the same manner. Continue until hole is filled

A good many of us must accept the fact that whatever we might teach our grandmothers it would not be anything about patching and darning. Mending and repairing has not figured over much in the average woman's list of accomplishments lately, but the time has come to change all that and to be on the mend or endure a lingering shabbiness.

Mending is quite a fascinating study. A neat repair is a satisfying thing and can increase the life of clothes and house linen by a long time.

You need patience rather than skill to do good repairs. It is what some people call fiddling work, but it isn't difficult if you follow the rules.

One of the first essentials is to use the right implements and the right mending materials. One is apt to be careless about the size of a needle or the exact colour of a thread, but you can be assured that these are the small things which wreck your chances of achieving an invisible repair.

Use a long, thin needle for most darning work. Sometimes it is necessary in wool darning to use a slightly heavier one because the mending wool is heavy, but, generally speaking, unsightly darns are due to thread too heavy for the background fabric and needles too clumsy.

Before repairing stockings choose the thread carefully. Keep a mending basket well stocked with mending threads of various colours and weights. Select one for the job which is neither too heavy for the stocking nor too delicate to cover the hole successfully.

When you sew a patch use a fine needle to ensure tiny invisible stitches. Have plenty of needles and several pairs of scissors of varying sizes.

Always cut away the ragged edges of a hole before darning. Start the repair stitches well outwards on either side of the hole so that its weak sides are reinforced. Leave loops at each end when pulling through the thread to allow for shrinkage in the wash.

When dealing with the formidable kind of hole which afflicts children's stockings, try placing a piece of coarse net behind the hole and darn through it. This gives you more control and thoroughly strengthens the repair.

Darn on the wrong side and work in a diamond shape for preference.

Protective darning should be done wherever there is thinness. Darn over the place with a thin thread of matching colour. Again the stitches should be taken on the wrong side of the garment.

In nearly all wool materials it is best to unpick the lining of the garment and to unravel pieces of thread sufficient to darn over the hole. This takes a little time, but it is the only way to get a truly invisible repair.

When darning or patching, take particular care to lay the patch or take the darning stitches with the weave of the material. Unless you do this the repair will never be flat and neat. If the garment is cut on the cross, lay your patch on the cross too, and if the material is figured be meticulous in matching the pattern at the edges of the patch.

Holes in tweed or other woollens are generally best handled by tacking a patch on to the back of the hole and darning it over very neatly on the right side with ravellings taken from the hem.

To make a patch in thinner materials, go to work like this :—

First cut the patch, making it large enough to come well outside the edges of the hole, leaving enough for a small turning at the edges.

Turn down a narrow hem all around the patch on the right side. Press it; place the patch on the wrong side of the garment with the turnings inwards. Be sure to get the patch running with the weave of the garment. Tack it down, taking special care to get the corners flat and neat. Now, using the smallest stitches, hem it all round.

Take out tacking threads when this is done and turn the garment over to the right side. Cut the hole diagonally to within a small space of each corner. Turn in the four edges, taking care to get the corners as flat as possible. Tack down the edges and oversew.

Take out the tacking threads and press the patch.

Blankets which have developed thin patches should be darned over with wool, and where a definite hole has appeared a patch of flannel should be applied.

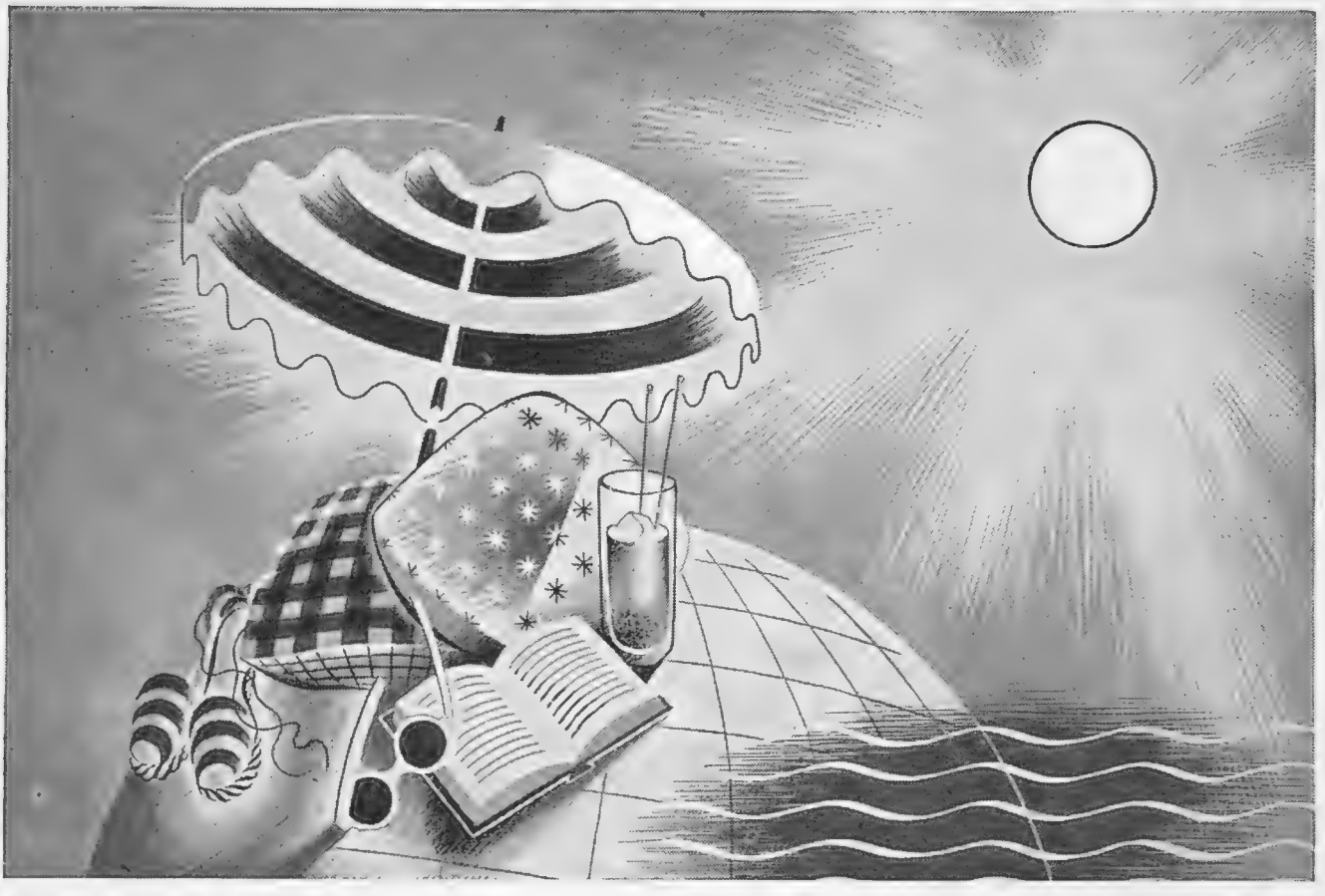
When the edges of blankets become frayed, trim these off and either bind with ribbon or blanket stitch with coloured wool.

If you own a sewing machine you can do the most skilful repairs and very quickly at that with the darning attachment which is obtainable for about six shillings.

No special skill is required to operate the attachment but special lessons are given free at Singers' sewing machine agents.

Darns in both wool and cotton garments and also in household linens can be done on the machine both rapidly and neatly.

# HOLIDAYS OF THE FUTURE



■ This seems a strange time to be thinking about holidays. The last summer holiday we had is now a faded, snapshotted memory, while the next is still an unplanned dream . . . . . hardly worth talking about yet.

Why not? We take a very optimistic view of the future. Already we are beginning to relish the new opportunities for travel after the war. The possibilities are staggering. Just think for a moment where all this experience in long distance flying, now being so grimly acquired, is going to lead us. To the United States and Canada, for certain. To South America, Hawaii, Tahiti, Bermuda, Mexico. Aeroplanes now fly the Atlantic in a few short and uneventful hours: civilian and military air pilots cross and recross from Canada and America without mishap.

Soon experienced airmen will be taking us over for our first holiday in the New World. South Africa, Egypt, the Holy Land seem distant places now and impossible for a short vacation, but in the future—well, we'll soon be there!

For week-ends, we shall hop across to Switzerland or to the South of France as casually as to Brighton or Blackpool.

In the future we shall take our 'summer' holidays at any time of the year for the sunshine that we seek for the perfect holiday will always be found somewhere within quick and easy reach of our homes. Luxurious air-liners will ferry us across from autumn to spring, and out of winter into summer. Who knows but that the February of the future will not become the August of today?

If we have any qualms about the safety of this mode of travel there is one familiar phrase that should reassure us: "All our aircraft returned safely." World-wide travel by air is one of the absolute certainties of the future.

Pears

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TF 240/34

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MARY YOUNG'S

# Purchase Tactics

Doctors and beauty specialists all report that skin troubles are on the increase. Whether it is due to sleeping in shelters, or insufficient sleep, or rationing, or war nerves, such things as acne, blackheads and nervous rashes are blossoming where they never grew before.

A good medicated soap is an enormous help in clearing up these bothers. There is one made from slippery elm which is soothing and healing, and cannot harm even the most delicate skin. The price is 1/6d. a tablet, or 8/7d. for a box of six, including tax.

Do you like making mayonnaise? Some women say they find the long drop-by-drop process soothing. Personally, I have far too many other things to do to be able to spare time for such an interminable session in the kitchen. That is why I was overjoyed to find a cream-maker which can equally well be used for making mayonnaise or salad cream. Its pumping action emulsifies the ingredients, and in no time at all you have a most gratifying bowl of smooth, creamy dressing. This costs 7/6d., and recipes are included.

One of the disadvantages of going without stockings is that shoes become uncomfortable when worn for a long time on bare feet. One solution is to wear a tiny, low-cut, stockingette covering for the feet. This does not show over the top of the shoe, but does prevent the shoe from cutting painfully into the skin. Made in all usual stocking sizes, in black, white or flesh colour, these "Treds," cost 3/11d. a pair.

Two good haberdashery finds . . . a package of 150 steel needles, rustless, in every imaginable shape and size, for 1/8d. And a bath cap—they are getting scarce—made of tough rubber, to keep your curls dry and in position when you tub. Price 1/11d.

A service which remodels even the most antiquated fur coats, restoring lost gloss and vitality, and turning them out able to hold up their heads in the smartest company, is worth knowing about in these days when no white elephant can be given house room. I have seen 1935 musquash horrors, shabby and grotesquely out of date, transformed into smart dark brown square-shouldered props of a coupon-haunted wardrobe; drab grey squirrel transmuted into something looking remarkably like kolinsky or chocolate ermine. Prices are extremely moderate, and this new service is available in better-class shops all over the country.

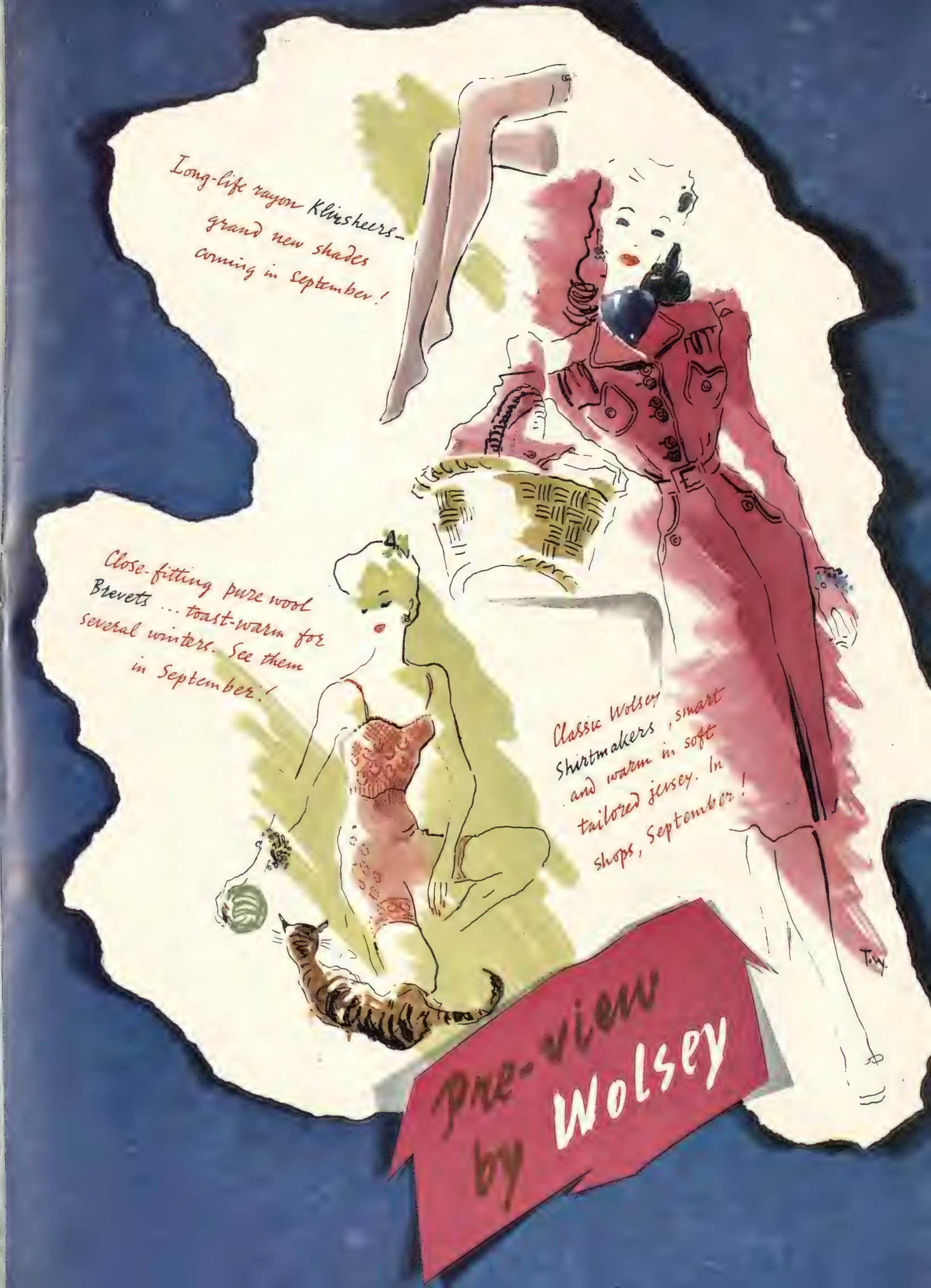
Hats and handbags are not rationed at the moment of going to press, but leather is becoming prohibitively expensive, and the raw materials for hats are more and more difficult to obtain.

One London store has had the bright idea of making hats and handbags to match, from customers' own materials. Any style of hat, mostly envelope handbags. They will use that extra length of woollen material you had to buy with your suit length in order to make up your coupons. They will use any odd pieces you happen to have by you. They even promise not to turn up their noses if you bring in an old skirt or jacket for them to cut up. The charge is 21/9d. for each item.

Sleeplessness is a hell that only those who have experienced it can understand. Every sufferer has a pet cure . . . but nearly everyone agrees that a soothing bath followed by a mildly sedative nightcap gives a flying start towards a good night's rest.

If you find it difficult to sleep, these nights, through worry, nervousness, or overwork, try taking a lime bath before you go to bed, then sipping an infusion of insomnia tea. This is not in any sense a drug, nor is it habit-forming, but it makes a delicious drink to take the place of tea or coffee if these keep you awake. Powder for the lime baths costs 4/-, sufficient for at least six baths; the herbal tea costs 1/8d. a tin, and is unrationed.

*If any of the subjects answer your current problems write to me at "Britannia & Eve," Commonwealth House, Number One New Oxford Street, London, W.C.1. I shall be happy to send further information*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Stocks of Heinz famous varieties will not always be large, for obvious reasons. But when you see them, remember that here in every tin is 'Heinz quality for a few pence' — the embodiment of that trust between men that shall flourish yet again throughout the world.

# Books (*Continued from page* 30)

Mr. and Mrs. Roosevelt. Her visit to Russia also provides interesting, and again, topical reading.

LET us return to the lighter material in "God Pardon Us" (Frederick Muller, 7s. 6d.) by Rupert Downing. This has some of the cleverest sparkling dialogue I have read for years. The Riviera is the setting, and the local madness which affects so many wives and husbands holiday-making in that romantic setting duly takes its toll and provides opportunities for the author to show exactly how two perfect ladies both in love with the same man can back-chat. I liked this book which is bright, cheerful and clever.

It is difficult to place "The Ill-made Knight" (Collins, 8s. 6d.), because T. H. White, while at times he writes as though he is telling stories about the Knights of the Round Table for the benefit of the uninitiated, is so obviously learned on the subject and so clearly able to pass on his views in most readable form. There is a light-hearted swing about some of the passages of the adventures of Sir Lancelot, who is "head of the battling averages," and has footwork like Frank Woolley, obtained by hours of practice, and Guinever (spelt thus) or "Jenny." Behind it all is the tragedy of Elaine, whom he rescued from a kind of Turkish bath rather like a steamed lobster. No one, so far as I know, has before tried to explain the triangle of King Arthur, Guinever and Lancelot, nor has any one succeeded so well in making it appear practical. And the pictures of England at that time, of the Court and its objects, of King Arthur, of the reason for the search for the Holy Grail and the adventures of some of the knights, told by themselves in racy language, stand out. One piece of writing which struck me particularly was an incidental phrase describing the thousands of mallard and widgeon which at that time flew over East Anglia "in wedges, looking like champagne bottles balanced on a nimbus of wings."

Mention of East Anglia brings me to "Velveteen Jacket" (Faber and Faber, 7s. 6d.) by Marjorie Mack. This is a country story of Norfolk, of a squire of the old type and more particularly of his keeper, Daniel Lee. Apart from the close attention to detail, and the atmosphsre of the countryside which clings to every page, there is a romantic plot. You can almost smell the hay-making, almost shiver at the cold wind among the reeds, almost bask among the flowers in the springtime, and certainly you can see the English countryside as it passes from generation to generation.

JOHN BROPHY has decided that laughter is what we want, and he provides it in his "Solitude Island" (Collins, 7s. 6d.). Sir Jasper Bleek, head of the great store of Clutterpools, the vague Lady Bleek, and their healthy public school bullock of a daughter, Daphne, spend the summer on a Thames island, named Solitude Island. To this Sir Jasper is forced to bring some pink guinea pigs, to add to the stock of lame ducks and hens his wife keeps, Daphne brings a young biologist, and Lady Bleek a not-so-tame philospher and a pickpocket, the idea being to give them a quiet holiday in the pagoda, Swiss cottage, and Queen Anne villa which are dotted on the island. Needless to say there are complications, added to by the arrival of a beautiful red-haired mannequin. Here is two hours of cheerful entertainment which comes to a conclusion like a pleasant display of summer lightning, leaving a lighter atmosphere as a memory.

As a final thrill I suggest that "McInnes of the N.I.D." (Rich and Cowan, 7s. 6d.) might answer the bill. N.I.D., for the benefit of those not up in thrillers, is the Naval Intelligence Department of the Admiralty, which, apparently, can become involved in the most dramatic adventures including the sudden appearance of bombs, secret doors, hidden wireless, revolvers, spies, all of them when least expected, and I am afraid not always explained.

END

# Double Cross (*Continued from page* 15)

words had only just occurred to him. "How do you know it won't be for hours?" he asked sharply.

"I put your call through to the aerodrome, sir," explained Judkins, imperturbably. "It was almost impossible for me not to overhear your conversation with Squadron Leader Lacewell, sir. You brought him down for the shooting last year, you remember? I had no idea he was commanding the station —until I heard you arranging the air raid exercise. If I may say so, sir, he did it very well."

A slow smile spread over Barrington's face. "Damn well," he agreed. "That bomb, by the way, was his own contribution."

"A very good one, sir. It gave the affair a most realistic atmosphere."

"So does that, doesn't it," replied Barrington, as a formation of aircraft roared low overhead. "Trust Jock Lacewell to do the job properly. You might send the officers' mess a case of port." Barrington indicated the cellar door with his thumb. "If they look like coming out tell them that aircraft are still overhead. Say you'll let them know when the all-clear goes. They'll need transport to take them to the station when it's all over. By the way, where did Miss Loring go?"

"I believe she stayed in the library, sir."

Barrington lit a cigarette and walked slowly back to the room.

She was standing in front of the fire. The eyes that greeted him were softly humorous.

"So you're the famous Wing Commander Barrie Barrington?" she remarked appraisingly.

A slight lifting of the eyebrows betrayed his surprise. "Who told you?"

"Judkins. Congratulations."

"On what?"

"Breaking up the party, shooting down forty Huns—and winning the V.C."

"Thanks—same to you."

"What do you mean by that?"

"Do you suppose I didn't know that you'd got the G.C. for that super-show of yours in the Liverpool blitz?"

"Who told you?"

"Judkins. Matter of fact, he wrote and told me you were coming."

She shook her head sadly. "I might have known it."

"Why?"

"Because he told me you were coming—that's why I stayed."

Barrington laughed. "The man's a wizard. Well, at least I'll take credit for clearing the atmosphere. The story about the bombs coming here is all hooey."

"Are you telling me?"

"Don't say you knew that, too?"

"I should, considering I started the rumour. You only confirmed it."

Barrington stared. "Well I'm damned! What else do you know?"

She smiled provokingly. "I've only got seven days' leave left, so you've just a week to find out."

"In that case," remarked Barrington, seriously, "I'd better begin. But first . . ." He touched the bell.

Judkins came in carrying a bottle of amontillado.

"Was this what you wanted, sir?"

"I hate to take your last bottle," murmured Barrington, apologetically.

"In a war like this, sir," returned Judkins, piously, "we all have our crosses to bear."

END


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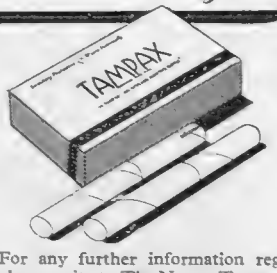


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PROPAX Tablets kill the pain and relieve the cause

# Old Tales Re-told (*Continued from page 24*)

knew also that he admired her, and in this she found happiness and consolation. In fact, it was in order to foster this feeling in him that she was always engaging herself in some bold enterprise.

She undertook to drive the mail coach out of Deadwood. She did not obtain the privilege easily, since it constituted what the American termed a "man-sized job." Deadwood was a stretch of wild country about two hundred miles long, and across it lay the only way from the gold mines of Whitewood Creek to the first railroad station of Sidney, Nebraska. Gold was transported by means of the mail coach which naturally attracted a number of bandits and marauders. Many are the tragedies and stirring events that have taken place on this stretch of road, involving the characteristic elements of masked ruffians, terrified passengers, heroic fights, loss of life and, very often, loss of precious cargo. We shall concern ourselves, however, with an episode that differs from the usual kind of hold-up.

The stretch of road allotted to Calamity Jane lay through the Black Hills, and was well known as the haunt of the American lion without a mane—the puma. She was driving one day through a ravine in which was a thicket of pine trees. Suddenly, without warning, a puma sprang from an overhanging branch on to the back of one of the horses pulling the coach. The frightened team stampeded, took their bits between their teeth and hurtled the jolting coach after them to the imminent peril of all concerned. At any moment it was liable to overturn or crash into some obstacle. Calamity Jane fell off the seat and sprawled across the footboard. Here she managed to cling on by lying on her stomach, and from this position she shot the puma in the brain with a bullet from her Colt 44. Once the horses were free from the beast's raking claws, Calamity Jane managed to get them under control before the coach suffered any damage.

Some time afterwards Calamity Jane received news that caused her to abandon her job as mail coach driver. Wild Bill Hickok had been killed. It seemed that he had joined in the gold rush of South Dakota and was peacefully walking along the dusty street under the burning August sun—there was practically no one else about at the time—when suddenly revolver shots were heard, and Wild Bill fell dead. He had been shot from behind by one of his enemies, and never even saw the assailant who had chosen this cowardly way to kill him.

To Calamity Jane the tidings came like a knife thrust through her heart. The murderer had left no clue to his identity and the sheriff was unable to put the blame on any one. Jane sneered at this official helplessness and swore that she would devote the rest of her life to the task of bringing the murderer to book. From that day onwards she lived to that end only. She allowed herself no distractions and had no other ambition. With inexhaustible patience she examined every clue that might possibly lead to the identification of the murderer.

The instincts of a woman in love almost approach that sixth sense with which few detectives are endowed, and it was this kind of unconscious clairvoyance which helped to put her on the right track. But she had to provide clear proof, for she intended to make her revenge complete. In other words, she wanted to see the scoundrel hanged with the sanction of the law. Eventually she brought her efforts to a successful conclusion and one day appeared, revolver in hand, propelling before her towards the sheriff's office a man whose hands were tied behind him. The culprit was tried and convicted. Calamity Jane had redeemed her vow. This was the only proof of her love that she could give to Bill Hickok and she had given it.

Hickok was only thirty-nine when he was killed and Jane was seventeen years his junior. Their silent romance was ended. They had never lived together, but so long as Wild Bill was alive Calamity Jane had never felt the pangs of loneliness. It was inevitable that she should feel them with double bitterness now that he was dead.

It was probably reaction that turned her steps towards matrimony. She accepted an offer of marriage from an obscure miner. He was a humble devoted soul who had the good sense to perceive in Calamity Jane the feminine tenderness which underlay her hard exterior. Their union was blessed by the birth of a daughter.

To Calamity Jane the coming of her child meant the opening of a new world. She proved to be the most devoted mother and nursed her baby with exemplary care.

The loss of her husband after a time only increased her determination to struggle towards her goal. She intended to make of her daughter an educated woman and procure her a footing in the world of civilisation with all its advantages. It had been lack of education that subdued her in the presence of the only man she had ever loved. It would not be so with her daughter.

As soon as the girl had reached an age at which she might be entrusted to other hands, she gave up the joy of the child's company and spent the rest of her life in the struggle to earn enough to pay for her education.

Alone once more, she resumed her previous life of adventure.

One day she was fulfilling her duty as a pony express rider. She had to carry the mail pouches alone through a certain stretch of country between one station and the next. The trail lay through the famous Black Hills, which were never free from their customary dangers—bandits, wild beasts and Indians. Imagining that she heard a sound like the echo of horsehoofs, she reined in for a moment to listen. The sound increased. *Indians!* With a curse she spurred her horse and galloped for her life. Looking back, she saw two of them steadily gaining on her. She came to a stream, and urged her horse to jump it. The animal made the attempt, but stumbled and fell, and in so doing broke a leg. Frenzied by fear and pain it struggled to get up. Bruised and dazed, Calamity Jane succeeded in freeing herself, but she knew that she was lost for the redskins were not far off. In the cylinder of her revolver she had only two cartridges. Her safety depended on the way in which she used them; yet the sight of her suffering horse made a primary call upon her feelings. Without hesitation, she put a bullet through the brain of the struggling animal.

Fortunately the Indians were without firearms, but she knew that they would not hesitate to kill and scalp her on account of the fact that she had killed many Indians and had been for a long time a coveted prize. Now her chances depended on the one cartridge she had left. She awaited the onslaught with her weapon levelled on the head of her dead horse. As soon as the first Indian came within ten yards she fired, and the man fell with a bullet hole between the eyes. The other rider pulled up in front of the stream and tried to swerve round, terrified by the fate of his companion. Calamity Jane hailed him and covered him with her empty revolver; then she made him get down from his horse, take off the saddle from her mare and put it on to one of the Indian ponies.

She rode into Deadwood with her Indian captive in front of her, and the mailbag intact.

With time, however, poor Calamity Jane lost even her Wild West, for the rapid encroachment of modernity rendered it less wild and her services redundant. Her courage and skill were of no more use. Age had made her unfit and her glorious life of the past was only a memory. She was even induced to exploit her reputation by exhibiting herself in a fair. It was here that Colonel Cody, better known as Buffalo Bill, found her and removed her from that humiliating situation. He paid her fare back to her native Montana, where amongst her former familiar surroundings she spent the last years of her life.

When her end approached she was conscious of only one desire. She wanted to be near Wild Bill Hickok. She had spent twenty seven years without him, but she knew that those years would be compensated for by eternal companionship.

END

# On Duty—and Off (*Continued from page 31*)

## *On Duty*

be made quite clear to every V.A.D. that the course of lectures she has, followed by an examination and fifty hours in hospital, does no more than qualify her for elementary nursing duties. The mistake so far is to allow her to think that, having got thus far, she is just as good as the nurse who has done four years' training and taken her hospital and State examinations.

The question of uniform and equipment is a very vital one where the recruitment of nurses is concerned. Girls who join the other Services are provided with equipment which includes everything from undies to tin hats. If the nurse tries to get her uniform in the country the chances are that the shop will attempt to rook her for coupons. I got a letter on this subject only the other day.

Girls taking up nursing should be provided with uniform and equipment to the same extent as the other Services, and the uniform should be made much more attractive. One of the greatest pities is that the authorities did not give more consideration to this in the past. Army, Navy and Air Force suits are made of good material which is well tailored, the greatcoats worn in winter of military cut are just as becoming to women as they are to men. The improvements in hats had an enormous effect on recruiting, as these Services know very well. Now consider the nurse's uniform. The Red Cross coat is about as unbecoming as any coat ever designed, the buttons going straight down in two long lines from neck to hem, making the fat look fatter and the thin look thinner. They make the shoulders narrow and the hips wide, and, to top it all, they have a storm cap which for ugliness cannot be beaten by any headgear.

The outdoor uniform of the St. John people is slightly less monstrous, but that is all that can be said for it. The light grey coats and skirts worn by the Territorials and Q.A.s are badly tailored and of shoddy material, which show up all spots, and appear to be designed to make a woman feel as self-conscious and unattractive as possible. The working indoor uniform of all nurses is, on the other hand, extremely becoming. If any one had had the sense to see that nurses were provided with well-tailored outdoor uniform, cut on military lines, thousands more girls would have volunteered for the nursing profession. The Australian and Canadian nurses have good outdoor uniform—why can't we?

## *Off Duty*

cannot be bothered to wear fresh undies and clean stockings each day. If a garment has once been exposed to an unusual amount of perspiration and it is not cleaned before it is worn again, the affected material seems to irritate the skin and cause it to sweat even on a comparatively cool day. If you had to choose between clean clothes and a bath, you would be wiser to choose the clean clothes and have a dry rub down with a rough towel. It is not necessary to have an enormous quantity of underclothes in order to be able to wear a clean set every day.

END

# No woman
## will ever have peace in her heart until she helps this man !

**Would you hesitate? . . . If you knew you could actively help to harass and confuse and frustrate the evil forces that threaten his life and yours . . . would you hesitate? You know you wouldn't. And you *can* help to cripple the enemy now, by joining the A.T.S. You *can* do something vital and essential. Do not let anyone hold you back.**

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## Because he needs help urgently

## join the A.T.S

# John Bull and Uncle Sam (*Continued from page 17*)

will declare to you that one person in every five in the United States owns a motor car or motor lorry (viz., some of the ramshackle cripples noted above); every seventh person has a telephone, every fifth has a radio. Yes, true, all too true; when the 1929 financial slump hit the United States, hit the consciousness of the New York stock market (it had really hit both industry and a badly treated farming population long before that) most American workmen woke up to the fact that they owned a house, car, radio, and wife—all obtained at the boom period when investments and wages were soaring, all acquired on the time-instalment plan—none of them paid for; not even the wife—as the number of American homes which broke up was disgraceful in those ensuing panic years. This knowledge of the paper value of American life, its false prosperity, was one of the greatest shocks my great country ever endured. Because, largely owing to Roosevelt's rapidly implemented New Deal, it has endured it.

But of we Americans someone has written:

"We had basic, accurate statistics about our land and our people; we knew the chemistry of our soil; the health of our children; the amounts of income; the ways in which we spent our money; the number of fish in our streams; the number of wild birds in the air. We knew how rich we were and how poor we were. (We didn't.) What we didn't know was what an American was; how he arrived where he did; and what he was liable to do next."

The reason for the last sentence was largely due to my own insertion in the above text; we *didn't* know how rich or how poor we were—the whole structure was fictitious.

And it was about the year 1927, with which I began this article, that we began to feel worried about *what* we were. Were we really a nation? Or just a mere juxtaposition of peoples? Less than half our national make-up was of Anglo-Saxon descent—this despite the fact that the Protestant Puritan consciousness still dominated our morals, our Calvinistic sense of values that the rich were blessed and that poverty was a crime, and that you couldn't, especially shouldn't, ever elect a Catholic to become President of the United States.

IN 1927 we began to think about cutting down the stream of foreign immigrants that was yearly diluting our national blood; in 1929 and 1930 we made laws against it—established a quota system. Immigration was 307,000 in 1928; it had dropped to 23,000 in 1933. It was around 35,000 in 1935. Then began another exodus from Europe, owing to Nazi and Fascist persecutions; and we began to let in increasing numbers again—this time containing some of the best brains which the totalitarian dictators had driven from their own countries.

These people were rapidly caught up by the New Deal of President Roosevelt. They came into a rapidly changing United States. They (and the 40,000,000 of their forefathers who had immigrated within the last 100 years to the U.S.) were now faced with a war of devastating peril, a war which showed that they had not escaped from Europe, a politico-social conflict, hardly a national one, which faced them with the fact that they might have to return to Europe—in some form of union or alliance—to win this war. But, even more vital to them than that, to win, and hold, and preserve the freedom which they thought to have obtained by fleeing to the United States—*or to England*.

I add this last fact, because England to-day has the remnants of nearly all the Free Governments of the nations of Europe. They are almost exhibits in a museum. And these institutions of Free Europeans, fighting Europeans, who have their strongholds of liberty on England's island, have found sanctuaries here that have direct blood ties with tie kinsmen who make up at least one-third of the United States' people.

Now, you see, when you look at these facts, you realise that a working combination of Britain and the United States is not only a feasible thing, but that its ingredients have already been given a good push towards unification by the exigencies of this war—and the dire need for further amalgamation arises out of the need to win this war if any of our democratic institutions are to survive.

The liberty-loving Scandinavians, particularly the Swedes and the Norwegians, make up only about 8 per cent of the American national fabric, compared to the 17 per cent of German stock. But they have left a tremendous moral imprint on our character. The name Scandinavian has become synonymous in the United States with a capacity for hard work, endurance, stubborn strength of character, a passion for independence, and a determined straightforwardness in all business affairs. We have over 5,000,000 people of Polish descent, over 2,000,000 Czechs—people who form the backbone of the heavy-duty, even skilled workers in American industry. People with great, bitter wrongs to fight. And people, incidentally, who are proving themselves not only valiant but very valuable fighters with the British forces not only in the air but, such as with the Poles, fighting infantry forces. Dutch and Norwegian seamen. As you enlarge the list the blood ties already formed link this country—England, their island refuge—closer and closer with *the great mass of people in the United States*.

And these are the people, and the understanding between which, I have been talking about.

I did not discuss the Free French in the above list, because the French *qua* French have never played a noticeable part in American life—not after the first impulse they gave us, via money, arms, ships, and Lafayette, in 1776. Neither did I bring out the fact that your Dominions: Canada, Australia, New Zealand, have modelled their politics upon the American Constitution. Their national sense of values is very close to that of the United States to-day, closer than they are to England's. Nor have I discussed an almost equally obvious fact; that the people of the Midlands and the North, with the Scots, are closer to Americans in their sense of values than they are to Whitehall. But all these things are true. And all of these things point out the lines along which both British and American propaganda should work now to bring a close, solid understanding between the people—*not the politicians*—of the British Commonwealth and the American nation.

IT can be safely said that there is *not* a noticeable feeling of great love and admiration between the English and American people. Not as a whole. As a nation we admire your bravery; as individuals many of us think (including myself) that an exhilarating new world could be opened up, and a perfectly safe and sane world, if we English and Americans could only get together on the life-levels that lie outside politics.

I, for one, think this could at once be started if we deliberately changed our curriculum of education. American history should be taught as a major subject in all English schools. You know nothing about our Rebellion against you in 1776. Similarly, we should teach a correct, unbiased *modern* history of England in all our schools. English history, as it happens, has always been a major subject; but with what a bias! We were taught from history books, selected by Irish politicians who invariably dominated our municipal politics (and therefore the school boards) nothing of the way Burke and a great percentage of the House of Commons opposed George III's policy, nothing of the way bankers of London City had to be almost bludgeoned into lending money to continue that unpopular war—nothing of the fact that to-day the statue of Washington stands before the National Gallery overlooking Trafalgar Square, or that that moody bronze of Lincoln stands under the trees by your Houses of Parliament. The *English* have *our* national heroes in their public squares—they accord honour to the great Americans who took us away from England! I shall never forget the first sight of those statues on many an American! We just knew that we had driven the "bullying British" up Bunker Hill, and that you employed Hessian mercenaries to cross the Atlantic to kill liberty-loving Americans.

Of course, that is an exaggeration; several candid histories have been written (though it must be said they were never popular, and that they were never allowed except in highly paid private schools or universities) which showed with biting candour the way England was threatened on the Continent with all-around wars in 1776, also the way our succeeding statesmen have bungled away most of the original personal liberty that we fought for. Yet the basic truth still remains: we don't know you—and you don't know us.

And, as I have outlined in this article, we hardly know ourselves. But we are getting highly self-critical because of this war, both you and we; we have to, if we think we have any chance of winning this war. And, believing as I do so strongly in this subject, it seems to me that we have all the pieces of the jig-saw puzzle—the British-American Union—spread out on the table before us. Call it propaganda or what you like—common sense would suffice—but all that seems needed in this picture is the will to put it together.

END

# The Hedgehog (*Continued from page 20*)

"Look!" he said. "His eyes are open. I think he knows me."

"You will have to take him out of here," said Hans. "Müller won't have it."

"The tool-shed is dry," said Friedrich."

"But is it warm?" Hermann demanded. "It is warmth he wants. Feel him now. Hold him in your hands. Do you think he is shivering?"

"Not so much as before," said Friedrich. "I think he will recover."

"I shall get an oil-stove from the quartermaster," said Hermann. "That will warm up the tool-shed. But I'll have to have some excuse."

"If the Herr Leutnant will pardon me," said the cook, "the cellar where the boots are cleaned is very damp. The leather gets to look quite mouldy there." He came and bent over the hedgehog which Friedrich had returned to Hermann's hands. He stroked its snout with a fat finger. Hermann looked at him and smiled. "You understand these things, eh?" he said.

"I love all animals," said the cook. "I love all things that are small and helpless."

"Well," Hermann conceded, "that is only common sense. So do I. Now take him in the barrel to the tool-shed, and I'll see the quartermaster."

The quartermaster received sympathetically the idea that the boots in the cellar should be kept dry, and Hermann returned with the oil-stove and a can of paraffin. The tool-shed was built into an angle of the mellow brick wall that ran behind the horse-chestnut trees. It was rainproof but very damp, choked with old birch-brooms and lawn-mowers, hoes, rakes, spades. Hans and Friedrich were hanging about. "We'll call him Willi," Hans said, with a smile.

"Yes, it is a nice name," said Hermann, "and he must have a name. When he is better, we shall be able to make a pet of him. Perhaps he will follow us about."

"They can be trained to do so, Herr Leutnant," said the cook, who had now returned after carrying (*Continued on page 56*)

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out the barrel. "I have known cases in Bavaria."

This seemed to please Hermann. He cleared a lot of rubbish out of the tool-shed, and lit the oil-stove. "This place is fearfully damp," he said. "We'd better not put Willi in it till it's been aired."

Then the cook and Hans and Friedrich went away, and, while the shed was airing, Hermann carried Willi out on to the lawn. The day was beginning to have some heat. The mist was gone, and through the warm quiet air, the leaves of the chestnut-trees spun down, alighting on the grass and on the narrow strip of water. Hermann lay on a rug spread on the lawn, with the hedgehog in its bracken swaddling-clothes beside him in the glow of the sun. Lying on his back, Hermann looked up at the tender silken blue of the sky stretched above him like the canopy of a gorgeous tent, and the sun's warmth soaked into him, and he thought that he had not been so happy for a long time. He had rescued Willi from death; he was sure Willi would not die; and this created in his heart a feeling of happiness so profound that it astonished him.

He rolled over on to his stomach, tenderly parted the brown crackling parcel of bracken, and saw that the hedgehog was standing up —actually for the first time on all four feet, turning its head, its bright black-bead eyes, this way and that. He reached out his hand too impulsively, and Willi shut up into a ball, head tucked snugly in, no sign at all of an injured neck.

Hermann's heart gave a great leap of joy. He got to his feet, and stood for a moment looking down at the spiky ball as though he had witnessed a miracle of creation. "I have made him live!" his heart kept saying. "I have made him live!"

Then he stooped and wrapped the bracken round Willi and ran with him to the kitchen. "He is living! He is well! He is well!" he shouted, his eyes shining; and the fat Bavarian cook rubbed his hands and said: "Ah—h!" with satisfaction, as though he were congratulating a father on a first-born son.

"Now," he said, "now, Herr Leutnant, is the time to give him warm milk and bread. But, at first, a little, very little."

Willi ate. They stood above him, watching him, hands on hips, now and then exchanging smiles of felicitation. Presently the hedgehog began to run across the floor. "Now I shall put him to bed," said Hermann. "The tool-shed will be warm."

He carried the hedgehog to the tool-shed, murmuring: "Good Willi! Brave Willi!" full of the joy and the love of the life he had saved. Then he went to tell the good news to Hans and Friedrich.

HERMANN ran down to the tool-shed that night before taking off. All day he had left the door open so that the place should not be overheated. The evening was chill. He renewed the oil in the stove, picked up Willi and stroked his nose for a moment, then carefully shut the door. He did not go in at once to put on his flying clothes. He walked on the lawn in the shadow of the chestnut-trees, with the clear expanse on his left hand washed in the moonshine: it was like a lake of milk. Now and then a leaf fell silently, like a life, released easily from earth, spinning into the soft radiance of eternity. Hermann was uplifted. London! London at last! He had thought London would never come his way. And it had come. Standing in the shadow, gazing out into the moon-washed vapours, his hand closed. London had been delivered to him at last!

He knew it. He had walked through its streets. He knew the spires pricking up whitely into the sky, and the sudden hush of ancient courts where great trees grew out of the pavements on a second's swift turn from the humming thoroughfares where the buses roared and the taxi-brakes squealed and the dray-horses went by like beasts survived from one age into another.

All this he knew, and standing there, tranced in the tranced moonlight, he saw it again, told it over piece by piece, and felt the hot surge flow once more to his brain as it had flowed whenever, high over a city at night, he had realised, with joy and terror, that never, never, could there be anything else like this power that lay within the touch of his puny hand. But not before had it been like this. London! Millions—millions —millions! Willi was forgotten. He rushed through the moonlight into the house. The invisible heavens! His pathway!

Hans and Friedrich were on the aerodrome. "Good hunting, Hermann!"

The immense Dornier roared and shivered, shivered and rose, climbed, turned, disappeared into the moon-glister of the sky.

"Hermann looks lit up to-night," said Hans.

NOW there was nothing to do but fly home, and he knew what that meant. The spring in him, that had been so taut, was broken. It was always the same. Even to-night it was the same. Even after London, even after the joy of seeing the great fires break out, of knowing that buildings full of men and women and children had been smashed by this power that he wielded like Jehovah hurling thunderbolts.

The spring was broken. Oh, god! To be in bed and asleep! That was all he asked for on the way home. He was always dull as an owl, witless as a clod, whenever he had to report on his night's doings, and so he was now, standing there swathed in his flying-clothes, with his helmet under his arm, his hair unruly and damp with sweat.

He went blundering towards the chateau, and thought of Willi. Fatigue fell from him, and he smiled. Willi was alive! He had saved Willi's life! To-morrow—no, this very day!—he and Willi would begin to be friends. He looked across the lawn towards the tool-shed, sniffed the air, and stopped. There was a smell of slow burning, and from the tool-shed corner a faint pencilling of smoke was drawn vaguely upon the air. Filled with swift apprehension, Hermann ran across the lawn, to find, where the shed had been, a heap of charred rubbish.

HANS, Friedrich and Julius were asleep when he burst noisily into the dormitory. "Hans!" he shouted. "Hans! Friedrich! What happened? Did you get Willi out?"

Hans sat up and rubbed his eyes. "Oh! Hallo, Hermann. Good hunting?"

"Willi!" Hermann cried. "What has happened?"

"Oh—that! The damned English have been over. They didn't do much. But one incendiary fell on the tool-shed."

"He was burned to death!" Hermann screamed, white and hysterical.

"Come to bed," said Friedrich. "We couldn't do a thing. That paraffin helped."

Hermann began to blubber like a child. "You don't understand," he said. "I saved his life! Life! Life!"

"Well, for heaven's sake," said Julius, sitting up angrily: "What in hell is all this about a lousy hedgehog? I wouldn't have raised a hand, even if I could."

"No!" Hermann cried. "You—you—wouldn't you've got no love, no pity."

He rushed across the room and began to hammer at Julius's face. Julius warded him off playfully. "Hi! One of you chuck some cold water over him," he said. "He's overwrought."

END

# How the Navy Treats Its Sick and Wounded

(*Continued from page 9*)

hospital. Before that each seaman had contributed twopence a month to pay the ships' surgeons, but there was no sort of hospital treatment.

IN contrast to the terrible conditions that existed right down to the end of the Napoleonic Wars the present system is wonderful, and is very highly regarded all over the world. The whole service is under the control of the medical director general, a surgeon vice-admiral, and the professional qualifications demanded for a commission as surgeon-lieutenant are very high. Applicants are preferred between the ages of twenty-four and twenty-eight, unmarried, and specialist qualifications are well paid for. First commissions are generally on short service, three years, extended at Admiralty discretion, and proved officers have the opportunity of transferring to the permanent list after four years or retiring with a gratuity which is a great help in purchasing a private practice. Pay starts at £1 4s. a day, with allowances, and works up to the £4 15s. a day of the surgeon rear-admiral. Since 1903 post-graduate courses have been the rule and the professional standard is very high. Instead of the "waisters" and pensioners of the old days, the sick berth attendant probationer starts at 2s. a day while under a very thorough training, and can rise to petty officer and warrant rank like the other branches of the Service. Nurses are only carried in hospital ships, and some of the hospitals ashore.

The sick bay is a little oasis of comfort in the stern utility of a man-of-war, and very different from the poky little hole which Lord St. Vincent introduced in the Mediterranean Fleet in 1798 and which he made general in 1801.

No matter whether there has been an action, or the usual run of sickness and accidents, the ship's sick bay is emptied as quickly as possible, into the hospital ships and shore hospitals, except for men who will be fit and back on duty in a short time. Hospital ships and land establishments have far better facilities for serious operations, and when patients have to be transferred to one there is no question about economical speed; the ship steams "all out," whereas the pet tactical exercises of the commander-in-chief have to be scratched in peace time because they consume too much fuel.

The Navy's only permanent hospital ship is named the *Maine*, after the Atlantic transport liner which was fitted out by American ladies headed by Lady Randolph Churchill, the Premier's mother, during the Boer War, and presented to Britain. The *Maine*, which was on the Navy list at the outbreak of war, was originally the liner *Panama*, bought in 1920, and costing about a quarter of a million to convert, but a new hospital ship was provided for in the 1939 naval estimates, and the contract was placed with a Clydeside firm just before the outbreak of war. There are, in addition, quite a large number of passenger vessels of various types commissioned for the war as naval hospital ships, and they are kept tolerably fully employed.

The nursing sisters, styled Queen Alexandra's Royal Naval Nursing Service since 1902, on account of the very keen interest which the queen took in them, do magnificent work in the hospital ships and hospitals, and it is impossible to speak too highly of them. A reserve to this service was established in 1910, and won a high reputation during the last war. In 1935 there were very big changes made in the pay and conditions which made the service much more attractive. They are reinforced by voluntary nurses in wartime.

Ashore the Navy has a number of efficient and well-run hospitals headed by Haslar, close beside the entrance of Portsmouth harbour. The Royal Marines also have their infirmaries at divisional headquarters. The ordinary naval medical staff is greatly reinforced by civilian doctors in wartime, and even in peace there are a number who are keenly interested in the Service, either as consultants and specialists or else by their appointment as naval agents in various seaport towns where there are no hospitals.

END

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# Bach and Barebacks (*Continued from page 12*)

Velvet" at the Hippodrome also had wit, richly flavoured with the "on leave" cachet, meaning pretty girls.

Chapter Three broke on the night of September 7. It was a Saturday, and on the Wednesday night Mr. George Black—in the role of Charles B. Cochran of this war—had produced a Palladium revue called *Top o' the World*.

No critics had been invited; and the show was doomed to be still-born. The Battle of Britain suddenly became the Battle of London. The *Top o' the World* audience spent the night sheltering in the bars and basement of the theatre. On the Monday night every London theatre was again closed.

The grim and cold winter of 1940–41 passed on its way. The chorus girls of yesterday became A.F.S. workers, canteen helps and nurses. Some tried for provincial pantomimes, for the Luftwaffe boys had yet to strike in the majority of the big cities.

But during these theatre-less months (I give full marks, incidentally, to Herbert Farjeon's *Diversion* revue at matinees) a strange thing was happening.

"I'm going to the Queen's Hall," a man would say. "I was going to have a round of golf, but I don't know . . ."

"A concert?"

"Yes," would be the reply, "you ought to come with me, only you can't get seats."

With memories of wide-open spaces at the Queen's Hall you would look at the programme which was attracting beefy and only mildly musical men indoors when there was golf to be played. Here is a typical one, conducted by Basil Cameron, which played to a packed house: Bach's Brandenburg Concerto No. 2 in F, Brahms' piano concerto in B flat, and Beethoven's Symphony No. 2 in D.

This strange manifestation of English taste had attracted the attention of experts on the subject. One such was Mr. Jack Hylton, who had twenty years before begun to develop a dance band from something to dance to into something which you had to sit and listen to in a music hall. Hylton had all the alertness of his native Blackpool, as George Black had all the showmanship of a family bred in the atmosphere of the country fair.

He saw novelty in what people call "highbrow" music. Sir Henry Wood had seen the same vision forty years ago in the 'nineties, and the Proms at the Queen's Hall had been the result. Hylton hit on the London Philharmonic Orchestra, most of whose members had for decades constituted *the* London orchestra, no matter what the title. Sir Thomas Beecham had been its founder, but Sir Thomas was somewhere else in the world of music than England at this crisis. Musicians were hard up, and when the Proms closed in September the prospect of any work at all was dim.

Hylton ballyhooed the London Philharmonic. It was a courageous and admirable thing to have done. It's repercussions are still being felt.

"If the Musicians' Union agrees, I'll back the orchestra for a ten weeks' tour in provincial variety theatres," he said. The union agreed with alacrity. Four score fine instrumentalists went round the country in the twice-nightlies. Dr. Malcolm Sargent, a talented musician and no mean showman, went with them as conductor, and later Basil Cameron, one of the handful of really first-class conductors even then determined to keep good music going. It was he who later turned Bach, Brahms and Beethoven into a house-packing triptych in an otherwise desolate West End.

But what of the George Black end of this manifestation of public wartime taste?

Curiously enough he had already participated in the popularisation of good music. George Black, a debonair cigar-smoking man o' the North, was of Moss Empires and General Theatres Corporation, whose two score of playhouses dominate the British Isles.

During the winter two of his London theatres had been hit by bombs: the Hippodrome and the Holborn Empire. In January he decided to re-open the London Palladium, which he did in March with a revue which made more elderly people nod their heads and say: "Ah, de Courville at his best. I remember it was the leave after the Battle of Cambrai, and I . . ."

*Apple Sauce* proved to have broad humour, and a record number of young ladies dressed for the bath-tub. It hit Londoners, weary after the winter's drabness, as something fresh and wonderful.

Then in April the ebullient Black decided to improve his record. A second and more sophisticated revue was produced and brought to the Victoria Palace, a house long dark (with the interruption of *Me and My Girl*), but conveniently close to Victoria railway station. This show was *Black Vanities*, distinguished by the work of Mr. Bud Flanagan and a smoothness of decora worthy of the best peace-time productions.

So stood the capital of an Empire as the summer of it's great trial dawned.

Serious plays? Nil.

Serious music? Plenty.

On the night of May 10 bombs descended on the home of good music. Queen's Hall's sea-green auditorium was no more when dawn came. The arena in which the Proms were born, around whose illuminated goldfish pool generations of Londoners had processed in the intervals, now held a pile of smoking rubble.

The work of the Luftwaffe is not yet over. More theatres will crash, for they are scarcely built to absorb blast (being little more than boxes of brick and stone) and are congregated in a part of London beloved of the Hun bomb-aimers. But who can doubt that a better theatre and a better world of music will arise? Why not?

The tendency at the moment is healthy. It is sane and healthy to see young ladies disporting themselves in their birthday clothing; incidentally, I wonder how many know that the "altogether" is O.K. by the L.C.C. as long as it does not move in public, which explains all those stage candelabras and fountains decorated with immobile nudes?

It is sane and healthy that people should consider the great composers not ponderous bores, but fonts of melody, and of great and beautiful thoughts.

Meantime, Bach and bare backs are good enough for me.

END

# A Brush With Refugees (*Continued from page 5*)

seething throng of fugitives in which individual identities seemed to be swamped and only the herd remained. All were being driven forward by the same impulse,

Ordinary courtesies of life, little acts of kindness to strangers had disappeared. No one had time for them. All that mattered was to push, shove, force oneself to the best of one's powers in front of other people. A few yards gained by jostling someone else out of the way was a great prize. Men, women and children, on foot or on wheels, centred their entire thoughts in this struggle which was carried on with a terrible unflagging persistency derived from panic. Just as the battery reached the junction of the roads its further progress was barred by a farm cart, stacked high with the furniture of a household. A bed in which lay a bedridden old woman crowned the summit. The cart had come to a temporary halt and the single horse between the shafts lacked strength to start it in motion again. The animal strained and plunged about in the harness, its hoofs slipping on the concrete road. No one lifted a finger to help the old farmer who, with the sweat pouring down his forehead, vainly supplemented the horse's efforts with his own.

"Get down and give that fellow a hand, or he'll stick there till the war's over," he said to his driver.

The driver jumped from the truck and proceeded to the assistance of the old farmer. Together they managed to start the wagon laden with the bedridden woman in motion again. Then the battery moved slowly forward, forcing its way yard by yard through the confused mass of refugees, many of whom showed the strongest disinclination to yielding up the slightest share of the road to the troops. After a while, the major exasperated by this sullen reluctance to give the battery passage, said:

"Drive straight at 'em. If they won't get out of the way that's their look out."

But although this drastic measure bore some success with the pedestrians, it prevailed little against the lorries, carts and wagons that incessantly endeavoured to pass one another, even if it meant monopolising the entire width of the road. As time went on the hold-ups became more and more frequent. Not the faintest semblance of traffic order, to say nothing of control, existed. Drivers drove their vehicles to right and left as they could, and as they would. The slightest gap was seized upon as a chance to pass some vehicle in front. To the major, in a hurry, the chaos was maddening. Pedestrians followed in the wake of the slow-moving vehicles in huge droves. Cyclists, many of them Belgian gendarmes who had decided it was high time for them to relinquish their functions, threaded their way in and out of the throng, weaving crazy patterns from one side of the road to the other.

Though the battery column started on its journey nose to tail, it soon failed to maintain this compact formation in the maelstrom that it found itself forced to struggle against. Little by little the gaps between the vehicles caused by the continual hold-ups became wider. After some time they were strung out for a distance of a couple of miles. Each truck, gun tractor and ammunition trailer had to fight its own individual battle to make headway. An hour of their precious time passed and they were still several miles from their destination. The major's temper had reached explosive point. He glanced at his watch and swore loudly. The battery had been ordered to come into action at seven o'clock. There wasn't the ghost of a chance of its doing so.

Whatever general sympathies he had felt to begin with for the refugees had long since evaporated. His job was to bring his battery into action. This undisciplined mob seemed to be doing all in its power to frustrate him. He might have been carrying on a feud with them. Every yard provided him with a fresh source of irritation. The climax came when his truck was suddenly confronted by two white plough horses yoked to a broad, heavily laden farm wagon. At their head, holding the reins, stood a giant of a fellow in shirt sleeves, a Fleming with a large florid face and hair as red as the major's own. He was urging on the horses to pass another wagon in front, and completely blocked the road. The major choked with fury.

"Pull in, there. Pull in," he shouted in French.

The giant returned him a surly glance and took no further notice.

"Did you hear what I said?" yelled the major. "Get back where you came from and let us pass."

The other swore back at him in Flemish. With a contemptuous gesture he flung out a huge hand as if to (*Continued on page 60*)

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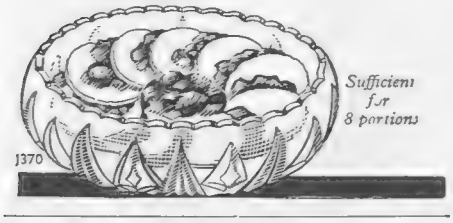
*Oatmeal Biscuits and Jelly*

Half-pint Chivers Jelly. 2oz. White Flour
4 oz. Rolled Breakfast Oats or Oatmeal.
1 oz. Sugar, ½ teaspoonful Salt.
Half-teaspoonful Baking Powder. 2 oz. Fat
A little Milk.

Mix dry ingredients and rub in the Fat; mix to stiff dough with little milk; roll out ¼ inch thick; cut with pastry cutter and bake in hot oven.
Make up *half pint* jelly in usual way, chop when cold, and arrange in dish as illustrated.



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J370

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brush the major off the road. Behind the wagon the major could see a thick crowd massing, ready to sweep forward as one man when the wagon moved. He realised that something must be done quickly.

Jumping out of his truck he confronted the sullen giant, who glared down at him with bitter animosity. A sudden hatred towards this man filled the major's heart. Red-haired himself, he cherished an instinctive dislike to red-haired men. And upon this one he was just in the mood to concentrate all the exasperation he had accumulated during the past hour. His blue eyes fixed themselves on his adversary in a cold anger.

"If you don't instantly back your horses, I'll do it for you," he said.

"That remains to be seen," replied the other in French. At the same time he repeated the insolent wave of his hand.

The major wasted no more words. He stepped forward and grabbed the reins from the fellow's hand. For a second the red-haired giant seemed dumbfounded. Then, frantic at the prospect of losing the few yards of the road he had hoped to gain, and perhaps more besides if his wagon were backed, he raised his whip and would have brought it down on the major's head if the latter had not shot up a hand and caught the thick wrist in an iron grip. They stood for a moment glaring at each other as only mortal enemies can, strangely disproportionate in bulk, the major looking like a terrier about to fling itself at the throat of an infuriated bull.

Instead he suddenly hurled the fellow's wrist from his grasp. A new idea seized him during that moment when he stared deep into the Fleming's eyes. He divined there the absolute panic that held possession of the man. There was only one way to tackle him, and that was to instil into his mind a more powerful and immediate fear that would, for the time being, drive the other into abeyance.

With an unhurried deliberation that he hoped would not be without effect, the major drew his revolver. He pulled back his sleeve and thrust his wrist watch under the nose of the Fleming.

"If you haven't backed your wagon out of my way in one minute from now, I intend to shoot you," he said sternly.

For some seconds he watched the progress of the struggle that was being waged within the other's mind, the battle of contending terrors, and wondered what he should do if, after all, his device did not succeed. He knew, of course, that he would not shoot the fellow, though at the same time his hatred was so intense that he felt nothing would give him greater pleasure. As the watch ticked away, in order to speed up matters, he raised his revolver slowly till it pointed straight at the man's heart. The great, broad face of the refugee glistened with perspiration. He stared down at the revolver and his fleshy countenance took on a trapped expression. Breathing heavily, he shifted his eyes to meet the major's and read there only a cold implacable determination to carry out the threat. With one final look in which the token of his surrender was accompanied by a blaze of fury, he stepped back and commenced to drag the two white horses out of the major's path.

After this delay, which had been responsible for the loss of another five invaluable minutes, the battery column moved slowly forward again. Finally they reached a sunken road where they were to run off in the direction of the battery area.

It was now half-past seven. There existed no possibility of the battery getting into action before eight-thirty, the earliest. Leaving the troop commanders to lead the guns to the selected positions in adjacent fields and orchards, the major drove off to R.H.Q. to interview the colonel.

"I'm terribly sorry I'm late, sir," he began. "We had the devil's own job getting through the refugees. The road was choked with them. I'll have the battery in action by eight-thirty, I hope. It may be a little later."

"We're not going into action," said the colonel, much to the major's surprise. "We've got to go back. Fresh orders have just arrived. Apparently the infantry met with

## A Brush With Refugees

the same troubles on the road as you, and didn't arrive in time. The Germans are this side of Brussels by now. Here's your new area. Get the battery moving as soon as possible."

An hour later with dusk falling, they started for their new positions, travelling back the way they had come.

Besides which, in the last hour and a half the road had lost some of its attraction for the fugitives. German planes had paid attention to it.

Led by the major in his truck the battery turned down the almost deserted by-road, but after a hundred yards it was pulled up by a farm wagon that had been smashed by a bomb explosion. Two white horses lay dead in front of it. Even in the fading light the major recognised them at once. They belonged to the obstreperous red-haired giant who had held up the battery on the main road earlier in the day.

"Get a dozen men from the tractors and clear the road as quickly as possible," he said to his driver.

While the troops were engaged in clearing the wreckage the major lit a cigarette and strolled down the road to escape the smell of dead horse. He had not proceeded far when he heard groans. In a shallow ditch by the roadside lay the giant Fleming. He had been terribly wounded in the side by a bomb splinter, and his broad, florid face was now grey and twisted with pain. As the major bent over him the man's eyes opened.

"You!" he gasped, with a flash of recognition. "That is good. . . . You will shoot me now. . . . I suffer atrociously. . . . Shoot me . . . for the love of Jesus . . ."

It was quite obvious that the poor devil's case was hopeless.

"I'll do it," decided the major, after another agonised appeal, and to the sufferer's great relief, he commenced to draw his revolver from the holster.

As he did so their eyes met again, and suddenly the major was aware of undergoing a change. Very vividly he recalled the scene on the main road of a few hours before. He recalled the intense hatred towards this man that had filled his heart. He recalled with what pleasure he could have shot him then. And now. . . . No, he couldn't do it now. Some powerful force seemed to be holding him back. If the man had been a complete stranger, yes. It would have been unpleasant, but he could have tackled the job. But with this fellow it was different. Only a few hours previously he had passionately desired to kill him. He could not forget that. Yes, it was that which made all the difference now.

He replaced the revolver in the holster. On seeing the action the expression on the wounded man's face changed first to utter dismay and then to rage. Between his spasms of agony he heaped curses on the major in a mixture of French and Flemish.

"He believes I won't do it because I'm his enemy and enjoy letting him suffer," he said to himself. "My God! I can't for the life of me shoot him. And he'll die thinking that of me."

He began to retrace his steps towards the battery column, with the intention of asking one of the troop commanders to put the fellow out of his misery.

"No. I can't do that," he reflected, coming to a pause when out of earshot of the groans. "It's a nasty job to ask any one to undertake. They'll wonder why I didn't do it myself. And I can't explain. I hardly know, myself—I ought to have done it, I suppose. Yet I couldn't. . . . Perhaps it's merely a matter of lacking the moral courage. . . . Still, the fact remains I hated that fellow. And I think I hate him still. . . . If I put a bullet in him I'd never be quite sure I'd just acted out of pity. Poor devil!"

"Road clear, sir," announced a voice out of the semi-darkness at his elbow.

"Thank God for that," exclaimed the major, glad to have other claims on his attention. "Get mounted."

In a few minutes the battery column had passed out of sight.

END

# British History in Stone

(*Continued from page* 3)

existence of the great Lono, whom he was impersonating.

"I had never met with a behaviour so free from reserve and suspicion in my intercourse with savages," wrote Cook at the time, in probably his last words. "It is to be observed to their honour that they never once attempted to cheat, nor to commit a theft."

All good things come to an end, as the Lono-lovers probably observed, and Cook weighed anchor and sailed on February 4, 1779, after having rewarded the islanders with a display of fireworks. A tragic anti-climax was destined to be staged a week afterwards: *the ship came back again. The "Resolution" having sprung her foremast.*

This was too much for the credulity of the sect of Lono. There was no reverence this time, the first fire of welcome was damped. And, worst of all, a Hawaiian stole a ship's boat. Cook went ashore to protest. The atmosphere on the beach was hostile.

"While he was there," recorded the diary of one of the officers of the expedition, "a man came running up crying: 'It is war! The foreigners have fired at a canoe from one of their boats and killed a chief!' The people became enraged, and the chiefs alarmed, fearing that Cook would put their king to death. Captain Cook, who seemed agitated, began walking towards his boat. Whilst doing so a native attacked him with a spear. Cook turned and shot the man down . . . some of the natives threw stones . . . some of the sailors in the boats started firing. Cook endeavouring to stop the firing but being unable to do so because of the noise. He then turned to speak to the people on the shore, when a native stabbed him in the back with a dagger or *palloa*, and at the same time a spear was driven into his body."

Thus died the English seaman who had sailed the seas, had seen more of the earth's surface than any man before him in history.

A few days later, in the darkness, a canoe approached the dead captain's ship, bringing with it five pounds of Cook's flesh, part of his thighs. The grisly gift was received with due deference, the gift having been made in a contrite spirit. Later a chief brought aboard Cook's head and his hands, one of which was identified by a wound. Why had they killed the man they had but lately worshipped? Probably an accident.

Cook will always be blessed by the ordinary seaman for his intelligent humanity. He fought scurvy and the terrible conditions of seagoing life, far ahead of his time. He served malt, sauerkraut and greenstuffs for the good of his crew's health. Yet conditions were ghastly enough as it was, and reverence for Cook must also be extended to his men, who underwent the ordeal of voyages that were years long, leaving their homes in comfortable England because in them was the stuff of British seamen and brave men.

Mrs. Cook, honoured chiefly with having a family coat of arms given her (her family quickly dying around her in the next few years), survived until 1835. There are people alive to-day who have known and talked to her friends.

---

In these days, when so many women are making a close and interested study of first aid and home nursing, the publication of "Medical and Nursing Dictionary" (Faber and Faber, 12s. 6d.), written by Evelyn Pearce, is most opportune.

Miss Pearce, Senior Sister-tutor at the Middlesex Hospital, London, is an experienced teacher and author of standard text-books for nurses. She has revised this book, which was originally meant as a reference book for nurses, so that it is a lucid and useful reference for those who have only their interest in its subject to help them. It also has an appeal for mothers of young babies as it gives much helpful information about the little nursery illnesses that are so worrying to them.

# THE CARE OF THE EYES IN INDUSTRY

*Written by a Welfare Expert and approved by Medical Authorities.*

There are many men and women, now working in factories for the first time, who suffer from headaches and tired eyes as a result of the close work, unusual conditions and the strain of concentration. Here are a few tips which will help them.

(1) If you are provided with goggles, wear them.

(2) Try to work with the light on the job and not on eye level.

(3) Get as much fresh air as you can.

(4) If you get a foreign body in your eye, report at once to the Welfare or First Aid Department. Don't rub the eye.

(5) Bathe your eyes night and morning with an approved medicated lotion. Optrex is used by thousands of workers in industry. It keeps the eyes healthy and comfortable.

(6) If headaches persist and your eyes continue to ache, water or irritate, if your sight is not so keen as it ought to be and you feel you are losing the power of concentration on the job, consult a Qualified Practitioner.

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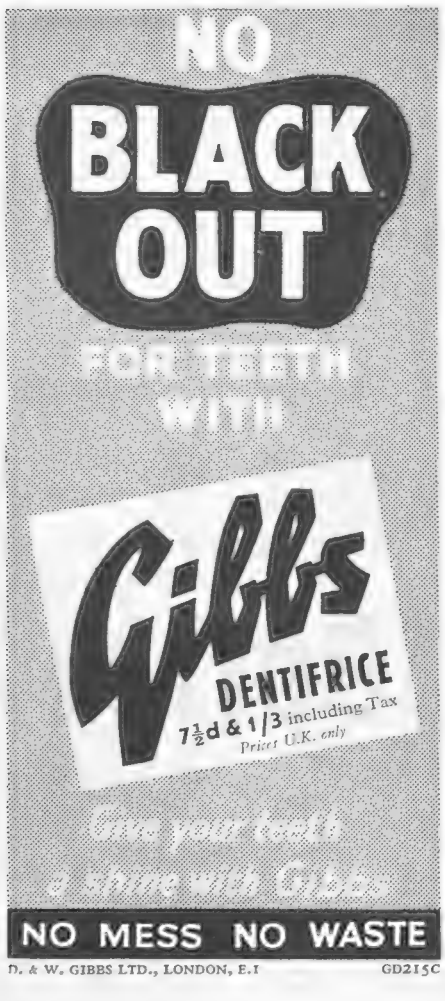


# A Belted Waistcoat

(*Continued from page 41*)

5th. **8th row.**—As 2nd. **9th row.**—* P. 2, k. 2; rep. from * to end, ending p. 2. **10th row.**—As 2nd. **11th row.**—As 9th. **12th row.**—As 2nd. **13th row.**—P. 1, * k. 2, p. 2; rep. from * to end, ending p. 1. **14th row.**—As 2nd. **15th row.**—As 13th. **16th row.**—As 2nd.

These 16 rows form patt. Rep. them until there are 5 ins. Now with right side facing (that is, with diagonal lines sloping upwards to the right) m. 1 st. at right edge of work (side seam) on next row and every 4th row after (still keeping patt. correct) until there are 65 sts. Work straight until side seam is 11 ins. Cast off 6 sts. at armhole edge.

Now k. 2 tog. at armhole edge on every row and at same time k. 2 tog. at neck edge on next row and every 4th row after, until there are 49 sts. Now do not dec. at armhole any more, but continue to dec. at neck edge every 4th row until there are 25 sts.

Work a few rows to make armholes 11 ins. round curve. Cast off 7 sts. at armhole edge on every other row 3 times. Cast off remaining 4 sts.

### THE RIGHT FRONT

Cast on 50 sts. and work 1st 4 rows as left front. Then push the rib 1 st. to left instead of right, every 4th row so that diagonal lines run outwards to left from centre. Work to correspond.

### BELT

With crochet hook work 96 ch. in plum. Work a d.c. into each, putting 2 d.c. into last chain, turn. Put 2 d.c. into 1st d.c. and 1 d.c. into all others. **3rd row.**—1 d.c. into all d.c. **4th row.**—Miss 1st d.c. and put 1 d.c. into all other d.c. Now with turquoise crochet all round plum strip for 2 rounds, putting several d.c. into points at every corner. Work another piece of belt the same with a point at both ends.

### TO FINISH EDGES AND MAKE UP

Sew up side and shoulder seams. Work 1 round plum d.c., going round armholes and all edges. Work 2 rounds turquoise and on 2nd round make 6 buttonholes down front by working 3 ch. instead of d.c. and missing out 3 d.c. The lowest buttonhole should be 3½ ins. from lower edge. Work 1 round of plum to finish. Sew buckle to straight end of belt. Sew belts by pointed ends to sides of waist. Sew on buttons.

END

# Crochet Blouse

(*Continued from page 41*)

remain in row. Continue in patt. without shaping until yoke measures 2½ ins. from the start, ending row at neck edge.

### SHAPE SHOULDER

**1st row.**—Work in patt., leaving 5 d.c. unworked, 2 ch., turn. **2nd row.**—Work back to neck edge. Rep. 1st and 2nd row 3 times. Break off wool.

### THE UNDERWRAP

With rose wool and No. 13 hook make 13 ch. Work in welt patt. for 18 ins. Break off wool.

### BUTTONHOLE STRIP

With rose wool and No. 13 hook make 11 ch. Work in welt patt. for ½ in.

Make a buttonhole. Work 1 d.c. between 1st 2 d.c., 5 ch., miss 2 d.c., 1 d.c. between next 2 d.c., 1 ch., 1 d.c. in last space, 2 ch., turn. Continue in patt. until strip measures 18 ins. from the beg., making 11 more buttonholes 1½ ins. apart. Break off wool.

### THE BUTTONS

With rose wool and No. 13 hook make 9 ch. Work in welt patt. for 1¾ ins. Break off wool, roll up and sew firmly. Make 11 more buttons.

### THE BACK

With rose wool and No. 4 bone hook make 88 ch.

**1st row.**—Miss 8 ch., 1 d.c. in next 2 ch., 1 tr. in next, drawing the wool through 2 loops only; 1 tr. in each of next 4 sts., drawing wool through 1st 2 loops of each st.; wool round hook, draw wool through all 6 loops and fasten with 1 ch. (this forms a cluster); * 2 ch., 1 d.c. in next st., 2 ch., 1 cluster in next 5 sts.; rep. from * ending 2 ch., 1 d.c. in next st., 2 ch., 1 tr. in last st., 1 ch., turn.

**2nd row.**—Miss 11 sts, * 1 cluster over next 5 sts. (the 2 ch., 1 d.c., 2 ch. of the previous row); rep. from * ending 2 ch., 1 d.c. on next st., 2 ch., 2 tr. on next, 1 ch., turn. Rep. 2nd row, ending each row with 2 ch., 1 d.c. on last group, 2 ch., 1 tr. in turning ch. of previous row. Continue until work measures 8 ins. (unstretched).

### SHAPE ARMHOLE

Miss 1 st., sl. st. over next 12 sts., 1 ch., work 1 cluster over next 5 sts. Work 9 more clusters, ending with 2 ch., 1 d.c. on next cluster, 2 ch., 1 tr. in the next st., 1 ch., turn. Continue in patt. for 3 ins. Break off wool.

### THE FRONTS

With No. 4 hook make a ch. of 52. Work in patt. as for the back as far as armhole.

### SHAPE ARMHOLE

Miss 1st st., sl. st. over the next 12 sts., 1 ch., work to end of row. Continue for 3 ins. in patt. (unstretched).

### THE SLEEVES

With No. 4 hook make a chain of 64. Work in patt. for 4 ins.

### SHAPE THE TOP

Work in patt., ending row with last cluster, 1 ch., turn. Rep. this row until there are 3 clusters left in a row. Break off wool.

### THE CUFFS

With white wool and No. 13 hook make a chain of 81. Work in welt patt. for 1½ ins. Break off wool.

### EDGING

Join wool at inner edge of cuff and work a row of d.c. round the outer edge, working 3 d.c. into each corner, 4 ch., turn.

**2nd row.**—1 d.c. into the next 3 ch., * miss next 3 sts., 1 d.c. in next; rep. from * all round, working twice into corner sts., 1 ch., turn. **3rd row.**—Into each space work 1 d.c., 3 tr., 1 d.c. Break off wool.

### THE COLLAR

With white wool and No. 13 hook make a chain of 111, working in welt patt. Shape as follows:—

**1st row.**—Work without shaping. **2nd row.**—Work 1st d.c., then inc. by working twice between the next 2 d.c. Continue in patt., inc. after every following 5th d.c., ending with 6 d.c. **3rd row.**—Inc. after 4th and every following 6th d.c., ending with 3 d.c. **4th and 5th rows.**—Work without shaping. **6th row.**—Inc. after 8th d.c. and every following 7th d.c., ending with 7 d.c. **7th, 8th and 9th rows.**—Work without shaping.

### SHAPE THE ENDS

Work 1st 5 d.c. Break off wool. **2nd row.**—Turn work and join with d.c., between the 5th and 6th d.c. from end of last row, work to end. **3rd row.**—Work 15 d.c. Break off wool. **4th row.**—As 2nd row. **5th row.**—Work 25 d.c. Break off wool and work other end to correspond. Work edging as for the cuffs.

### TO MAKE UP

Press lace parts to fullest extent with warm iron and damp cloth. Press collar, cuffs, strips, yoke and welt. Sew side seams. Gather fronts and back on to yoke. Sew shoulder seams, slightly gather the lower ends of jumper on to welt. Sew sleeve seams, sew in sleeves. Sew on cuffs and collar, front strips, press seams lightly, sew on buttons.

# The Red Rose of England

(*Continued from page 27*)

November gave place to December with its cold, driving mists from the sea and its gusts of snow. Marie had got into the habit of vacating her sitting-room at nine and helping Berthe tidy the kitchen before going to bed. She was furious with herself for the interest she was taking in von Talheim.

One cold December evening Marie crept into the kitchen as usual about half-past nine. She knew that he had been using her room on one or two occasions for the next morning she had noticed a book displaced, or a spent cigarette lying in the ashtray.

Berthe was raking out the fire preparatory to going to bed. Old Pierre dozed in the corner.

"You're putting out the fire early to-night, Berthe."

Marie came over and warmed her hands against the red hot ashes.

"We can't afford two fires in this house, as you well know, mademoiselle."

The old lady straightened her back and rested her arms akimbo.

"I've something to say, mademoiselle, and the sooner I get it off my chest the better! I've known you since the day of your birth and I'm speaking to you as your own dear mother would have spoken, God rest her soul. You're a fool, mademoiselle. You're losing your senses. That cochon swine has put a spell on you. You, a Lefevre, giving up your room to a German pig officer." Berthe paused, and moistened her hard, bitter lips. "What would your dear dead mother have said? We know what the Lord sends we must suffer. We can't help having the swines here, but we *can* help coddling them."

Berthe's eyes filled with tears.

"There, I've had my say, mademoiselle. You'll forgive an old woman who loves you as dearly as her own."

She tapped Pierre smartly on the back and pushed him out of the kitchen door.

"Good night, mademoiselle."

The clanging door woke Marie from her thoughts. She huddled herself against the dead ashes for the kitchen was cold. Berthe was right. She was a fool and yet she was helpless. She supposed it was the woman in her that made her so stupid. She hated to see anything suffer and the man was ill. He had been kind too, in his hard, German way and had made life bearable when he could have made it a veritable hell.

She stood there, hesitating by the kitchen door. She supposed she ought to do something, but what could she do? It was so difficult to undo what she had done, and yet she had done nothing much. Perhaps if she went to the sitting-room he would vacate it. She would tell him that she needed the room as they couldn't afford two fires. She would speak plainly and let him understand once and for all that his presence was not wanted. She formed a little speech. It was all so difficult. After all, he had never thrust himself upon her.

Boldly she turned the handle of the sitting-room door. The room was perfectly still except for the crackling fire. The dancing flames flickered over the chintzes and coaxed the perfume from a bowl of early wood violets. The room seemed so pleasant, so far removed from the horrors and murders of war.

She switched on the light, thinking he was asleep. She started her speech.

"I'm sorry, mon capitaine . . ." but her voice trailed into silence. He was not asleep as she thought. He lay back in her chair which he had drawn close to the fire. His face was deathly pale and his eyes seemed to have sunk right into his head. He was shaking from head to foot as though he could not control his limbs.

"You are ill, mon capitaine."

For the moment he did not realise she was there, then (*Continued on page 64*)

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he endeavoured to struggle to his feet.

"It is nothing, mademoiselle. Just a touch of fever, a legacy from the East."

She saw that he was shaking so much that he could hardly stand.

"It is not right that you should be here, mon capitaine. You should be in bed. I'll get hot water bottles and a drink."

He noticed with a grin the commanding ring in her voice and the proud little toss of her head.

"As you say, mademoiselle. You'd make a charming nurse." He made no attempt to resist.

SHE hurried to the kitchen and put wood shavings on the fire. That was the first personal remark he had ever addressed to her. At times she had wondered if he had thought her made of wood, but now the silly little phrase rang through her brain. "You'd make a charming nurse." She busied herself with the stone water bottles and heated some milk. She had just started for the cellar to get some cognac when she thought she heard a tap on the kitchen door, but she paid no heed. It was probably the wind, for they had no visitors at night and her thoughts centred round von Talheim. How she despised herself for her weakness, petting and pampering a Nazi officer, yet she could only picture him as a sick man needing help. If she had been a nurse no one would have queried it, so why query it now?

A nurse! "You'd make a charming nurse, mademoiselle!" The silly ditty kept repeating itself. Was it imagination or had he really said it with a meaning glance? If you're in love you can twist anything to your advantage, she told herself. In love with a German! Berthe was right and she was a fool. It could only bring unhappiness even if he had ever thought twice about her, and he had never given cause for her to think that.

She stopped filling the bottles and stood motionless, listening, the kettle poised in mid air. Someone was trying the back door. Against the rising wind she heard the unmistakable rattle of the latch. She put down the kettle and crossed the room.

"Who is there?" she asked softly.

"C'est un aviatur anglais." Through the bad French accent she recognised an English voice. An English airman!

"Un moment, monsieur. Just a moment."

She hesitated in the middle of the kitchen, not knowing which way to turn. Von Talheim might enter the room at any minute now to see why she was so long. She must keep him away at all costs. She piled the bottles and hot drink on a tray and went across to the sitting-room.

Von Talheim awaited her and stood up to take the tray.

"You'll drop it, mon capitaine. See, I'll carry it upstairs for you. Can you walk?"

"Of course, mademoiselle. You are far too kind."

She put the tray down by his bed, threw back the covers and put in the bottles.

"I've brought aspirins, mon capitaine. Take them before the drink. I hope you'll be better in the morning. Good night."

She hurried from the room before he could reply. She thought of that other man, standing outside in the dark and cold, a stranger in the land of his foes.

She picked up her torch in the hall, and opened the kitchen door a few inches.

"Are you there, monsieur?"

He was resting against the door post and leaned heavily on her as he tottered into the kitchen.

"But you are wounded!" Across the front of her dress trailed a scarlet ribbon of blood from his left arm which he had buttoned into his jacket.

Gently she helped him into a chair and fanned the fire into a blaze. He was only a lad, she thought tenderly, not much more than twenty, with his curly hair and pert freckled nose, and of such stuff heroes are made! She had heard of the reckless gallantry of the R.A.F. through Berthe's niece at Brest and here, falling asleep in her kitchen chair was a member of that gallant band of heroes, a wounded eagle tumbled from the skies.

SHE gave him a little cognac and slipped off his flying suit. His clothes were muddy and torn as though he had walked through streams and brambles. He did not seem to care where or how he was, apparently all he wanted was sleep, for, when she returned from calling Berthe she found him already nodding in the big chair by the fire.

Old Berthe came down the stairs as fast as her rheumatism would let her.

"An English," she muttered, as she gathered her thick woollen petticoat about her. "An English fallen from heaven."

Together they dressed his wound and made him comfortable whilst he in his schoolboy French, and she, in her schoolgirl English put his story together.

He had baled out three days ago over Brest and for three days and nights had lain hiding in the woods. This evening he saw their house and had determined to approach it when darkness fell. The wound was only a scratch, he said, but he was so hungry.

Old Berthe watched over him like a cat over her kitten, she washed him as though he were a baby and would have fed him with a spoon had he not laughingly resisted.

"But you are weak as a rat, my little one," crooned the old woman.

"I'll be as right as a trivet when I've had a night's sleep." He was feeling better now, the cognac had sent a stream of warmth through his numbed body.

"We have some German soldiers quartered here," said Marie, struggling with the difficult English tongue.

"The swines are in this very house, at least the ringleader is." Berthe shot Marie a hard look.

"But we can manage, monsieur. I did not catch your name?" Marie ignored Berthe's questioning gaze.

"My name is Strang. Alan Strang, one time a pilot officer." He smiled rather ruefully. "If you could hide me for a day or two I'd get back to the coast, maybe I could pick up a boat."

"A day or two is no good." Berthe came in with all her heavy artillery. "It will take a month to heal that arm, mademoiselle. But there's only Pierre and me in the house, if we can keep him from that German."

"La colombier!" said Marie, with a quick gleam of inspiration. "The old stone dovecote in the orchard. They'll never look there and we can bring you food at night."

"Who is in this house?" Strang's freckled face grew suddenly serious.

"A Captain Fritz von Talheim," said Marie, avoiding Berthe's angry glance and wishing she didn't blush so easily.

"Then it is better that I give myself up, mademoiselle, if you will be so good as to call him. These Nazi merchants have a nasty habit of inflicting the death penalty on those found sheltering the enemy."

"Monsieur, you are not our enemy!" Gently Marie pushed him back in the chair. "We can hide you quite well. The soldiers are quartered the other side of the house and Captain von Talheim never walks in the orchard. You will be as safe in the dovecote as though you were in England and when you are well you can think of escape."

Between them Marie and Berthe carried out blankets and bedding. The little stone dovecote stood firm against wind and rain. They took out rolls and chocolate and a flask of cognac.

"If we can't come during the day we'll come at night," they told him as they closed the little oak door, but he was so worn out with his trampings that he was asleep even before they left him.

ONE week, two weeks, three weeks went by and as Strang's wound healed his restlessness increased.

"Hark at them," he would murmur at night, when the low thuddings of bombs could be heard in the evening wind. "I ought to be with them, not cooped up here like a sick puppy."

He began to grow venturesome and one evening Marie found, to her alarm, that he had ventured abroad, dodging the German soldiers, in broad daylight. She had given him an old cloak that had belonged to her father, which he threw over his uniform.

"These dolts wouldn't recognise me at point blank range," he'd said when she tried to remonstrate with him. "And, mademoiselle, I must be away, although I shall miss someone who is very sweet."

"Monsieur Strang, you are very naughty." They were walking in the shrubbery and the cold January moon flung faint shadows across their path. "Wait just one more week and old Pierre will help you to find a boat. He is already inquiring down at St. Vaux."

"Honest, mademoiselle?"

"As you say, honest, Monsieur Strang. He is doing it quietly through his cousin who is a fisherman there. Are you so tired of France that you would leave so quickly?" She teased him as though he were a little brother.

"There is someone in France I would like to stay with for ever." His bold blue eyes conveyed their meaning, even in the cold moonlight and his touch of her hand was not that of a brother. She avoided his look and answered him in a light, bantering tone.

She had so hoped this would not happen. He was a hero, a friend in trouble in an alien land, but she did not love him. On the other hand she did not wish to hurt him as she knew he had nothing to do all day but think and think, and she was his only companion on his nightly walks.

"There will be English girls awaiting your return, monsieur," she said as they retraced their steps towards the dovecote.

He shook his head.

"There is a girl in France, mademoiselle, whom I shall call on when this war is over. She has dark blue eyes that are kind and gentle and a voice that is low and soft——"

"And a temper like a wild cat, monsieur. You dream too much, Monsieur Alan." She closed the dovecote door softly and went into the house.

VON TALHEIM was awaiting her in the sitting-room. Since his illness he seemed to look forward to their nightly chat, when Berthe and Pierre had gone to bed.

The little silver clock chimed ten.

"You are late, mademoiselle. Your servants went to bed nearly an hour ago and I came to see if I could help you in the kitchen, but you were not there."

"No, mon capitaine." Just for a second she hesitated. He must never know of Alan Strang. In a few days now he would be free and nothing must spoil their plans. "Rin Tin has puppies and I feed her myself, mon capitaine. They're such sweet fat things I'm afraid I waste a lot of time with them."

He drew up her chair towards the fire.

"I thought you'd been out, mademoiselle. Your hair is ruffled by the wind. You love animals, don't you—animals and flowers?"

"Yes, mon capitaine."

Then he *was* interested in her. Her heart beat faster and the colour flooded her cheeks.

"What is your favourite flower?"

She hesitated, looking deep into the flames.

"That is difficult to say, mon capitaine. I love every flower, I suppose I like roses best of all."

"The red rose?"

She glanced up quickly and met his eyes.

"Can you read thoughts?"

He shook his head.

"I wish I could, mademoiselle. No, just put it down to my powers of observation. You were wearing a red rose that afternoon I first met you, here in this sitting-room. A red rose for love, mademoiselle."

She smiled. He must never know that she loved him, what would her friends say, what would the world say.

"A red rose for England, mon capitaine," she jested and the moment she said it she knew she had said the wrong thing. The friendly look gave way to that hard, buttoned-up expression, his dark eyes, which before were kind and tender, became hard and boring as though they would pierce her very soul.

"That remark was not in the best taste, mademoiselle."

She coloured slightly.

"I am sorry, mon capitaine. I forgot you were a German, but you cannot expect me to hate England just as you do. Tell me, what flowers do you have in Germany?"

She prattled on in her gay, inconsequential way and to her great relief she soon heard his cheerful boyish chuckle, and the incident was forgotten.

Only, deep down in her heart she remembered the words: "The red rose for love," and felt ashamed to her very soul that this should mean so much to her.

AS the stable clock chimed nine the next evening, Marie joined Strang in the shrubbery.

"To-night, monsieur. I have great news for you."

He seized her arm and rushed her along the stony path at breakneck speed.

"Tell me, mademoiselle, the news. Am I for England?" He was like a lion's whelp, eager to be off for the kill.

Marie nodded.

"To-morrow! Are you pleased?"

He slipped his arm round her waist and crushed her to him.

"You little angel!" His kisses took her breath away. "I'll never forget your kindness and your courage. After the war——"

She struggled free.

"No, no, monsieur."

He must have no false illusions, no rash promises on this his last night. He was so young, he would forget her when he was back with his own people.

"After the war is a long time, monsieur—as I said before, there are girls in your own land, listen." Her gay bantering ceased. "Listen, this is the plan."

Quickly she told him what she had arranged with Pierre. He would meet him after nightfall, just as soon as it was safe and would take him through the fields to St. Vaux. It was a matter of about six miles.

"At St. Vaux you will find Jean Briot who will help you with a boat. It is risky, monsieur, but it is a chance and I pray you take it."

"You angel!"

Gently she put his arms from her.

"Now I'm for the summer house, monsieur. I will try to see you to-morrow evening before you go. Remember, I'll be watching for half an hour and then you'd better turn in."

Almost before he was aware of it she had disappeared into the grey mist and he continued his walk alone.

The time passed slowly and to her great relief through the mist she saw Strang's eerie grey form coming down the path. Her vigil was over. She arose, watching for him to turn into the orchard by the side gate.

As she did so a shot rang out, followed by a second, and Strang fell, a soft grey heap on the moonlight path. Two figures sprang out from the bushes whilst a third passed her so closely that he almost brushed her coat. And the third figure was tall, very tall. She recognised van Talheim in the flickering moonlight. She clung to the rotting wood of the summer house, sick with fear, afraid almost to breathe whilst this terrible tragedy was enacted before her eyes.

She heard a hoarse German word of command, and the two soldiers marched off, through the side gate into the orchard, leaving von Talheim alone with the Englishman.

She could wait no longer, she must know what had happened to him. Perhaps he still lived. She crept quietly along the grass verge, keeping in the shadows.

Strang was still alive, for she heard his voice, although it was very faint and he was struggling terribly for breath.

And then, crisply clear through the moonlight she heard another voice, urgent, insistent. It was von Talheim and he was speaking English. She could not believe her ears as she waited, crouching in the shadows.

She came from her hiding place and stood beside them. For a moment Strang seemed to recognise her, as she knelt down and cradled his head against her breast.

"She knows nothing—nothing . . ." He struggled as though to sit up.

"All right, old (*Continued on page* 66)

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boy, take it easy, take it easy . . ." Von Talheim seemed almost unaware of her presence. "All right, laddie, I'll see her through . . ."

Marie glanced at Strang. He fell back in her arms, dead. She looked through her tears at von Talheim, kneeling beside her in the moonlight.

She noticed his white, lined face as he held Strang's pulse, as though he could revive the brave heart that had ceased beating.

"You are English?" she said.

He nodded. He raised the dead man in his arms and motioned for Marie to follow him to the summer house. Reverently he lay Strang on the old wooden seat and covered him with his cloak.

She turned to face him in the moonlight.

"You killed your own countryman." He nodded again, for the moment he seemed at a loss for words.

"Come, Marie." She noticed with surprise that he was using her Christian name. "Come, Marie," he said. "We must get into the house unseen."

"The french windows," she said. "They are always left ajar for me."

"You have been here every night?" he questioned.

She nodded. She did not know how much Strang had told him before he died.

He closed the french windows quietly and drew the curtains.

"Is Berthe abed?" He was stirring the dying embers into a blaze.

"Yes." Marie stood there, white and trembling with shock. "They always go to bed at nine, and leave this door open for me."

He pulled her chair towards the fire.

"Sit down, Marie, you are a brave woman. I have much to say to you and the time is short."

He glanced at the little silver clock on the mantelpiece.

"We have just two hours until the clock chimes twelve."

"Two hours?"

SHE roused herself from her lethargy. Her world had gone mad, crashing and clanging about her. Her poor young airman, who, in so short a time would have been free, lay dead, killed by the orders of a German officer who was an Englishman, and she was in love with a murderer.

"Before he died Strang told me how you had sheltered him, Marie, and how kind you had been to him. You were a brave woman, Marie, for you know the penalty?"

She nodded.

"Were you in love with him?"

"No."

She saw a changed expression on his face.

"You did it to help a friend?"

"I did it to help a brave man escape to his own country. And he would have escaped but for you."

"Listen, Marie." Von Talheim was kneeling by her side, not the von Talheim, the disciplined Nazi who knew no emotion, but a man haggard with worry, who asked for understanding.

"It is a long story, Marie, and we have so little time. My name is Gaunt, John Gaunt, and I am working for England and Free France."

She gasped.

"I am doing a tricky piece of work and you will realise my identity must not be revealed. I received word last night from the German supreme command that British spies were being dropped in the vicinity and was instructed to picket every road in this neighbourhood. Strang left the shrubbery by the far gate and went for a walk down the road."

"Mon Dieu!" Marie sat motionless, white and tense. "I begged him to take care, mon capitaine."

"Not 'mon capitaine,' Marie. Let's pretend we're in England, just for a short while, call me John."

"Jean!" she smiled through her tears.

He continued his story.

"I had to picket the road, you see, and my men saw him and followed him back to the shrubbery. They challenged him but, of course, he did not reply and they shot him."

## The Red Rose of England

"That's the filthy part of espionage," he said, as though talking to himself. "Lest your own identity should be revealed you carry out the enemy's orders unquestioningly and murder a fellow countryman in cold blood—such is the price of duty. Had I neglected to picket the roads they would have grown suspicious."

Marie rose and took his cold hand in hers and held it close against her breast. "I know how you feel. It is not your fault."

He folded her in his arms, gently as a child.

"My little Marie," he said. "This is a strange time to talk of love. I fell in love with you that afternoon when I first met you, and you were wearing a red rose. Remember?"

She snuggled closer to him.

"If this tragedy had never happened I should not have spoken to you until the war was over and I could have come to you in my true name. But to-night has altered that. I have found you, only to lose you again."

"I will never leave you, Jean." She shook her head defiantly.

"You must leave me in an hour's time, my darling. To-morrow there will be a hue and cry for you when I have to announce Strang's death. And the penalty for harbouring an enemy is death."

She trembled in his arms.

"I'm so frightened for you, Jean. It's not for myself."

He drew her gently into the old armchair.

"I'm all right, my darling, but we've got to get you away. Have you relations? Anywhere you can shelter in occupied France?"

"I have an aunt at Marseilles. But I cannot leave you."

He took his handkerchief and wiped away her tears.

"Cheer up, my little love, the war won't last for ever. I myself will drive you to the railway centre of Mennes. I have my pass and should we be stopped by a picket I can bluff them I'm seeing a lady home. Do you know Mennes?"

"I know Mennes," she repeated listlessly.

"At the kiosk by the station is a little old man who stoops. His name is Francois. We should be there by daybreak and I shall have to leave you in the market place. Go to Francois and say: 'The snowdrops are out this morning.' He will find means of getting you to Marseilles. Can you remember that?"

He bent down and lifted her cold little face to his.

"Marie, my brave little darling, can't you do this for me?"

She flung her arms round his neck and broke into deep sobs.

Gently he raised her face to his and kissed her as he had wanted to that summer's night six months ago.

The little silver clock ticked on. The jingling chimes awoke them from their day dreams. It was twelve o'clock.

Marie straightened her hair and slipped from his knee, a new Marie with courage and hope shining in her eyes.

"How long will the war last, Jean?" She touched the dying embers with her shoe.

"That I cannot say, my darling." He had drawn himself to his full height and stood towering above her. "But there's one thing I do know and that is that this is au revoir and not adieu. Just as soon as the war is over I shall come for you, my Marie, and you shall, in the meantime, hear from me from time to time."

"Jean, my darling, I shall watch for your letters all day."

"No, my sweet." He shook his head. He too was smiling now, his old, half-confident, half-shy smile. "No letters. It would never be safe for a German officer to write to a French lady—the letters would be tampered with. No, not a letter, but you will get my message at odd times and in odd ways, and you'll know that I'm thinking of you and praying for our meeting. Can you guess?"

She wrinkled her brows.

"No letter?"

"No, Marie, just a red rose—the red rose of England."

END

# Assignment in Monte Carlo

(*Continued from page* 8)

on the terrace of the Negresco; the usual middle-aged well-dressed couples were walking slowly up and down the Avenue de la Victoire. The Italian restaurants were very full, Townsend noticed as he went off in search of Laurent.

The restaurant was in the Boulevard Victor Hugo and catered mainly for the large blocks of mansion flats which had sprung up since Townsend was last in Nice. Laurent did not seem at all surprised when the Englishman whispered the word "Madagascar," which Standish had told him to use as an introduction. He was a man of middle height, with very dark eyes, a handsome head of hair and a neat beard.

"Go to the concierge at l'Etoile and she will take you to your room," he whispered. "It is the block at the corner." He fumbled in his cash-box for the change. "Come in for lunch to-morrow, Mr. Dixon, not before. Your table will be reserved." A broad smile spread over his face as another diner came over to pay his bill. "Au revoir, Monsieur, et merci!"

ONCE again Townsend took his hat off to Standish who had arranged matters so smoothly. The bed-sitting-room was cosily furnished and looked over a quiet quadrangle. He unpacked his suitcase, had a bath and sent down for the newspapers. The porter who brought them up demanded his passport.

"A formality," he said apologetically. "Police regulations for all foreigners." Townsend spent an uncomfortable hour before it was returned to him.

Next day, just after 12.30, he walked into Laurent's. It was already fairly full, but an elderly waiter led him to a corner table with a card, "Pris," leaning against the flower vase. He had scarcely attacked his soup before a dark good-looking young man came over, shook him warmly by the hand, and muttered in very passable English: "Smile, monsieur, and appear to be glad to see me."

Townsend summoned a sickly grin and tried to look affable.

"Speak in French, please," said the stranger. While he chose his food Townsend took stock of him. He was about thirty, tall and athletically built, wide at the shoulders and with a narrow waist set off to perfection by a well-cut suit. He had fine liquid eyes, small dazzlingly-white teeth, which any woman might have envied, and a black needle-sharp moustache.

"You are wondering who I am, n'est-ce-pas?" he laughed, when the waiter had disappeared. "Permit me to introduce myself. André Léger. And you are Mr. Dixon, are you not?"

Townsend nodded, still a little dazed and groping for a few scraps of small talk in his most correct French. But Léger did not let him speak.

"Laurent advised me of your arrival, monsieur," he continued with another flashing smile. "Do you know Nice? A little? You will allow me the pleasure of being your guide until you have accustomed yourself to this formerly-gay town." He gave a little sigh. "The Riviera is dead, mon ami, but it will live again when France is reborn."

Townsend's French did not permit him to supply more than the tiniest cues to this charming young man's flowery conversation but he was enchanted by Léger's wit and polished manners. The Frenchman seemed able to talk about anything—the war, politics, literature, botany—with miraculous grace. Over the coffee he explained that he had been a captain of engineers, stationed near the Swiss frontier when Pétain gave in. He had reached Marseilles before the deserting soldiers were rounded up and sent to their homes.

"I live in the north, but I could not endure to go back to see my home smashed to nothing and craters where my father's corn used to grow." His dark eyes filled with tears. Townsend, who was not demonstrative by nature, looked away, but André recovered quickly.

"Laurent wishes me to explain certain aspects of our organisation," he said in an undertone as they lit their cigarettes. "It is better that you do not talk too much with him directly. Spies are everywhere." Townsend nodded. "If you can meet me later, somewhere quiet, we can talk. I prefer that you should not be seen with me in the town."

"As you wish, M. Léger."

The Frenchman was thinking. "When you leave here walk about for a few minutes and then take a tram to Cimiez. The station is by the Galeries Lafayette. Descend at the monastery and you will come to a little garden. I shall meet you there in an hour."

IT was indeed a perfect place for a quiet rendezvous. From that quiet garden they had a lovely view of Nice, sparkling white in the afternoon sun, with the *jétée* darting into the blue sea like an index finger. André explained the situation with admirable clarity. Part of the famous Second Bureau had been taken over by our own intelligence officers who had swarmed to the Riviera from Egypt, Italy and Spain when the French Army had collapsed.

"The whole system is well organised," André explained. "We have small cells in each important place. Toulon, Villefranche, Marseille, Nice, St. Rochelle and so on. But Laurent is the head. He arranges the payment of agents, collects the information, checks it, whenever possible, and transmits it to Cairo or London."

"Splendid," commented Townsend. "It sounds jolly efficient."

André smiled with pride. "You cannot know how Laurent has worked," he declared enthusiastically.

Before they separated that afternoon Townsend learned that André was helping with the code work as well as forging the numerous passports, visa and identification papers needed by other agents to travel freely. "If you require any further information let me know," he said. "But Laurent will doubtless be in touch with you soon."

When Townsend got back to his room he was surprised to see a note addressed to him lying on his dressing-table.

"I shall see you at the News Cinema, Avenue de la Victoire, 5.30. Fourth row. Madagascar."

Townsend gulped a pastry and some coffee at a bar and went off to the cinema. Laurent was already in the fourth row when he arrived. In the darkness he slipped Townsend an envelope.

"Put this in cipher and give it the chambermaid as soon as possible," he whispered. "The dark one, Yvonne." Townsend wanted to ask a dozen questions but Laurent's impassive face, upturned towards the screen, kept him silent. A few minutes later the Frenchman departed. Townsend thought it prudent to sit through the programme.

BACK in his room, he sat down to his work and quickly put the messages into the code which Laurent used. Then he ciphered the same messages into the tricky word formation which he had evolved before leaving London. Laurent's material he carefully folded back into the envelope; his own he placed in another envelope and re-addressed to the English merchant in Lisbon who was to act as his letter-box. Then he rang for the chambermaid who took the first envelope without comment.

After she had gone Townsend smoked one cigarette after another. The messages themselves conveyed little to him; he gathered they concerned a certain aircraft factory which had been moved from Turin. Townsend was not interested in this information; what worried him was the difficulty of detecting the leakage in the code messages after they left Laurent. He posted his own envelope to Lisbon and (*Continued on page* 68)

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| 6 or 8 *small carrots* | 1 *tablespoonful finely chopped parsley* |
| 4 *spring onions* | 1 *tomato, if liked* |
| 1 *lb. potatoes* | *Salt and pepper* |

Scrub the carrots, slice them, and cut the onions in rings. Arrange peas and carrots in layers in a pie-dish sprinkling each layer with onions, parsley, salt and pepper. Pour over a stock by dissolving the OXO Cube in a cupful of hot water. Cover with a liberal layer of overlapping slices of potatoes—scrubbed but not peeled. Put a margarine paper on top and bake gently until the vegetables are cooked. Remove the paper 18 minutes before the end to brown and crisp the potato crust.

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estimated that at least a fortnight must elapse before he would hear one way or another.

At lunch next day Laurent thanked him for the envelope.

"Do you need money or anything?" he whispered, making great play with a box of cigars.

Townsend shook his head. "No, but there are one or two things I have to know," he said.

Laurent looked worried. "Alors, come here to-night at ten o'clock, but assure yourself that nobody is following you."

When he called at the restaurant that night. Laurent received him in his office.

"I regret so much that I could not ask you to come to my apartment," he explained gently, "but my good wife does not know what I am doing and if accidents should happen—as they sometimes do in our business—it is better that she knows nothing, n'est-ce-pas?" He sighed heavily. "If my home is searched nothing will be found, and my wife may have a chance of proving her innocence."

"I understand, Monsieur Laurent," said Townsend, oddly moved by the thought of what this man's double life meant to him in strain and anxiety.

Laurent poured out two glasses of cognac. He raised his glass and solemnly toasted: "A new France, and death to the traitors who have disgraced her."

"To all Free Frenchmen everywhere," supplemented Townsend.

He put down his glass and stared fixedly at the Frenchman.

"Léger tells me that one of your men was picked up by the police the other day," he began.

Laurent's face drooped, and he tugged nervously at his beard.

"Unhappily, my friend, it is true. And another good man was detailed for questioning in Marseilles yesterday," he said slowly.

"That's pretty serious, isn't it? I mean, do you think they have wind of your organisation or are these cases of negligence?"

Laurent shook his head vigorously. "I cannot understand it. These agents have been picked up in their rooms just like that!" He snapped his fingers. "It is a mystery to me, mon ami. If the police suspect me why do they not arrest me or, at least, search my place. Our messages go through to London and Cairo as usual." He mopped his brow with a large silk handkerchief. "But these arrests worry me."

Townsend did not think it wise to mention that London was by no means satisfied with the messages that were coming through; in his own mind he was convinced that Laurent was innocent, but it might be prudent to wait until Peters had compared the latest messages with those which he had sent in his own code.

"By the way," he said casually, "who was doing your code work before I came?"

"Several people," said Laurent. "Léger, Massenet, Kahn and myself. Massenet was the man who was arrested yesterday."

"Léger struck me as a very charming fellow."

Laurent nodded vigorously. "I love him like a son." He chuckled into his beard. "Indeed, he was nearly my son. At one time I thought he and my daughter would marry, but"—he spread his hands helplessly—"who understands the heart of a woman? She fell in love with an older man, a doctor, and went to live in Paris after they were married. Poor André was broken-hearted, I suspect."

"However, I am not sorry. It is better that she did not marry a man in our business," said the older man reflectively. "Of course, we should all be lost without André. 'C'est un tête, ce gars.' Agents send in reports of what they see and hear but André has the brain of an engineer. He separates the gold from the rubbish. Sometimes, I am amazed that a man of such intellect and charm should be the son of a poor miller."

THE meeting had given Townsend a favourable impression of Laurent, but he was as much in the dark as ever about the "doctored" messages which had worried Sir John Peters. However, during the next week

## Assignment in Monte Carlo

there was one little incident which impressed itself upon his mind.

He had arranged to dine at Laurent's with André who had failed to turn up. He was feeling bored and a little irritated when Laurent handed him a letter addressed to "Charles Faure."

"It's for André," explained Laurent, "and I know he's been expecting one for days. Would you like to take it over to his apartment? Perhaps it is important."

Townsend was handing it to the concierge at André's place when his eye lighted upon the postmark. Arras. A queer sensation came over him. It was illogical, stupid perhaps, but in that instant he felt with all the force of his instinct that André Léger was the guilty party in the organisation. As he walked back to his apartment his brain urged him to discard this stupid fancy, but something stronger than thought had gripped him. The son of a miller. Arras. The two ideas seemed to be making concentric circles in his mind. Throwing himself into an armchair, he recalled that officer in the Welsh Guards who had spoken of the windmill on the Arras-Bapaume road and the Fifth Columnist who had helped to wipe out a battalion.

Morbid thoughts have a knack of disappearing in daylight. Sipping his coffee next morning, Townsend laughed at himself for imagining things. There were probably dozens of windmills in the neighbourhood of Arras.

At last came the letter he had been waiting for. To the untutored eye it was a letter from London describing the damage caused by the Nazi bombers and the drooping spirits of the Londoners. But the letter also contained other information which Townsend quickly "unwrapped" from its code.

"YOUR MESSAGE COINCIDED WITH THE OTHER. NOT SO CERTAIN ABOUT DATA RELATING LIBYA."

So that was the situation. The messages which he had put into code for Laurent tallied with the version he had sent through Lisbon; but "N.I." were not quite so sure about certain information which had been received relating to Italian movements in Libya. Townsend puzzled over this dilemma for some time without finding much satisfaction. It was on the cards that Laurent might have sent the Libya message, but far more likely that he had given Townsend all the dispatches which he was sending personally. Kahn, Léger or some other agent must have sent the doubtful information about Libya.

HE was still worrying over his problem when he met André for lunch. Quite unexpectedly, he was able to decide upon his next move.

"Would you like to join me at the opera to-night?" he suggested to André. "It's the first performance this season. *Traviata*."

"I regret that I cannot," came the reply. "My evenings are very full."

Townsend grinned. "Are you still trying to win a fortune at roulette?"

André's smile slipped into place. "As a matter of fact, I have been lucky lately. When you're in a winning vein it's wise to go on."

"I'd like to join you one evening at Monte," said Townsend.

"Yes, mon vieux, you must go to the Casino but not with me." He laughed nervously. "You see, I always lose when someone is looking over my shoulder. I know it is silly on my part, but then are not all gamblers superstitious?"

That night Townsend called upon Laurent.

"I regret disturbing you, M. Laurent, but I think I may be able to discover why your agents are being arrested so mysteriously."

The Frenchman stiffened. "Have you any theories, my friend?"

"Yes, but only theories. I can say no more until I'm sure." He leaned forward excitedly. "I need the help of a man who is used to shadowing people. Do you know of such a person?"

Laurent pondered heavily for a few minutes before looking up.

"I think I have the very individual," he announced. "It is a former 'flic'—sorry, detective!—who has been useful to me once or twice. He is now retired and lives at Monte Carlo."

"Monte Carlo! Splendid!" exclaimed Townsend. "Will you arrange for him to visit me soon?"

Within two days the man was at work. Acting upon Townsend's instructions he had walked past Laurent's while he and André were lunching together. Having memorised André's handsome features, he was trailing him, night and day. At first the reports were disappointing. André kept to his room a good deal and spoke to nobody when he went out. There were no suspicious encounters in the street, no secret meetings in cafés. His only relaxation seemed to be a nightly visit to the Casino at Monte Carlo. According to the "flic" he always played roulette and never seemed to win.

"Our friend is a fool," opined the burly detective. "He will never win by throwing money upon single numbers. The odds are too heavy. Now, I have worked out a system——"

"Some other time," cut in Townsend rudely. "Next time you follow him to the Casino try and make a note of the numbers he plays."

For three days the man did not report, but, finally, he burst in just as Townsend was about to shave.

"I have it, monsieur, I have it," he cried. "I remarked that a certain young woman always seemed to be at the same table where your friend played. This impressed me, monsieur, because she never staked a sou. Now, I asked myself, why is she always watching the table if not to communicate with your friend?" He smiled triumphantly.

"Well, well, what happened? Did he pass a note to her or speak to her?"

The Frenchman sighed. "Alas, I did not see anything." Then he brightened. "But I followed her and I also made a few inquiries. I have friends, monsieur, and they helped me. Of course, it cost money but Jacques Boulanger never rests when he is working on a case."

"Continue, please," snapped Townsend.

"In short, monsieur, I discovered that the young woman was an Italian and a police informer."

"Did you make a list of the numbers which the gentleman was playing?" he demanded crisply. Jacques fished them out of his pocket and Townsend flipped him a thousand-franc note in exchange.

"Thank you, M. Boulanger," he said more warmly. "I shall telephone if I need you again."

He did not shave that day, and he smoked more than sixty cigarettes. His only food in the next sixteen hours was a stout *jambon* washed down by a bottle of bock. It was the toughest puzzle he had ever been set. Somewhere in that succession of numbers there must be a message which André was sending to the Italian woman. Obviously, he was too cautious to communicate with her directly.

HOUR after hour Townsend wrestled with the numbers without achieving a solution. He used every weapon he knew, the sliding alphabet, frequency tables, and many others. At last, he decided André must have used the "Playfair" method which, as you know, consists of dividing the letters into sections and fitting them into a square. By substituting letters in the keyword a message can be easily deciphered. The trouble was that he did not know the keyword. He had almost given up the quest when he noted that 6, 1, 9 seemed to be the numbers most often used in André's apparently haphazard punting. With sudden excitement Townsend jotted down the letters of the alphabet. 6, 1, 9 . . . F, A, I . . . That gave him little until he tried a combination of letters. When 19 gave S—the nineteenth letter in the alphabet—he knew that he had at last arrived. FINIS was the keyword.

In a matter of minutes he had deciphered a message which conveyed little in itself but which was undoubtedly proof that André was in active communication with the Italians.

"Z DEPARTS RODIN THURSDAY AAMKE." What did it mean? But it was much too late to call upon Laurent; besides, he was too weary to go on working. He fell asleep in his clothes.

The following night he went to Laurent's office. The Frenchman's face turned the colour of cement as he read the decoded message.

"Where did you get this?" he demanded in a shaky voice.

"I'll explain that when you tell me what the message says," countered Townsend.

"Z is my agent in Turin. Rodin means Turin. Aamke I don't understand at all. It's probably the cipher word of the person sending the message." He tugged at his beard with trembling fingers. "But how does anybody know that Z is leaving for Turin on Thursday?"

In as few words as possible he told Laurent what he had discovered about Léger. The Frenchman was seething with rage long before he had finished.

"I do not doubt that Léger's father owned that windmill at Arras," he said thoughtfully, after he had released a volley of oaths which cannot be printed here. "Nom de Dieu, I would like to kill him with my own hands. I cannot doubt that he has done this out of revenge. Perhaps he imagined that I advised my daughter not to marry him."

"What are you going to do?" murmured Townsend.

The other drummed on the table with his finger-tips.

"If he were to disappear I think we should all be arrested in a few hours," he said reflectively. "It is better that they should not suspect that we have detected him. Meanwhile, I shall make a complete overhaul of the organisation and change my agents around."

Townsend lit another cigarette from the one he was smoking. "But what are you going to do about Léger? Surely, you won't let him carry on?"

Laurent smiled, but his eyes were hard and narrow.

"Our good friend, Léger, has given me an idea," he said as if to himself. "There are more ways than one of skinning a rabbit, monsieur. I imagine it would suit your friends in London to have him under their supervision for a time."

"London?" echoed Townsend.

"Precisely. If I know our good friend he will welcome an opportunity of spending some time with your Naval Intelligence. If you add that you're returning to London and could get him into touch with General de Gaulle's staff he will probably jump at the idea. Meanwhile, he will be out of my way down here."

"But won't they arrest him when he lands in England?"

"Not if I know your clever Sir John Peters," smiled Laurent. "Léger will be punished when your chief decides that the time is ripe. Meanwhile, he will be given plenty of rope and possibly a temporary job in your department. I shall write to Sir John myself and suggest that he be allowed to feed upon information which he will duly transmit to his employers in Rome." He laughed into his beard. "And Sir John will see that Léger's reports contain more poison than honey for the Italian High Command."

"Hoist on his own petard," murmured Townsend. "That's a saying we have in our language."

So it was that less than a week later Townsend and André Léger went aboard a British vessel bound for England. As Laurent had prophesied, the traitor was overjoyed at the opportunity of joining Free Frenchmen in this country. There were actually tears of joy in his eyes as he took his last look of Lisbon.

"You have no idea what this means to me, my dear friend," he sighed.

"Yes," said Townsend thoughtfully. "Of course, we can't promise you roulette in London, but we'll do all we can to make you welcome."

END


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Cuticura OINTMENT

# Vichy Backstage (*Continued from page* 11)

speeches and social reform programmes composed by Gaston Bergery, born von Kauler, and put his trembling signature of an octogenarian to state documents his tired old brain couldn't grasp, had been seized with a febrile obstinate vigour, and insisted on playing his role as though he were in fact alive and Head of the State, instead of being a propped-up lay figure put into the play to act as "front man" for the real Government.

Now take a closer glance at Laval, whose career reflects the French tragedy and enigma. Son of a butcher of Auvergne, Pierre Laval studied law, and first appeared on the Paris political scene as an untidy, black-haired radical deputy, in for the Aubervilliers suburb of Paris, on the socialist party ticket. The first world war a year off, and Laval was thirty. On a secret list the Ministry of the Interior had the names of two deputies to be taken into legal custody in case of a general mobilisation. Laval was one. However, he avoided arrest, but on his record lost his seat in 1919. The socialists threw him out. He got back as an independent socialist five years later.

He was forty-eight when the backstage men made him premier, with Flandin as his finance man, the idea being that he had been so successful making deals in France, that he might be able to work the same magic in Berlin, London, and Washington.

Laval, ousted after six months by old Briand, whom he tried to exclude, lay quiet for three years. Then a bespectacled French Foreign Minister went down to Marseilles to meet King Alexander, Royal Dictator of Yugoslavia, to discuss some anti-Italian business. A Croat assassin, trained and armed in a Mussolini-protected, Italian-financed terrorist school, sprayed the pair with bullets from an automatic at close range. This made the Paris politicos thoughtful. Hitler had captured Germany two years earlier, and was forcibly giving her the political unity which would make her formidable again. Was it wise to annoy Mussolini, so that he collaborated in the assassination of one's anti-Italian foreign ministers? "Let me handle this," said Laval.

In the next six months he excelled himself. He backed Mussolini secretly, while formally collaborating with Britain and the Geneva League, approving sanctions which he then sabotaged. Unluckily his deal with Hoare to appease Mussolini by giving the Duce half Ethiopia exploded a public-opinion storm in moral England, where Baldwin hastened to appease the British public by replacing Hoare with Mussolini's *bête noire*, Anthony Eden.

Thus encouraged, the anti-fascists in France dug out the fact that in addition to appeasing Mussolini, Laval was trying to appease Hitler by shelving the French-Soviet pact which he himself had negotiated and signed. A double-cross was something, but a quadruple-cross! Laval became the most suspect man in European public life. He might weave more webs, but his office-holding career was over; at least, while democracy lasted, and public opinion counted.

But Laval, always secretive, kept quiet, and wove his webs. He agreed with Flandin that Hitler would take Europe and Russia, and that France, while losing command over her armed forces and foreign policy, must scheme to retain her independent spiritual, cultural and racial existence. But under Hitler one could still be rich, powerful and privileged in France: indeed, more so than under the free republic. Having married one's daughter into the old nobility, one could found one of the great houses of the new satellite France. But first, one must watch how the apple ripened.

Laval saw another spider weaving webs, a blonde spider, handsome, with a veneer of charm, and a sidelong eye. Abetz, who once taught French at Karlsruhe, had developed since he had come to France and married the pretty French secretary he had met in the office of the radical-socialist party. His Sohlbergkreis, a Franco-German youth league, had brought him alongside French industrialists: its loyalty-to-work basis enchanted them.

After Ribbentrop ousted von Neurath in Berlin, the assiduous, obsequious young man came along fast. Evidently he had more than an ambassador-sized expense account. His new Comité France-Allemagne had distinguished adherents. His parties had influential guests. Daladier wanted to throw him out, but it wasn't until the last hour that he had the nerve and the power to do it.

After it had all ended and France had been signed away in June 1940 in Foch's old railway coach, the Government went to Clermont-Ferrand, and finally settled down in Vichy's hundred and fifty hotels and the casino, handy for Laval's chateau. The day after the armistice, the frightened politicos of the National Assembly accepted Laval's design for dying without protest. They voted a dictatorship for Pétain, who would give France a new constitution; a constitutional law naming Vice-Premier Laval as Chief of State on Pétain's death.

The new official France gathered round a long table in the Hotel du Parc, as odd a collection of respectable revolutionary reactionaries as ever met to inaugurate a "rule of the élite." At the top was Pétain, the crusty authoritarian, eighty-four, and the only one of the lot who rated a public cheer. General Charles Huntziger was war minister; Admiral Jean Darlan, navy minister; Paul Baudouin, royalist intellectual, foreign secretary. But the levers of power were held by Vice-Premier Pierre Laval, the surreptitious fascist, the German-Italian appeaser, who had picked the caste, produced the play, assumed control of radio, press and censorship, and who soon grabbed the foreign office away from Baudouin.

Hitler had promised to declare peace in London on August 15. A precise date. However, somehow he couldn't get to London. Meantime the British fleet lorded it in the Mediterranean. It wouldn't do. Hitler's military men told him they must have a clean run to the Mediterranean and use of Mediterranean ports. Laval conferred with Abetz as winter drew on. He promised collaboration beyond the armistice terms Pétain had signed.

But all this took time, and caused talk. Down in Vichy, men outside Laval's circle said the Vice-Premier was behaving as though he were dictator. Baudouin and his *L'Action Française* royalist friends met hastily and decided that if Laval got away with this, their plan to restore the monarchy when Pétain passed was scrap: Laval would play a Hitler role as folk monarch. Flandin was sounded out about the foreign-secretaryship, and agreed to take it. Minister of the Interior Peyrouton mobilised his strong-arm boys. Laval returned by rail in his private car with de Brinon, and his daughter, Jose, Countess de Chambrun, who is inclined to be to Laval what the green-eyed, ambitious Edda, Countess Ciano, is to papa Mussolini. At 5 p.m. he presided over a routine cabinet meeting, which lasted till 7 p.m. Pétain summoned his full cabinet for 8 p.m. Laval arrived, to find the whole cabinet grouped around Pétain at the end of the table. Pétain accused and rebuked Laval. Laval found himself isolated. He was forced to write his resignation. It was all over in ten minutes.

Three days later Abetz got his orders. Piling a dozen tommy-gun armed guards and six aides into the big black Nazi Mercedes-Benz cars, he roared down the road to Vichy. Arrived, he saw Flandin, the new foreign secretary, in bed in his hotel. Next morning he had a long talk with Pétain in the Chief of State's office in the Hotel du Parc. "I won't have him back, but you can take him away," was the gist of Pétain's decision on Laval. Abetz motored off with Laval, the exile. Pétain abrogated the law naming Laval his successor. Once again, Laval had played too high, and lost his shirt.

But Flandin didn't inherit it. Pétain, sick of politicians, dropped Flandin, and made Jean Darlan vice-premier and foreign minister.

The Nazi chief saw Darlan in Paris after the Laval row. With his flair for sizing up men, especially likely tools, he passed word that Darlan looked a better bet than Laval, especially since the admiral had Pétain's confidence.

In Paris they say that Vice-Premier Darlan regards himself as the dauphin to Pétain's Sun-King, and he will have trouble with Laval, who isn't finished. But the most important Vichy men see Darlan rather as the Pompadour to Pétain's Louis XV; the dauphin for them being the Orléans "ghost king," a slim young man, with delicate features, a smear of moustache, dark sloe eyes, a charming young wife, and a line of cheap Leftish propaganda borrowed from the American New Deal, which pictures King John III of France returning as a sort of royal Roosevelt to champion the underprivileged against the economic royalists and other overprivileged miscreants of modern industrialist society. This pre-war line may change now in view of the new fascist-type set-up, which officially renounces and denounces the "absurd dogma of power emanating from below."

Hitler, Mussolini, Stalin, have their compact and disciplined parties. But the Pétain regime started as a dictatorship without a party. It has since been trying to fill the void. The *Rassemblement National* was organised last winter to perform this function. But first thing the organisers criticised certain ministers and demanded the right to criticise the government, and to hold public meetings. "Why, this is democracy again!" said the scandalised Pétainites; and killed the infant. It had lived only a fortnight.

What could replace it? General Laure, Pétain's intimate, had a bright idea. Why not form a party out of the ex-service men? A French Legion was formed, granted a charter, its leaders given certain control rights over local authorities, and a push is being made to rope old and new ex-service men into the Legion. It is the only political organisation allowed in Vichy France. One day it will get two million recruits from Hitler's war-prisoner camps. The royalists seek to gain control of this vital organisation through infiltration into the key positions. Charles Maurras directs strategy. His *L'Action Française* applauds Pétain and all his works. Old, deaf, excommunicated, formerly ridiculed, Maurras to-day is a power behind the Pétain throne. For after Pétain may come not a new folk monarch, a Laval or Darlan, but a king: and Maurras has been his prophet for over half a century.

Meantime the farmers and peasants till their soil without worrying about these high politics. Theirs is the France of to-morrow, a predominantly agricultural country, whatever happens. Vichy France cultivates the agriculturalists' goodwill. Farmers are well represented on official bodies. The Paris labour commissioner sends the jobless out to work at local wages on the farms, giving each family a bonus of £2 a month to compensate for higher city living costs.

Laval broods. Outside, the Eskimo dogs bark. Jose brought them from a North Cape cruise, and maybe they wish they were back in their simpler and less civilised land. A be-ringed hand strokes the hair thatch of the worried author of *Design for Dying*.

"*Pauvre papa*," murmurs the Countess de Chambrun, granddaughter of the butcher of Auvergne, "after all, Rene and I have friends, if you have none now. If your play fails, there is always America!"

END

1.8.41

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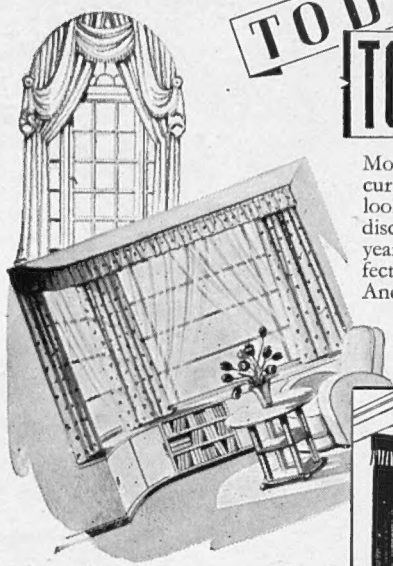

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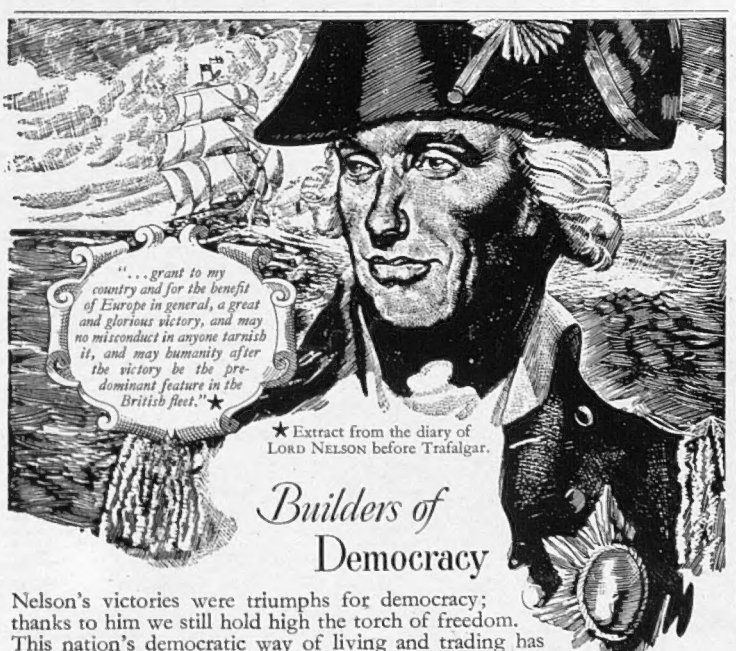
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# *Let's talk about* FOOD

***THIS is the beginning of the harvest season; when we gather the summer fruits and vegetables. We mustn't waste a scrap. Besides, in the winter we shall need all the food we can get. Well, here is what to do about it:***

**1** Eat, sell, or give away as much fruit and vegetables as you can whilst they are fresh. They are then at their best, both as regards flavour and health values.

**2** Preserve all the rest that you can. There are many simple ways of preserving fruits without sugar. Vegetables can be stored, too.

**3** If any fruit remains, sell it to the nearest Preserving Centre (your local Food Office will give you the address), and it will be made into jam for the Nation's larder.

## QUESTIONS YOU ASK

***Can you tell me some ways of preserving fruits and vegetables.***

To the many correspondents who have asked questions of this kind, we have sent detailed replies by post. Recipes are often given, too, in the Kitchen Front Broadcasts every week-day morning at 8.15. To readers who are interested these general hints may be helpful. Nothing but ordinary kitchen equipment is required for any of these methods.

## FRUITS

**BOTTLING.** There are three methods of preserving fruits without sugar—pulping; bottling with boiling water; and bottling with Campden solution; all simple, and all can be used with or without screw-top jars.

**DRYING.** Use cake-trays or trays made by nailing wooden slats together for the frames, with canvas or other open material stretched tight, for the bottoms. On these the fruit can be dried in a cool oven, over the plate rack, or even in your drying cupboard.

## VEGETABLES

**DO NOT BOTTLE.** Unless you have a pressure cooker, vegetables, except tomatoes, should not be bottled at home.

**SALTING.** Runner and similar beans are especially good for salting. Use young fresh beans. Wash, string, and if too large, break into two; put a fairly deep layer of salt into a stoneware vessel, then layer of beans, then layer of salt, and so on; pressing the beans well into the salt. Use at least 1 lb. of salt to 3 lbs. of beans and finish with a deep layer of salt. Cover with cloth or paper and tie with string. If the salt shrinks during storage add more salt.

**DRYING.** The same method is used as for fruits. Peas, beans, and herbs, are most satisfactory. Leafy and root vegetables can also be dried, but first should be cut into thin half-inch strips, dropped into boiling water, and boiled for 2 to 4 minutes before drying. Store in tins or other air-proof containers.

***Full Details of the above and other methods of preserving fruits and vegetables will be found in an attractive book called "Preserves from the Garden," issued by The Ministry of Agriculture, which may be had, price 4d., from your paper shop.***

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No sudden awkward ends to pleats which gape and eventually come unstitched. No broken lines, but graduated knife edge pleats that taper off gracefully and inconspicuously to give a single thickness of material over the hips.

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*Ask your draper or store to show you the KONERAY in the many delightful materials in which it is available . . .* today.

"KORAY"

"Koneray"

PATENT PENDING

## PLEATED SKIRTS

*Manufacturers: C. STILLITZ, Leamington Spa, Warwickshire*

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